

Reminiscences

of

Samuel A. Randle.

Chapters 1-4.

## Introduction to Samuel Arnold Randle's 1921 *Reminiscences*: digitized in 2024

In 2005, after the passing of both my parents, I was cleaning out their home, when I found a box containing this manuscript in a closet. I was told a cousin had sent it to my father, Randle P. Shields (1915-2005), in the early 1960's. My father's great-grandmother was Lucy Ann Roberts Randle Hansbrow (1830-1925), the sister of the author, Samuel Arnold Randle (1839-1933). This typed manuscript contained some family genealogy, along with the narrative of his life and memories, including his time fighting with the Union Army in the Civil War. As the cover shows, he completed the writing in 1921. The manuscript was never published, as he only intended it to be of interest to descendants.

Samuel was an avid genealogist, mailing out over 700 requests for family records to piece together his lineage. This was no easy feat back around 1900. Only a small part of his research is contained in this manuscript copy. The rest of the genealogical research was inherited by his grandson, Samuel Arthur Randle (1917-1997), who turned it into a genealogy workbook called, *The Randle Family: Kissin' and Far-fetched Cousins*. That book is in several libraries listed on worldcat.org. The complete Randle family lineage is provided free of charge on FamilySearch.org; it goes back to Jamestown, 1608 in the Virginia Colony, and beyond to England and Wales.

To my knowledge, no one in the family has ever tried to digitize this 100-year-old, type-written manuscript, nor has it ever been published. As my family's current genealogist, I wanted to make sure Samuel Arnold Randle's story wasn't lost forever, so I decided to take on the digitizing task in 2023. I scanned each page individually, adjusted for flaws, and converted everything to pdfs. After merging all the pdf chapters, the page numbers were added, then I finally merged it all into one final manuscript.

**Problems for the reader:** The manuscript, as I found it, was likely a Xerox copy of another copy, with variations in print quality, and page wrinkles and marks. Two pages had small torn out pieces, that were not possible to reconstruct.

**Page numbers:** The automated pdf pagination system started at page 1 – no other option was available. Samuel started his Chapter 1 on page 5. Right there, **the page numbers on the pdf digitized manuscript and the Table of Contents don't match up**. Then, Samuel goofed having two, page fifty-fives. He also omitted labeling a page 101 entirely. It is not missing; it just never existed. I also moved three photocopied photos to the back of the manuscript, as the author did not include them in his page-numbering scheme. The Table of Contents for Chapter 10 is only partial and topical. **So, if you are researching by using the Table of Contents, in order to find a specific topic, just look forward 2-5 pages on the pdf manuscript.** I chose to leave the original typing and Table of Contents as it was, not interfering with the historical charm of his manuscript which was written on an antiquated typewriter.

**Typing:** Some of the pages were typed on paper that was rolled crookedly into the old typewriter, causing some finished pages to appear askew. This problem was compounded years later by an automatic Xerox copier which made some pages appear even more crooked. On some pages, the old typewriter ribbon had become worn, making the print difficult to see. (I did my best to make the print on each page darker or lighter, as needed. I also worked toward straightening out the typing on skewed pages.) The original typist often continued to type out to the right-side edge of the paper and to the very bottom line of the page. This made it difficult, when scanning, to capture every word on every page. But, the magic of scanning software allowed me to correct many inherent flaws. So, joyfully, the final copy remains thoroughly readable. We hope you enjoy reading your ancestor's story!

Marilyn Gwen Shields with sister, Kathryn May Shields  
2<sup>nd</sup> great-great grandnieces to the author, Samuel Arnold Randle



R E M I N I S C E N C E S  
of the  
L I F E and D E E D S of S. A. R A N D L E.

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Some Preliminary Remarks.

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I do not care to undertake so big a job as to write an autobiography, for such a writing implies a scope of work of which I am not capable and consequently, one in which my readers would be badly disappointed. Nor am I minded to dignify these "scraps" relating to the writer as memoirs, for this word implies an account of something noteworthy. My only aim is to provide for my descendants and their friends a means of learning something interesting, or otherwise, about one of their ancestors. So my prospective readers, I have chosen the word reminiscences, a name every way suited to my plan. It is a long word but simple in meaning- a narration of that which is remembered. I think that is just the thing you would want me to give you. In fact, it is all I can give, for I am growing old, and written memoranda are very few to my hand.

Two reasons impel me to attempt these reminiscences; first, I expect to enjoy the work. My old heart revels in retrospection; but, more especially I would gratify in you the longing I have so often felt in my own heart to know more concerning my own ancestors. Every old letter and business form of my father's is carefully preserved and frequently read. What would a communication like the one I desire to write, direct to me from my father or grandfather, my mother or grandmother be worth? Not even a picture of my father remains.

I, therefore, lovingly dedicate these fragmentary writings to my children and their descendants, trusting that they may enjoy an hour or two, now and then, in their perusal.

*L. A. Randle.*

*Portland, Oregon,  
December, 1921.*

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"The River of Time."

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"Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time  
 As it runs through the realm of years,  
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
 And a broader sweep and a surge sublime  
 As it blends in the Ocean of Tears.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of the snow  
 All the summers like birds between,  
 And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go  
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow  
 As it glides into shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,  
 Where the softest of airs are playing,  
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
 And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long Ago,"  
 And we bring our treasures there:  
 There are beams of beauty and bosoms of sorrow,  
 There are heaps of dust- oh! we love them so-  
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
There are parts of an infant's prayer,  
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken beams and pieces of rings,  
And the garments our loved ones used to wear.

Oh! remember for aye be that blessed isle,  
All the day of our life until night;  
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile  
And our eyes are closed in slumber awhile  
May the home of our souls be in sight!"

Author-Unknown.

## Chapter 1.

### MY ANCESTORS AND I.

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I was born in the city of Alton near the "Father of Waters" in the state of Illinois. The event occurred on the twenty-ninth of November, 1839.

My father, John Hull Randle, came from the state of North Carolina to Kentucky among the early settlers of that state. My mother was a Virginian. At the age of ten, she, with her parents, also found a home in Kentucky.

During the early and exciting times of this, perhaps the most intensely pioneer of all the western settlements, these young people literally "grew up with the country," and, like all pioneers, endure the hardships and acquired the cheerful, homely life of the frontier.

How they became acquainted I do not know, but a kindly fate, or Providence, which so often guides us into paths we little dream of, led this young man, then twenty-nine years old, to find the home which held the fair young Virginia girl, Sarah Hart Arnold.

"To see was to love," and so, after a period of nineteen months presumably of happy courtship, they were married at her father's home in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, on May 25, 1825.

Looking back at the many "ups and downs" of my own courtship days I have often desired to know some of the more ancient history leading on to the origin of my life. I know that at about twenty, when my mother became engaged, she looked the near side of fifteen, so that the neighbors remarked that Aaron Arnold was very foolish to let his daughter, yet so young, get married. And they do tell me that the

parents and even the girl herself, were a little dubious about her marrying a man ten years her senior and already quite gray. The decision, however was favorable to father, for the best of mothers to me one evening, confidentially, that her lover had ridden horse-back quite a long distance to see her, and near the end of his visit of two or three days, as they were alone in the front room, he suddenly arose to his feet and, facing her, began to sing. The words: "Saw my Savior," were not new to her, being the first line of an old Methodist hymn, but the skill and power of a trained voice, - my father was a music teacher of some note - together with the deep and tender feeling both the words and the tune of this song enabled him to express so forcibly as he thus opened to her his heart, was a new revelation to her. She said she truly loved him then, and made up her mind to say yes whenever he proposed.

Before beginning the record of events that followed the marriage of my parents, I wish to make a copy of the names, dates of births, etc. of my ancestors as far back as I have any record of them. Tradition says: "There were three brothers from England who emigrated to North America with their families; that these families settled in widely separated localities on the Atlantic Coast; and that from them all the Randles (Randalls, and Randels) in America sprung."

The record which follows was obtained and sent to me some years ago by a cousin of mine, Parham Randle, whose father was a cousin of my father and whose mother was a sister of my mother. He says: "I send you the following memorandum of the names and births of the most ancient of the Randle family that we have any knowledge of and covering a period of two generations. This memorandum which was translated from the original, Viz: the Old Bible, I received from our relative.



John W. Wright who added: "The father of the children whose names are recorded below is unknown to us, as we have no record back of 1700. I suppose the father's name was Josias. This rather mythical person was my great grand-father. His first child, a daughter, he named Apphia. His second, a son, he named Josias, supposedly for himself. This son was a minister for thirty-three years and was my grandfather. His third, also a son, he named John, supposedly for his brother John. This son was deaf and dumb. Grandfather named a daughter Apphia after her aunt Apphia. This second Apphia was my mother."

It will be seen in these lists that I have given the names of all the children in each generation, but have selected only my own particular progenitors as the founder of the next generation.

#### First Generation.

Father, supposedly, Josias Randle.

Mother, Name and history unknown.

#### Children.

1. Apphia Randle, Born March 16, 1700.
2. Josias Randle, " April 11, 1703.
3. John Randle, " February 9, 1705.
4. James Randle, " February 28, 1707.
5. Jachonias Randle, " March 1, 1710.
6. Alice Randle, " January 15, 1712.
7. William Randle, " September 22, 1716.
8. Mary Randle, " July 19, 1718.

#### Second Generation.

Father, Josias Randle, the second.

Mother, Jane ( ) Randle.

Children.

1. Tabitha Randle, ----- Born ----- April 13, 1749.
2. Richard Randle, ----- " --- August 21, 1752.
3. Edmund Randle, ----- " --- January 4, 1758.
4. Isham Randle, ----- " ----- March 23, 1758.
5. Apphia Randle, ----- " ----- April 28, 1761.
6. Frances Randle, ----- " ----- June 8, 1764.
7. Josias Randle, ----- " --- October 1, 1768.
8. Osborn Randle, ----- " ----- May 1, 1769.

Notes- The father of the above group died January 15, 1794. His wife died March 10, 1802.

Richard Randle was the grandfather of my cousin Parham who sent me the above records. He died April 15, 1842, in his 90th. year. A son of Richard Randle was named John G. Randle, the father of cousin Parham.

The two following records are obtained chiefly from my father's old bible.

Third Generation.

Father- Osborn Randle.

Mother, Elizabeth (Davidson) Randle.

Children.

1. Edmund Randle, ----- Born ----- November 7, 1791.
2. Temperance Randle, -- " ----- February 5, 1793.
3. John Hull Randle, --- " ----- October 5, 1794.
4. Lucy Randle, ----- " ----- October 7, 1796.
5. Peyton Randle, ----- " ----- October 28, 1798.
6. Josiah Randle, ----- " ----- June 9, 1800.
7. Parham Randle, ----- " ----- December 24, 1801.
8. Henry L. Randle, ---- " ----- January 12, 1804.



9. George D. Randle,----- Born ----- August 1, 1806.
10. Irving D. Randle, ----- " ----- March 22, 1811.

Notes,- Grand-father, Osborn Randle, was born in North Carolina, married Miss Elizabeth Davidson, a daughter of captain George Davidson of the revolutionary army. This marriage occurred in North Carolina. January 27, 1791. Grand-father died in Kentucky while on his way to Illinois, January 15, 1815. He was a farmer and a Methodist local preacher.

#### Fourth Generation.

Father, John Hull Randle.

Mother, Sarah Hart (Arnold) Randle.

#### Children.

1. Louisa Maria Randle, born June 15, 1828. Married twice; first to Benjamin Andrews; later, to Benjamin H. Hargrave. Died March 20, 1900.
2. Enoch George Randle, born April 2, 1823. Married twice; first, to Miss Roxa Ann Warren; later, to Miss Fannie F. McClaren. Died February 1, 1913.
3. Lucy Ann Roberts Randle, born February 19, 1830. Married Thomas Hansbrow. Living at this date, December 31, 1913.
4. John Ashman Randle, born March 25, 1832. Married Miss Sarah Juster. Died June 5, 1909.
5. Sarah Emma Randle, born February 4, 1834. Died September 23, 1834.
6. Aaron A. Randle, born October 18, 1835. Died March 20, 1837.

7. Mary E. Randle, born July 28, 1838. Died August 27, 1933.

8. Samuel Arnold Randle, born November 29, 1839. Married three times; first, to Miss Ellen Taggart; second to Mrs. Mary E. Stevens; third, to Mrs. Eliza C. Mitchell.

9. Charles James Randle, born May 13, 1842. Married Miss Lottie Palmehn. He and Samuel are living at this date, December 31, 1916.

10. Joseph Henry Randle, born January 29, 1845. Died September 8, 1845.

Notes, - My father was born in North Carolina. Married in Hopkinsville, Kentucky May 25, 1825. He died on the farm near Shipman, Illinois, November 25, 1843.

My mother was born at Spottsylvania, Virginia and died at Shipman, Illinois August 13, 1863.

Uncle Edmund served in the war of 1812. He, Uncle Josiah, and Uncle George D. were personally known to me, and the families of the last two were intimate with my father's family.

The record of our ancestors on my mother's side is best given by Mrs. Sallie R. Gargill, a daughter of George D. Randle. Her mother was Miss Lucy A. P. Arnold, a sister of my mother.

Writing from Mason City, Illinois under date of January 19, 1907, she says: "I have been trying to get all the records possible before it is too late. I have written over seven hundred letters in the last two years. The information I have obtained is well authenticated. You will see that through our mothers we belong to an ancient and prominent family.

Sir Thomas Pettus was born about the year 1540 in London, England. Who his wife was is not known. The records in England do not go back of the above date. Coming on down, we find in the sixth generation

from Sir Thomas Pettus, the name of Colonel Thomas Pettus, born in 1610, came to Jamestown, Virginia in 1638, in the interest of his Uncle Sir John Pettus, Knight, who was one of the London Company holding the Third Charter of Virginia. Colonel Thomas was a member of Sir William Berkeley's (or Berkly's) Council, and member of the House of Burgesses from 1640 to 1662, so says the History of Virginia. He married Miss Durant in 1643. They had one son, Thomas Pettus, who married Elizabeth Dabney. To them were born four children; Elizabeth, Dabney, John, and Stephen. From these all the Pettus family in America are descended.

Dabney Pettus married Annie Overton. Their children were John, killed in the Revolutionary War; William, (history says: "In William Pettus was mingled the blood of the Puritan and the Royalist.") Stephen, Thomas, Susan, and Annie.

William Pettus married Susanna Graves. Their children were William, Susan, Barbara, Nancy, Hart, Joseph, James, and Louisa. Louisa Pettus was our grand-mother. She married Aaron Arnold.

My knowledge of the Arnold family extends back to my great grandfather, George Arnold. He married Sarah White. Their children were Hezekiah, Abner, Reuben, Aaron, Enoch, Sarah, May, Orpha and Rebecca. Abner left home as a carpenter to help build the Capitol at Washington after the Revolution, and has not been heard of since.

The house of George Arnold, although an humble log cabin, was famous as the home of the pioneer itinerant preachers. Even in his old age, when the children had left the parental roof, his door was always open to them; the friendly grip of his right hand and the throbbing of his warm heart never ceased to make them welcome.

In Dr. Bonnet's Memorials of Methodism in Virginia we read that "Bishop Francis Asbury, after preaching his last sermon at Richmond, Sunday afternoon, March 24, 1816, started on his journey from Richmond to Baltimore where the General Conference was to be held in May. After resting Monday, he set out, hoping to reach Baltimore by easy stages. The next day he found it necessary to rest. On Thursday he started again, and the day after reached the house of this friend, George Arnold, of Spotsylvania. He had hoped to reach Fredericksburg, twenty miles beyond; but the severity of the weather and his failing strength prevented. On Friday evening he grew worse and, on Sunday, the 31st. of March, 1816, without a struggle, he breathed his last."

In the written copy of my Reminiscences, on page 17 will be found a small picture of this log cabin, and, under the picture, the words: "Where the Apostle of American Methodism Breathed His Last."

This little historical event shows the worthy christian character of our great ancestor, George Arnold.

The date of grand-father's death is not known to me, but the record says he died in Todd county, Kentucky, at the home of Joseph T. Graves while there on a visit, and that his last words were: "I know no man after the flesh. I know Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Grand-mother Arnold died of old age at the home of her son, J. E. Arnold, in Shipman, Illinois. Surrounded by her children and many of her grand-children, she passed triumphantly to the better land, September 10, 1870.

The names of their children were Sarah Hart, Smith, Maria, William P., Lucy A. P., and James Edwin. All of the above list married and have passed away from this life.

To resume the letter of my cousin, Sallie Gargill: "Now, Dear Cousin,

being descended in a direct line from Major William Pettus, he being our great grand-father, entitles us, our children, our grand-children and down to the fourth great greats, either to the "Sons of the American Revolution," or to the "Daughters of the American Revolution." My brother T. E. Randle, and cousin John E. Randle of Shipman belong to the Springfield chapter of the S.A.R. I belong to the Springfield chapter of the D. A. R.

There is still a more aristocratic society, the "Colonial Dames," to which all the female descendents of Thomas Pettus are entitled, as he was in the country in 1638, nearly one hundred years before the limit. (Ones ancestors had to be in America previous to 1750 to entitle them to be a Colonial Dame.) So you see your daughters are eligible to become Colonial Dames.

Sometime ago I read of a book, "The History of the Pettus Family," then in the hands of the publisher. A brief extract from the prospectus says: "The book is to be illustrated with pictures of English Pettuses, etchings of some of their castles, and of a cup which the king gave to the wife of Sir John Pettus, as he was the king's cup-bearer.

In the present History, there is entire absence of speculation. The links in its chain are forged with logical certainty, connecting representatives of a living generation with one of their ancestors, Thomas Pettus of Norwich, England, born more than four hundred and fifty years ago.

The laws of heredity require that these possess many characteristics in common; the laws of affinity demand that between them exist a clanish feeling springing from an innate attraction of kindred blood.

In introducing each to each other, his readers, scions of a common stock, the writer hopes to knit closer ties between American cousins



and English kinsmen."

If the book above mentioned has ever been published, I have, so far, failed to locate it.

Having now, to the extent of my knowledge, recorded the genealogy of my ancestors which genealogy may sometime be of use or of interest to my descendants, I will return to the more direct narration of events.

After their marriage, my parents continued to live in Kentucky for a few years. The first two of their children, Louisa and George were born here. They had many relatives and friends in Kentucky, but, believing they could better themselves by going into new territory, they moved to Edwardsville, Madison county, Illinois. I do not know the exact date of their migration, but that they were in their new home and that others of the family came with or soon after them I have an old document in proof of dates and all. As a matter of historical interest and showing too some of the local conditions of the time and place, I insert a copy of it here. It was written by my father and supposedly, with a goose-quill pen. It is entitled:

"Article of Copartnership in a Mill."

An article of agreement made and entered into this 6th. day of April, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, by and between J. H. and G. D. Randle of Edwardsville, Illinois, of the one part, and Aaron Arnold of the same place of the other part, witnesseth that the said J. H. Randle and G. D. Randle of the first part agree to take in the said A. Arnold of the second part, as an equal partner in possessing and owning an ox mill which the party of the first now own in the town of Edwardsville, on his (the party of the second part) paying to the party of the first part, the sum of three hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents; it being an equal third part of the valuation of said mill as it now stands, except the ox team. And

they, the party of the first part, bind and obligate themselves, their heirs and assigns, to make or cause to be made, a good and sufficient title to one third of said mill and lots adjoining thereto, on his paying to the party of the first part three hundred and thirty-three dollars and 33 1/3 cents as above named. And the said Aaron Arnold of the second part is to have, possess, and enjoy one equal third part in the said mill when it is changed to a steam mill which is now in contemplation, and the said Aaron Arnold agrees to bear one equal third part of the expenses of building said mill; and he is to be in all respects an equal partner in said concern, in expenses, losses, and profits.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals the day and year above mentioned,

John H. Randle. (seal.)

George D. Randle. (seal.)

Aaron Arnold. (seal.)

As the birth-place of their third child was Edwardsville, they must have been living there before her birth, 1830, and the move from Kentucky then, was between 1828 and 1830.

The contemplated change in the mill was completed; large quantities of wheat and corn were stored away for grinding, and they were just starting in with high hopes of success when the mill burned. Everything was lost.

From an item printed in an old copy of the Shipman Record I take this: "Aaron Arnold, G. D. Randle and others, came to this prairie from Edwardsville to enter land in 1833.

The lonely prairie offered but few inducements to these new comers, other than the prospect of speculating in wild land, hence only two of

their numbers, Aaron Arnold and G. D. Randle, decided to remain and at once to take up land and make their home here."

So the mill must have been burned before their coming, 1833.

In describing the fire, my mother said: "Our dwelling was not far away from the mill and the bed-room where your father and I slept was on the side of the house facing the mill which was in full view of our window. About three o'clock in the morning we were suddenly aroused by the cry of fire! and quickly some one was calling out, 'John Randle, John Randle! your mill is burning down! Directly the room was as light as if the noon-day sun were shining in. It was a very sad hour for us. A negro who had been employed about the mill was always suspected as causing the fire in revenge for being dismissed from his job.'

It is probable that four children were born in Edwardsville. Lucy and John before the mill contract, Sarah and Aaron after.

Having met with this reverse my father, now without means to start in business and, being unable to farm by reason of a lame leg caused by the fall of a heavy timber upon it in his youth, soon after losing his mill, ran for and was elected Justice of the Peace for Madison County. In evidence of this I have a small book of records as Justice in which are many items written in his own hand and signed in his name.

That he had moved to Alton in the same county early in 1837, I have proof from the same record book, for the names of persons who did business with him in 1837, continued to be his clients to the close of 1839; and that these were living in Alton during this period, his justice record clearly indicates.

From these facts I conclude that the family moved to Alton in 1837 and that two of their children, Mary and myself, were born there.



On page 28 of the written copy of my Reminiscences, I have placed one of my father's old documents, entire. It is one of the best preserved papers of his that I have of that early time. It is a fair specimen of his off-hand penmanship and, besides showing a good copy of his autograph signature is proof by itself of the fact that we lived in Alton as early as 1837.

Another document, a printed one, I treasure quite a bit is a commission for my father as Justice of the Peace and Notary Public for the county of Madison, signed by Governor Thomas Carlin of Illinois and dated August 31, 1839. This commission was probably for his second term.

Outside of the statements of these business transactions and the few items recorded in the family Bible- births, deaths, marriages, etc. I am in total ignorance of this part of our family history.

Mother enjoyed telling us of one bit of history which probably happened at Alton. In the order of events it closely follows the first paragraph of this chapter. The story still has an interest for me, and may furnish to my hosts of relatives and friends a sufficient excuse for my mother in giving me so homely a name: One of my sons has bravely named his second boy after me, and if these Reminiscences should be of any value, my grand-son, Samuel Arthur Randle, ought, perhaps, to be the rightful heir to receive and transmit them. Sammy has been my baby or pet name. A few have ventured to call me Sam in the same spirit that my children sometimes call me dad; viz., as a mark of respect. But very few have called me Samuel, the name I bear so unworthily from the great Prophet of the Bible. One of my nieces by marriage always calls me Uncle Samuel; and she speaks it as if she likes the name.

The story I shall tell in my mother's own words as nearly as I can recall them, and shall use it as a fitting close of this chapter.

"It was Sunday evening. I was reading aloud to the children from the Bible, about the Lord's call to the child Samuel. They were greatly interested, for little Samuel, I suppose, seemed a great hero to them. When the story was finished, Louisa, the oldest, cried: "Oh, Mamma! 'Leta call the baby Samuel.' "Oh, yes, let's do," chimed in the others."

So that's the way I received my name.

## Chapter 2.

### And Samuel Grew.

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I was about a year old when my father's family, consisting now of father, mother, two girls and three boys made their next move.

They rented a house in the country the lower part of which house had formerly been used as a store. A little church used part of the time for a school stood just across the road.

Mr. Isaac Barnett, our close neighbor, was a blacksmith; and so his dwelling, together with the church, formed a neighborhood center known for miles around as Brooklyn. With the exception of two or three families, our nearest neighbor lived seven miles away, and the children of these few families made up the school which at that time continued but three months in the year.

My knowledge of the very early history of this embryo village, of its people, and many of the incidents connected with it, is derived from a little pamphlet, "The Historic Record of Shipman," published in 1874. This pamphlet, probably the only one now in existence, is the valued possession of my nephew, John E. Randle, of Shipman, Illinois.

My grand-father, Aaron Arnold and my uncle, George D. Randle, and four other men, all from Edwardsville, Illinois, came to this region early in the spring of 1833 for the purpose of entering land, the government price of which was one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

The lonely prairie offered but few inducements to these new comers other than the prospect of speculating in wild land- hence only two of them, my grand-father and my uncle decided to remain and at once took up their abode here. My grand-father, though urged by his friends

not to settle unless he was willing to live without neighbors for the next forty years, concluded to build; and, by the following September, had prepared the timbers for and erected a house; and, with his own scythe, had mowed a sufficient quantity of wild prairie grass for hay with which to feed his cattle through the approaching winter. Even the monotony of frontier life was often dispelled by events full of excitement and sad as exciting; for hardly was the new homestead established, ere a sweeping prairie fire destroyed all but the rude shanty.

During this same fire, a lad twelve years of age who was crossing the prairie from the little creek east of what was afterward our farm, was overtaken and burned to death near where our west gate stood. Many were the races for life of men and beasts in these destructive fires.

Grand-father entered land nearly west of and close to the future town of Shipman. He sold his place in 1843 at five dollars per acre. It was probably soon after that he met his death at the home of his relative, Joseph P. Graves, in Kentucky.

In 1836, my uncle, George D. Handle, set off twenty acres of his quarter section and laid it off into town lots, finding ready sale for a number of them. He then built a store and hauled, overland, the first stock of goods ever brought to this region. In the same year the Methodists built the little church twenty by twenty-four feet in size. In this building the first school was taught by Miss Maria Arnold, a sister of my mother. The single residence of the village at this early time was built by the venerable George W. Robins.

Thus the little place where I passed a brief two years of my life, and where for quite a number of years I found my simple yet rather vigorous and wholesome religious and educational training, got

its start. It's growth, however, never extended much beyond its start. In fact, a few years later, when the school was moved to Shipman, the church building was sold for a residence and moved into the country.

My father continued to hold his office as justice of the peace in his new home and, being somewhat of a genius and accustomed to the use of tools he procured a set of suitable tools and opened up a shop as a wagon maker, using his commodious wood-shed for a shop. So he and his neighbor soon became coworkers and were well patronized by the farmers for many miles around.

It was while living here that a little incident which is just as distinct in my memory today as if it had happened but yesterday. As it is the first thing about which I have any recollection, and as I was, at the time, less than three years old, I shall relate it. It must have been Saturday and the weather warm. My mother, with a bucket of water, towels, broom, and soap, was standing ready to go somewhere. I wanted to go along; so she tied the towels over my shoulders, put the soap into one of my hands, and, taking the other in her empty hand, led me over to the church. I was permitted to play around the room while she proceeded to wash and dry the windows in anticipation of the quarterly meeting next day. She must have been nearly through with<sup>the</sup> job, for I remember I had looked at the big stove, the tall windows and the high ceiling, as they all appeared to me, and was searching around for some other wonder when our dog, Watch, came into the room and began to worry and tussle over me as, I suppose, had been his custom. He was getting the best of me, having easily made me the "under dog," when, greatly enjoying the fun yet, naturally wishing to be on top some of the time, I reached out my hand and grabbed the edge of the bucket of dirty water near which we were playing. It makes me



shiver as I write to think of the dousing I got. I cannot recall anything that happened after this while we lived at Brooklyn. Mother, however, told me of a little thing that happened to me here that may amuse my readers, but to me it was a real tragedy. I was old enough to toddle around pretty well and was wearing my first pair of trousers, breeches we called them in those days. You may be sure I was very proud of them and careful, too, lest some harm should come to them. On the day in question my mother was expecting company for dinner and, the crane being full of kettles, etc., containing food to be cooked, she carefully set a large iron kettle full of water on the burning logs, firmly propped, as she supposed, so they would not roll and spill the water. I was sitting flat on the floor at a safe distance from the fireplace, playing with some spools. After swinging the crane a little back so it would get more heat and adding a dry stick or two to the fire, she passed into the next room to set the table. About the time the water in the kettle began to boil, one of the props gave way and the whole kettle of water poured out on the floor in front of the fire-place. It wasn't long in reaching me, and when it did, it was just hot enough to cause me a great surprise. Looking round I saw what had happened. I suppose the first thing I thought about was my new trousers. I probably thought they were ruined; for, with hands clapped on the seat of them, I ran into the other room shouting: "Mama! Mama! big tittle turned over and burnt my breeches."

My oldest brother, George was now about fifteen years of age, and my parents believed that with his help they could make a better living and be more independent on a farm, so my father entered a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of government land. It lay a mile and a

half south-east of where we were living. About three fourths of this was wild prairie and the remainder brush and timber. The timber was mostly elm and black walnut. There were groves of wild plum and hazelnut and berry bushes, and vines reaching up to the tops of the tall trees everywhere. Coop's Creek ran from south to north through this wood-land. The house, a log cabin, was placed on the prairie, but near the timber-line and, when the whole farm was fenced, a roadway ran from the house through the center of the farm to a large gate at the west end of the home-stead. This big gate opened into a lane running north and south which eventually was opened and connected Brooklyn with the town of Shipman. My earliest recollection of the new house on our farm was of a visit to it with my mother when it was being erected. The floor had not yet been laid on the sleepers, and could just step from one of these timbers to another. I had great fun while mother stood by watching and holding the baby in her arms. This baby brother, Charley, was born while we yet lived at Brooklyn.

The early years of our life on the farm were years of toil and care, and sometimes of privation. Father continued his business as justice of the peace and as wagon-maker. He also found time to make and mend children's shoes; to fashion a loom, a spinningwheel, reels, etc., for mother and the girls. He also made many of the farm tools and, though I cannot remember the fact, in some of these early years, an addition was built on to the east end of the cabin. This addition a frame building with clapboard roof and dirt floor, was the same size as the cabin. It served as kitchen, wash-rooms, and for many other purposes.

George and John, with such help as father could give, split the rails and fenced in a patch of ground which they broke up and planted in corn and potatoes for the family, and oats for the horses. In th



all they would go with axes and team to the forty acres of timber some five miles away for rails or fire-wood. One load a day was a good day's work. Poor boys! so young; their work was almost too much for them; George, especially suffered. From the overuse of the axe and the maul his fingers became so enlarged and stiffened that he never could fully close them on his palms. The timber spoken of above was forty acres of good oak and hickory timber land that lay near Macoupin Creek. It was nearly due north of us. Our Coop's Creek emptied into the Macoupin near our forty. This timber tract was a separate purchase by my father, obtained before we left Alton. Each year more land was enclosed and put under cultivation; more stock- cattle, pigs, chickens, geese, and turkeys- were added. All these, with the products of the soil, furnished food for the family and a growing surplus for the market.

Alton, distant twenty miles, was our chief market place, and our post-office and grist mill was a good six miles.

Mother and my sisters nobly carried on their share of the providing and the making of the home. The bedding and most of the clothing for the whole family was produced by carding, spinning, weaving, and making into proper form, by their busy fingers, the raw material.

Even the boys learned to manipulate the knitting needle and made good use of their knowledge during the long winter evenings by fashioning their own foot and hand wear; and, when I had grown to be quite a lad father had not yet forgotten his ability to cut out a whole suit for any one of his boys. I remember this well, for I had the great honor of wearing a complete suit of gray jeans, the joint product of my father and my mother. The boys did most of the milking, but our mother was generally at the cow-pen to take the lead. With the girls helping,

she did the butter and cheese making, the washing and mending, the cooking and house-cleaning, besides having the care of the younger children.

During the winter months the four older children with books and dinner pail made their daily trips to the village school, and the long evenings were spent by all in happy work and play around the blazing fire. Frequently these pursuits would give place to an evening of song or story; for all of us could sing, and our big sister, Louisa, was a famous reader. The Ladies' Repository, our only magazine at that time, afforded us interesting and wholesome reading matter. Miss Virginia Townsend was the choice story writer and the sisters Alice and Phoebe Cary excelled as writers of poetry.

Within a short time after we moved to the farm other families began to settle in the neighborhood; yet, for three or four years only a cultivated spot here and there in the wide extended prairie with a little cabin near by, gave token of the oncoming of civilization. It was still an easy matter for one, especially a new-comer and unused to prairie life, to get lost at night. One such event impresses itself vividly on my memory. George had been out feeding the stock and hearing the call of a man in distress, came running to the house and told his story. We all ran out into the yard, and father lit his lantern, the old sliding door kind with punctured tin sides and tallow-candle light. He climbed up the ladder onto the house-top and, when the man again shouted: "Lost! Lost! I'm lost!" waved his lantern and called back at the top of his voice: "Here! come this way!" In a little while the lost man saw the light and heard the welcome call. He proved to be one of the new neighbors and had been hunting a horse that had strayed away.

Our old dog, Watch, was still alive yet not so frisky as when he and I played our pranks at the school-house heretofore related. More than once, later on, he proved himself worth his weight in gold. Mother was often left at the house alone with just us two little boys. On the occasion of which I speak, she was busy weaving when all at once there came a loud knock at the door. We were startled. The dog growled and went with mother to the door. When she opened the door a man of rough aspect and having a heavy cudgel, stepped in and, seating himself, demanded something to eat. While mother was getting a bite for him, the dog crouched withing a few feet of the man, ready to spring at his throat at a word from his mistress. Father had a little money laid by for a payment on the land, and she suspected this man knew of it and was there to rob her of it if possible. He asked her where father was and put several other suspicious questions to her and acted strangely. He made no move, however, and seemed afraid of the dog. Once or twice he asked if the dog would bite. At last the fellow sneaked away. Mother said she felt safe with Watch there.

Rather an amusing incident relating to this same dog goes to prove that these heroic companions of man have not only tenacious memories but that, with just cause, they will hold a grudge against one for life. Uncle George D. Randle, who at that time lived in our neighborhood, was over to see us one morning and, as he stood at the door ready to go, commenced crowding the dog away from a bone he was gnawing. He used his boot and a stick he held in his hand. The dog, of course not seeing the funny side of it, resented the interference and, in the scuffle, bit my uncle slightly on the leg. Uncle George then gave him a severe blow with his stick. Although good friends before this, he never forgave him. Uncle was sorry and

coaxed him many times to be friends, but the dog would never accept the choicest morsel from his hand, but always growled at sight of him.

We were never bothered much with Indians. Most of their bands had probably gone west of the Mississippi before we came to this part of Illinois; and so we little boys had never seen a real savage, such as only stories of our elders had painted to our imaginations. Great was our astonishment then when, up the road from the timber, came two almost naked Indians- a chief and his squaw. We could not understand much of what they tried to tell us, but found out they were willing to take away with them a couple of fine young chickens, a flock of which were running about in the near-by chicken yard. Mother gave them permission, and it was fun watching them as they ran down a couple of plump half-grown pullets. Then putting on their trinkets which they had laid aside for the race, they each took a chicken in one hand and began to pull out feathers with the other, the poor chickens still alive and squawking as they passed out of sight. We didn't think this was funny. Charley and I went off behind the wood-pile and cried awhile for the cruelly used chickens who were so ruthlessly being deprived of their clothing.

After this we sometimes got glimpses of small groups of Indians on their ponies riding along the old Indian trail north of the farm; and once when a number of men and boys of the neighborhood were over on a Sunday afternoon to visit our men folks, several braves came into the yard having their bows and arrows with them. They proposed to show their skill of marksmanship by shooting at a small target for a dime money prize when any of them centered the target. So while some were stepping off the distance agreed upon, ten steps, Uncle J. E. Arnold who was present, split a small stick at one end, put a dime in the

slot, and stuck the other end into the ground. This dime was to be their target. They were to shoot by turns, and the one who knocked it out, his it was. This dime target greatly pleased the Indians. It was set up several times and was always quickly struck out. The dimes probably becoming scarce, the Whites ceased to put up any more money and, with a grunt of satisfaction, the Indians filed off down the road and were lost to view in the deepening shadows. I never saw another Indian from that day until I was on my wedding trip to Oregon some twenty-seven years afterward.

In my fifth year the last of ten children, Joseph Henry, was born to my parents. He remained with us but a few months and then went to join the happy spirits of his brother Aaron and sisters Sarah and Mary, all of whom died in early childhood.

As I grew a little older, I began to take a hand in helping in and out of the house. Was allowed to bring in chips and stove-wood for the new cook stove, the first one ever installed in our house. I took John's place in helping the girls churn the butter twice a week and ran on many little errands here and there. Mother took me with her to the cow-pen to help about the milking, and I greatly enjoyed carrying water and sometimes a little lunch, which the kind mother heart suggested was needed, to the boys at work in the field. Then I spent much of my time, often having my little brother in tow, in the work-shop where father and sometimes brother George, when the work was pressing, were at the bench making or repairing wagons. Here we spent hours playing with blocks among the shavings. In the cold winter days when the corn shelling was in progress, corn-cobs added greatly to our store of playthings; then, too, the older boys made us little wagons and sleds, the use of which gave us endless pleasure as well as needed strength



**for our growing bodies.**

About the year 1844 or 5 my oldest sister was married. The young man who became her husband, Benjamin Andrews, was the son of a well-to-do farmer and owned a good farm in his own name. He was highly spoken of by his neighbors to father who, of course, was anxious for her to do the very best for herself. It was known that he was an illiterate man, but Louisa having a fairly good education, would be able it was thought, to teach him, and in time would be proud of what he had gained through thior joint efforts; but he proved to be willingly ignorant and obstinate in his ways. He was easily persuaded to mortgage their home and, as it had been his own possession before marriage, she, much against her wish, signed the mortgage with him. The result was the total loss of their farm. He became embittered and greatly discouraged and, as the years went by, more and more, a great and tormenting trouble came to her. The family was almost dependent upon a cousin of her husband, B. H. Hargrave, who through pity for her and the children provided for their wants. Andrews finally left his wife, and in time she secured a divorce from him and married her kind protector who up to that time had been a bachelor.

In March, 1845 we had a visit from Uncle Edmund Handle. He was at Uncle Josiah's on the 20th. when he wrote to father, saying: "I am unwell and not able to get any farther without help. I think you told me when I saw you last that if I would let you know when I got here you would lend me one of your sons and team to take me to your house." His wife had recently died and left a little girl, Ellen, for him to care for. They had been living with his sister, Mrs. Dew, for some time and was now on his way to visit us and leave Ellen with us for a year. At the end of that time, she went to her Uncle Josiah's to live.

Our mother was very ambitious to have some of her children, at least, secure a liberal education. so when brother George had gotten about all there was for him in the public school, he was sent to McKendry College at Lebanon, Illinois. I have, among my old papers, a deed given by Thomas Stanton and his wife Katherine to a lot in the College addition to the town of Lebanon, in the County of St. Clair, and State of Illinois, to Enoch George Randle, for which he paid the sum of one hundred dollars. The deed was made on the 13th. day of September, 1839, when he was but a little over thirteen years old. It was witnessed by his father and also acknowledged before him as a Notary Public. I suppose it had been the purpose of our parents to improve the lot, build a house, and live in this college town and send their children to school; and the deed was made to George to encourage him in his purpose to acquire a college education. We never moved to Lebanon, and I am not informed of the final disposition of the lot. About all I remember of this effort to have George attend this school was his return home. Our parents, no doubt, found themselves unable to keep him in such a school. But mother was not satisfied. In the next year or two, sister Lucy was sent to Alton where I think she secured at least two years training in a good school. Mother began teaching us "little boys," as Charley and I were always called in our younger days, while we were yet quite young. In fact I learned to read well for a boy of six or seven years of age with my mother as my only teacher, and as for the multiplication table, it appears to me that it was always familiar to me just like the sunshine and the rain.

I have another old document that I prize highly. As showing something of the doings and conditions of the church in those early days, and as my father was the secretary of the meeting, I wish to



copy the paper, the minutes of the board, here.

"At a meeting of the Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, Macoupin County, Illinois, held on the 14th. day of August, A. D. 1846, the following were present. A. S. Arnold, Jas. F. Bonner, John C. Randle, and John H. Randle.

On motion that we now elect two trustees to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Aaron Arnold and that of Benjamin Steadman, expelled, John C. Barnett and John Richardson were duly elected trustees

Resolved By the Board;

That, wheras it has been the practice heretofore to permit schools to be taught in the Methodist meeting-house in Brooklyn by first obtaining permission of the Trustees, and observing to keep the house from injury as far as possible; and whereas the Trustees did consent that a school for the time of one quarter should be taught in said house by Elmina Wendell, which time has expired; and the said teacher has commenced another school without permission; and, whereas the said teacher stands charged with, and we verily believe, is guilty of inculcating vicious principles into the minds of the children instead of morality; and we, as Trustees, deem it our duty to rebuke such a course in any teacher: Therefore the Trustees would respectfully solicit and request said teacher to desist from teaching any longer in said house."

John H. Randle, Sec'y.

I was about seven years old when brother George was permitted to join with other young fellows of the community in forming a brass band. Each member bought his own instrument but the teacher was employed by the whole company. His pay and all other expenses were met from a common fund to which all equally contributed or were the receipts from

public entertainments etc. They employed a good band leader by the name of Herritt to give them lessons weekly. J. E. Arnold, George Randle, three of the Merryweather young men, two of the Greens, and others around, made up the necessary twelve or fifteen. Their practicing in concert was carried on at the houses of the several members and was always done at night.

And here I must relate a little story which mostly had to do with my brother but, indirectly, had quite an influence on my life and character. The short cut from our house to Merryweathers led through the strip of woods to which I have before referred. Along the new and narrow path thither, George was accustomed to go and often, not always, for sometimes he had permission to stay all night with the Merryweather boys, he must return home by the same lonely path after the band practice. One dark night, having entered the densest part of the woods on his return and, passing round a thicket of low dense brushwood, he saw standing right in the path before him an apparition, only a few paces away. The thing was white and seemed to his excited imagination as large as an elephant. It never moved but stood there eyeing him as he thought. At first he was frightened and was strongly tempted to run. Then he thought of his story book which told about ghosts, so, screwing up his courage he advanced upon the unknown creature and found it to be an old lame sheep.

In telling me the story, I got the impression that he had met a real ghost and had barely escaped with his life. So when I went to bed, mother found me in a nervous state of mind, frightened and sleepless. Finding what the trouble was, she sent for George and together, they completely disarmed my fears; so that from that day to this, I have been fearless, not only of ghosts, but of dogs and other animals.

Later on the boys added three or four new members to their number and introduced stringed instruments for indoor occasions and, keeping up their organization for a number of years, they became experts, receiving good pay, and going far and near to dancing parties and other gatherings.

In the beginning when Brother George brought home his shining cornet, and the band had had its first practice at our house, I well remember how my ambition soared to become a band boy and have an instrument of my own. The nights were passed in dreaming and the days in joyful anticipation of the time when I should grow bigger and have a place in the world and possibly learn to beat the big drum.

Little did I dream of, much less anticipate what was really to be; that in a few short years I should indeed be a member of a noted band, engaged in the service of my country, and thus helping to cheer up and nerve the hearts of the boys who wore the blue.

How I grew bigger will be related in the next chapter.

### Chapter 3.

#### Early Home And School Life.

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As intimated at the close of the preceding chapter, the time had come in my life when I was ready and anxious to begin some sort of preparation for life's work. So in the fall of 1848, when my mother told me I could start to school, I was glad, for I had been secretly wishing to go. In a few days I should be seven years old, and I knew others of about my own age, or even younger, who would be at the school.

It was a great event for me, this first school day, as it is for every child who has a normal mind and a healthy body. Scarcely could I wait for the day to come, yet the time did not drag. Every day mother was making this new garment or mending that old one for me while I spluttered around feeling so self-important; or, I would get Charley off in one of our quiet corners somewhere and tell him of the wonderful things I would see and do at school, as my imagination pictured them to me, all of which, I suppose, seemed very real to him.

Finally, when the day did come, some new and startling facts arose to stare me in the face. I was going away from home; must leave mother and little brother all day; I should meet new faces, some of them big girls and boys. Would they be kind to me? At any rate I was going; I could not back out now.

So mother was making me ready; books and cap and dinner pail were all on the table, and she was telling me something about how to behave myself at school when here came Samuel and Charley Merryweather and

their sister Laura. Laura and Sam were older than I, and Charley was a little younger.

Our house was on the direct road, near cut, for them in going to the school and, as they knew I was going, came in for me. As I knew them well, all anxiety quickly left me, and, after kissing mother and little brother, we set off to school in high glee.

Arriving at the school-house, we found many of the children there, girls in the room and the boys out in the yard talking and badgering one another. This first day I stayed near my friend Sam.

When the time came for school to begin, the teacher called those outside into the room by rapping on the boards near the door with her long ruler. We all filed in, the big boys and girls first who took the rear seats which were made larger for them. After all were seated, the girls on one side of the room and the boys on the other, the teacher gave us a short talk, calling our attention to a few rules written on a small board just back of her desk.

This black-board was the only one in the room and was for the use of the teacher.

The house was entered by two doors, one for the boys, the other for the girls, both in the east end of the house, but near the sides. The stove was in the center of the room at one edge of the center aisle which was about four feet wide and separated the two main rows of seats. The seats were made by splitting good sized logs sawed into six foot cuts. Each cut when split made two seats. The flat surface of each half log was dressed smooth with the broad ax and legs were driven into inch-and-a-half holes bored slantingly into the four corners of the round surface. These seats were without backs or desks. From four



to five children could comfortable occupy each seat. On the north side and rear end of the room were hinged to the wall two boards, each about eighteen inches wide and sixteen feet long. One edge of each board was hung to the wall with three stout hinges, just below the windows so that in study hours they could be let down flat against the walls. This allowed of a four foot aisle on the north or girls side of the room. When the hour for writing came, usually the last thing before the afternoon recess, these boards or writing desks were raised to the proper slant, the seats drawn out from their places against the walls to their proper places for writing, and at the signal, all the older pupils moved to their positions for this exercise. Dinner pails, copy-books with the ink, and text books not in use, were placed on the floor and on a low seat under the teacher's table. The room being lathed and plastered, was quite comfortable.

During the forenoon of this first day the pupils were enrolled and classified. I was to read in McGuffey's Second Reader, begin the Speller and Definer, and have oral lessons in Arithmetic. I liked the teacher, Miss Lizzy Tunnel, and made some new friends among the pupils, especially the smaller ones. Of course, when I arrived at home, I had much to tell, many questions to answer, and much more to think of and dream about to myself.

The days which followed this first one at school were much alike in the main and, as an outsider visiting a school day after day would soon lose the keen interest he enjoyed the first day of his visit, so a repetition of the doings of the humdrum life of the school would be of little interest to my readers; so only the more noteworthy happenings in and out of school will be noted here.

Although a teacher and a close observer of children for many years, I have often wondered how it were possible, especially in those old days, for the pupils, themselves to endure the monotony, the uninspiring atmosphere nearly always dominating the schools of our country life up nearly to the close of the nineteenth century. I have wondered more how children managed to acquire the rudiments of an education. Is the judgement too harsh, that many overcame in spite of the lack of true pedagogies? Thank God for a better day.

The strange, new, feeling I had at the first soon passed; the whole school passed through a similar experience, and so we all became more familiar with each other. In other words, we began to find each other out, and to form an estimate of each other both in study and in play. We went even further; we had our likes and our dislikes; we chose our companions, each boy had his sweet-heart, each girl her beau. To us little kids the inequality in age made little difference in our choice.

I remember one of my first flames was Laura Merryweather. She was fully twice my own age, but then she always had a smile for me. If I got into any trouble, she came to my relief. Why shouldn't she be my sweet-heart? and why shouldn't I confide my secret to my mother? The singular smile which played on her face when I told her of my infatuation, and the gibes of Lucy and John at the supper table rather increased than lessened my esteem for Laura. When we had gone to bed I told my secret to Charley, declaring to him with entire sincerity that I should always love her and when I got big should marry her.

Of all the older boys, I liked Henry Bonner the best. He and his older brother, Tom, were the largest boys in school. Henry never ill-treated little boys; more than that he could bat a ball farther than



could any other boy there. He and Tom were both far behind in their studies, but that did not count much against them with the boys. Their backwardness and lack of good sound sense probably came to them honestly- chips of the old block. I call to mind that when I was a little older, a meeting was held in the church on a Sunday when the minister was at another appointment. It was a Methodist class meeting, and brother J. F. Bonner, the father of Tom and Henry, had been authorized to lead it. Quite a number, old and young, had assembled and were waiting for the leader, whoever he might be, to open the meeting. I remember just how the old man arose and said: "Well brethering, the time that were to have arriven have arroven. Sing on page five," etc. Ah well, he was, no doubt, a good old man and served his time. The world has grown away from his kind, that's all.

It was said that at every protracted meeting, and I think one was held every winter, Tom Bonner came to the moarner's bench and was always happily converted. A few years later when a church had been built in Shipman, the new railroad town about the same distance from our farm as, and due south of Brooklyn, a protracted meeting, perhaps the first one held in the new church, was in progress. Brother Sly, a small man, but a big preacher, was in charge of the meeting. Great interest had been aroused and, on this particular evening, the altar was crowded with seekers, and poor sin-stricken Tom Bonner was there as usual. The minister was kneeling within the altar railing, and the whole congregation seemed deeply moved as all heads were bowed in silent prayer. Suddenly and as unexpectedly as a rifle shot, Tom Bonner leaped to his feet, shouting: "Glory! Glory!!" as rapidly as the words could come from his mouth and, making his way to the preacher, actually kicked him until he arose from his knees when Tom grabbed him in his arms and, still

shouting at the top of his voice, carried him, helpless, from side to side of the altar space. It is needless to say that but little more good was accomplished at that service. The minister wisely dismissed the large congregation almost immediately.

Henry was more of a man than Tom; better hearted, I mean; a simple hearted fellow, if you please; in fact he had many of the actions of a little boy. One time he fell desperately in love with one of our lady teachers and tried to win her esteem by giving her candy. I suppose the young people of to-day would regard this method of courtship as conventional enough; but she was greatly annoyed by his attentions, probably by his manner as well as by his method. She got rid of him by having some of the larger girls stop with her after school till he had gone. Among his gifts of mind was, shall I say, self-confidence. In his reading aloud, for example, he imagined he greatly excelled. He wanted to impress his hearers, so he seldom stopped like others of his class to spell out the longer words and, seeming not to know or care for their meaning or connection, he stumbled rapidly along, sometimes making a wretched mistake, but generally harmless. He was one of a number of boys and young men in a bible class of the Sunday School. On the particular day of which I write, we were reading the sixteenth chapter of Luke, about the rich man and Lazarus. We had read to verse twenty-three, and it was Henry's turn to read the next verse. With his usual self-assurance he began: "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off with leather years in Boston."

There was a like story told me of those days quite as amusing as the above, but I cannot vouch for the perpetrator of the joke. It may have been Henry. A class in the speller-and-definer were reciting. The word and its definition were thus printed in the book:

aceph-a-lous ---- without a head. The word was given out correctly, aceph-a-lous; but the pupil had studied it differently and rendered it thus: a c e p h, aceph ---- a lous(e) without a head.

The three or four months of school were soon gone and as spring opened, new settlers were rapidly coming into the neighborhood; Olmstead, VanHorn, Boswell, Green, and others, south of us; Wooldredge, north; Taggart, White, Flemming, Tunstill, Cramp, and a lot more, east; Grand-ma Arnold, keeping house for her son, J. E. Arnold, Sam James, the step-father of Mat and Nelson Darr, Law, and others I cannot now call to mind, west.

Most everybody came to church, so that the little church house was usually crowded from this time on, and we were looking forward to a much larger school.

Early in the spring of 1847 my father began the erection of a new dwelling. It was to have two good sized rooms below in the main building and two above; a large lean-to bedroom on the north side; a smaller room for a kitchen at the east end; and a long porch on the south.

The building of this house was a long and tedious job as, in those days, there were no planing mills nor sash and door factories within reach. As a consequence, the siding, flooring, and all the finish lumber had to be dressed by hand, the flooring tongue-and-grooved, the window and door casings, and even the sash and doors themselves were all hand-made. And that was not all. In this new land, skilled labor was scarce. All the material for building had to be got together; rock for the foundation had to be quarried and put on the ground, all the frame material had to be cut in the timber, hauled five miles, and hewed to proper dimensions; the shingle lumber

came from the same woods and had to be rived and shaved; the board lumber which was hauled some six miles from the saw-mill was green, and must be dried before planing; the brick and the lime for the chimneys and for plastering was hauled from a kiln near Alton. Except the plastering, father and the two boys, George and John, did all the work. Before winter set in the frame was up and under roof; and during the following summer and winter most of the lumber that had to be dressed, the windows and doors, with all their casings and facing etc. were got ready for the completion of the house during the coming spring and summer months.

The long vacation between the close of school and the opening of another term in the fall of 1847 passed very pleasantly with us little boys. While father and the older boys were busy at the new building, and the hired man was cultivating the farm, we were running about everywhere, watching, long and eagerly the wonderful uprising of the frame as one or the other of the boys would climb about the upper timbers, making fast the plates, joists, rafter, etc. in their places. Sometimes we were with the man in the field following him as he opened up the furrow in his "weary round" or planted the precious seed which, in time was to bring forth its increase and become food for the sustenance of our bodies. Other hours we spent in the near-by forest, wading in the shallow creek, or making houses and fields and forts in the sand heaps under the big elm.

One day we swiped a case-knife from the kitchen and a hatchet from the work-shop before going down to our retreat under the old elm. As we had planned the day before to dig a much needed well for our farm and to make some other improvements, these tools were necessary. When we reached the elm (this elm was a large tree, and must have had

a peculiar growth. It was six times as wide as it was thick, and its thickness was a little over four feet. It was one solid tree up for forty or fifty feet where it divided into six nearly equal branches. The outlines of these branches seemed well marked in the trunk, so it must have started from six different shoots, and as it progressed in size and height, grew together into one tree. Its dense foliage spread out in every direction, making a fine shade averaging, probably, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Many of its limbs bent over so near the ground that one could climb into the tree by taking hold of the outer tip end of one of these limbs. It stood on the north bank near the mouth of a small tributary of Coop's Creek. As wagon loads of sand washed up in the spring freshets and lodged in the bend of the little stream where the elm tree was, we called it Sand Creek. The tree itself we called Jack the Giant.) As I was saying, when we arrived at the elm, we slid down the bank near to the tiny rill which was still running and began our work. While Charley collected a pile of small flat rocks, I dug the well. Walling it up with the small rocks, we soon had a well a little larger than our tin can which we used for a bucket, and as deep as I could reach down with the case-knife. We made a sweep after the pattern of the one at our stock-well, and, having dug a little canal from the trickling stream to the well, we had all the water that was needed for the farm or at the near-by-fort.

I have tried to give you, my readers, the particulars of this perfectly true story that you may realize how, like some of your own boys and girls who now are playing about your homes, we, your old grand-sires, passed away the time in the years gone by.

We, of course, had many other ways of entertaining ourselves, both in play and at work. Our parents saw that we had a share in



the many duties about the farm; I, at least, had; Charley was yet too young to help much. I was kept busy hoeing in the garden and even in the corn field where the thorny cockle-burrs were want to grow and choke out the young corn. This burr was one of the worst enemies the boys of that day had to contend with. Other duties were, sacking potatoes, husking corn, milking one or more cows, turning the grind-stone, running on errands to the neighbors, etc.

One morning I was sent to borrow a butcher knife of a neighbor. When I made known my want to the woman, she said: "Go ax Ike." I suppose she wanted to shift the responsibility of trusting a small boy with a big butcher knife. Ike let me have it all right.

In the fall, after the first heavy frost, Charley and I would gather hazelnuts by the bushel and spread them out on the kitchen roof to dry. We also piled up walnuts and hickory nuts under the trees on which they grew, to ripen and await the time to be hauled home later in the season. In the early spring of this year, I had learned to ride Fannie, our little black mare. This was not only a healthful exercise for one, but as it proved afterward, a very useful acquirement. While the grass was good and the calves were young, the cows were at home promptly at milking time, but as the fall came on, they wandered farther away in search of the more abundant and younger herbage and remained out till late bed-time, often not making their appearance before the next morning. So, as I had learned to ride the pony, it became my duty to "bring" the cows home in the evening. I greatly enjoyed riding through the prairie grass, often reaching up to my shoulders as I sat in the saddle; or jumping my pony over the fallen trees in the woods. In these homeward marches we always followed the distant tinkling of the bell which old

Swan so proudly, as it always seemed to me, jingled as she marched at the head of the herd. When all had formed in their accustomed places in the line of march, Swan at the head and my pony and I at the rear, I would throw my leg over the horn of the saddle, and following our leader, in single file, lazily we jogged along on our way home.

Sometimes the unusual would happen and, once or twice, a hidden peril lurked in our path. I often had to ride for miles in my search. On one of these long trips a sudden thunder shower overtook us on our way through the woods and I was drenched to the skin, but mother had a warm, dry suit for me when I arrived at home. At another time I was riding at a slow gallop along a new path rather late in the evening. A huge ant hill had recently been raised in the tall grass near the path. The pony saw it first, stopped suddenly and, as I began to go headlong over her head, whirled and made her way with all speed back to the bars. The whirling motion she gave me in her sudden turn probably saved me from falling on my head. I was only bruised a little. Starting rather late on another evening, I was unable to find the cows in any of their accustomed feeding places. Although darkness was rapidly approaching, I continued my search farther away through the woods until the darkness became so intense I could scarcely see my pony's head. Thinking I might yet hear the bell, I continued to urge her forward until, suddenly, she stopped and would go no farther. When I used my little switch, she would try to go to the right or left or turn about. I then became suspicious, dismounted and, holding my pony by the bridle rein, moved forward very cautiously, pushing the ground with my foot. At last I felt the edge of the chasm or high bank over which I was urging my pony to dash me, probably to my death.



I tried to see it but all I could make out was the absence of the treestops in front of me, which I could see in other directions outlined against the clear sky. For the first time I realized that I was blind in the dark, which fact has often in later life been made evident. After throwing my arms around my pony's neck in thankful joy, mingled with regret for the anger I had felt because she refused to go forward, I mounted her again and, letting her take her own course, we soon arrived at home. The cows had got there before we had. My brother George said that they had probably lain down somewhere in the shade to rest awhile before coming home, and they being still, I had unwittingly gone by them. He told me, too, that the chasm from which my pony had saved me, was an old bed in a bend of the Macoupin Creek, which was left dry when the channel found a shorter course, during some great freshet, and that its bank on this side was high and precipitous. The distance I had gone was six or seven miles.

As the fall of 1847 approached, father, having enclosed the new house from the winter's storms, was unable for reasons I do not know, to finish it sufficiently to move into it. The hired man was dismissed and the boys gathered in the crops, cut and hauled up the winter's wood, and helped father in the shop.

The school, beginning this year in October, was conducted by Mr. Craze. In some particulars it was a notable school. The teacher was lame. One of his legs was considerably shorter than the other and so stiff at the knee joint that he was unable to straighten it, so he used a cane when obliged to walk; but, in the school-room, he kept his seat, practically, the whole day long. He governed with the "rod." When he saw mischief in any pupil, he would throw his

switch at the offender and said offender had to return the switch and take the licking. He had no classes in arithmetic nor recitations, but during the morning session which was entirely devoted to that subject, the pupils were permitted to study out loud. If any one wanted help in working his "sums" as the teacher called all arithmetical problems, he was at liberty to go to him, or to some pupil for help. The afternoon was given over to reading, writing, spelling, etc. The one advantage of this method of studying arithmetic was, that each pupil could advance as rapidly as he was capable of. The active, willing pupil was not compelled to stay behind with the laggard. The disadvantages were many and great. There was no drill in the principles, hence the work lacked thoroughness. Wrong methods were often employed, class emulation, the spur to progress, the one incentive with children to keep up with or to excel the others was lacking. Besides all this, what about the next school? Teacher and pupils would be totally at sea in the formation of arithmetic classes. The school lasted six months, and every-body was glad when it ended.

My studies this year were Davie's Arithmetic through Long Division; McGuffey's Third Reader; and Webster's Spelling book. I had occasional copies in writing on my slate.

The attendance was large and, because of the teacher's crippled condition, quite a number of fights occurred among the boys and some strife and bickering among the girls. Two girls, especially, proved to be the bane of the school. We all, boys as well as girls, hated them. They were sisters and lived quite a distance from the school. They were known by the euphonious names, Pop and Till. I never learned their surnames, if, indeed, they had any. These girls were not only ugly and filthy in their habits and dress, but were lousy,

and their hands showed one solid mass of the itch. Being among the older girls, they resented the aloofness shown them by everybody, and frequently vented their spite upon the younger pupils, which always resulted in trouble. We were never quite free from the smell of sulphur and, at least twice a week, submitted ourselves to a vigorous use of the fine comb.

On my birthday of this year, 1847, my father made me a present of a pair of red-top boots, the first store foot-wear I had ever possessed. Needless to say I was very proud of them. Hog killing time had passed just a few days before, and the boys had gone to market with two big wagon loads of fat hogs. They returned with a lot of good things for the family. I remember one of them was a package of matches; another was a large white fish; neither of which articles had I ever before seen. I suppose my pair of boots was among the clothing purchased at this time and hidden away somewhere until Christmas.

At the "hog killing" I helped in taking the fat from the entrails, and George showed me how to prepare the bladders and "blow" them up with a quill. I saved several of them for Christmas, hanging them in the wood-house to dry. When full of air, some of these bladders were eight or ten inches in diameter.

On Christmas morning I was up early, intent on having some fun; so, after stirring up the coals in the big fireplace, I brought in my best, biggest bladder, and was holding it before the heat to swell it up "good and tight," as George had instructed me, when, all of a sudden, it burst in my hands making a loud report. I suppose I succeeded in waking the family. I was myself badly frightened, but

not hurt, and was soon ready to try another. I held it before the fire more carefully, turning it round and round and, when it seemed about as full of air as it could stand, I laid it on the hearth and jumped on it with all my weight. Of course it exploded with a big racket, which gave me great satisfaction. I had, as I conceived, appropriately honored the day.

We had no Christmas tree; but, after father and mother, brothers and sisters, were all up and dressed, each occupying his own accustomed seat before the cozy fire, opened in his bible to the second chapter of Matthew and read, verse about, the description of the wonderful birth of the infant Jesus and of the star of Bethlehem: then rising in our places, we all joined in the song:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle, the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch and Savior of all."

Forever fixed in my memory appears the presence of my beloved father as, like one of the patriarchs of old, he thus stood before his family, white-haired and saintly, leading them so earnestly, so tenderly, with face so radiant with heavenly joy and victory in the worship this beautiful Christmas morning. The song ended, on bended knees we then engaged in the last and more solemn service of the hour. But eight years of age, I clearly comprehended, not merely the language,

but the spirit of father's prayer. He gave thanks for the many good blessings we enjoyed, - home and home pleasures, friends and kindred, health and peace, church and school privileges. He asked for a continuance of these blessings in the years to come. He sought with most earnest pleading that the mercy and love of God might be extended to our neighbors and that the church might be quickened and made more useful in the community; and then, with most simple, touching words, he brought himself and each one of us, his wife and children, to the Lord. Beginning with the youngest, for each child by name he besought a special blessing and a happy, useful life. When he came to the absent married daughter, his heart struggling with emotion, he broke down and wept; but recovering himself, he commended her with her husband and two little ones to the Lord's most loving care. We all arose from that altar with tearful eyes and subdued hearts. Father, standing in the midst of us and holding mother's two hands in his, said, with a happy smile: "Let others do as they may, but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

This Christmas morning with its wonderful experiences, being so near too, to father's death, is a very precious memory to me.

We were to have a Christmas dinner this year so, after eating a light breakfast, we all began the preparation for that event. The crane in the fire-place as well as the cook-stove in the kitchen, was full, and the cupboard was fairly groaning with its burden of good things to be eaten- wheat and corn bread, sweet cake and cookies, pumpkin and mince pies, roast pig and turkey, sweet and irish potatoes, home-made butter and cheese, apple sauce and peach preserves, dumplings, pickles, coffee, tea, and milk; - everything that goes to make up an



old fashioned farm dinner. The table had to be lengthened and new seats provided, for a number of our relatives were coming. The first to arrive was my sister Louisa with her husband and little George and Anne. They had quite a distance to come and must have started early. Then came Uncle George D. Randle, bringing with him his own family and Uncle Edmund Randle. Uncle George now owned a farm and grist mill at Rock Creek, distant from us about thirty miles. The last to come were Grandma Arnold with Uncle William P. Arnold who was on a visit from Kentucky, and Uncle Edwin Arnold who was still a young man. Uncle Edmund brought his rifle with him and, while waiting for dinner, the men folks stepped off a few paces in the yard and took turns in shooting at a target. He let cousin Harry, who was about my own age, and me, shoot his rifle, too. He rested the gun on the back of a chair. This was my first experience in shooting a gun.

I don't remember much about the dinner. Of course we youngsters had to eat at the second table. When we began I was very hungry, and thought I could eat almost everything, at the table; but the food seemed to satisfy me too rapidly. I find something like this experience is not confined to children.

The time after dinner passed quickly and pleasantly. One of the pleasant things that came to us kids was the gift of a gold dollar to each of us from Uncle William. Before dark all the company had gone except sister Louisa and family. They visited with us a few days.

The long evenings of this winter passed much the same as the evenings of the preceeding winter, - reading for all, work for the older ones, study and play for the younger members. This uniformity was often broken by all the family spending a half hour eating nuts, apples, and parched corn. This sort of recreation was especially enjoyed by us children whose suppers were a bowl of milk and some



**corn meal mush.**

During this winter there were many snow storms, sometimes accompanied with heavy winds, causing the snow to pile up in drifts and the finer particles to sift in between the clapboards of our roof. We boys who slept up-stairs often found ourselves covered with the dry snow. Of course we enjoyed many sleigh rides, some of which took me to my school or brought me home; but generally I had to foot it.

As spring drew near, we all began to look forward to the completion of the new house; father, especially, was much concerned about it. He wrote to Mr. Dwyer, a plasterer living in Alton to get him to plaster some of the rooms, and although he promised to do the work, he could set no time as he had many other jobs ahead of him. The boys had to plow and plant in the spring, so father put in the doors and windows, laid the flooring, and did some of the finishing by mid-summer. The two chimneys had yet to be built and the lathes to be nailed on the walls. The north side bed-room had been furnished with low home-made benches, and my sister Lucy who some months before had returned from her attendance at the Alton school, opened a school of her own in this room. It was a good sized school of small pupils and continued three months during the summer. Of course my brother Charley and I were among the pupils. It was his first attendance at school. Sister was a little past eighteen and I think this was the only school she ever taught.

It was either during the school or soon after that she had a visit from a young man who lived in Alton. That visit very probably spoiled all her plans and prospects as a future teacher. He had come to know her while a school girl at Alton, and now had come out to spend a two weeks vacation in the country and, I suppose, to

**get better acquainted with his girl and her people.**

Mr. Hansbrow's visit proved to be one of great delight to us little boys. He made us windmills and kites to our heart's content. The powers of the wind were harnessed to real machinery, toy machinery, of course; and as to kites, he made them of all shapes and varieties, with long puffy tails and without any appendages. Little paper balloons containing tiny lights were saddled on the kite's string and sent up in the higher strata of the air. Oddly enough they had the appearance of shooting stars, only for their slower movements, and that the direction of movement was from the earth in place of toward it.

One night he fastened a ball of candle wicking, saturated with turpentine, to a large kite by means of wire, in such a way as not to set fire to the kite, but to burn off the cord holding the kite when the ball should be lighted. When the kite had reached its limit, he sent up one of the small fire-balloons which, on reaching the ball of candle wicking set fire to it. The cord was severed, and the kite, with its blazing sputtering appendage, went sailing off through the sky. The kite itself was invisible, and so the object, getting larger and burning more fiercely, seemed almost supernatural. It so happened that a negro preacher was riding through the neighborhood on this same Saturday evening to an appointment at a school-house near Plainview. Seeing the brilliant object above him, he was much excited and, getting off his horse, kneeled down by the roadside and prayed the Lord to prepare him for the great judgment day which he felt sure was now at hand. When at last the flame became extinct, and the preacher resumed his journey he magnified the vision in his own fertile imagination, and resolved to keep it to himself for the night, and to make it the basis of his sermon the next day. Some

one who heard his discourse, reported part of it to the newspapers; how the Lord had shown him a great light on his journey just as he had to Paul on his way to Damascus; that he would never again doubt his divine call to the ministry, etc.

My sister's summer school shortened our vacation but, no doubt, went far in correcting the bad influences of the preceding winter school. Charley and I certainly enjoyed the few week's holiday following, making up in intensity what we lost in time.

As soon as the boys finished the farm work they went with the team for brick and lime for the chimneys, also for lathes and sand. Then they began work with father in finishing up the rooms, hoping to get moved in before late fall. Finally father began work on the large chimney. It was to have a fireplace in the sitting room and a separate flue for the stove in the kitchen. Even with John's help it took him quite a while to build it. He wasn't used to that sort of work, was lame and couldn't get around fast, and then the weather became chill and blustery. He was worried, too, about the plastering. Mr. DuPye was uncertain about doing the work any time soon.

Almost the day he finished the chimney he was taken sick and was compelled to go to his bed. After a few days Mother sent to Bunkerhill for a physician. Father strongly objected, believing that a physician could do him no good, but would just result in bringing on her a burden to be met hereafter. She was anxious, however, to make use of every available help; so Dr. Grinsted came to his bed-side. He gave him constant and faithful care, but father grew rapidly worse and during the evening of November 25, 1848, he went triumphantly to his reward. The doctor and all the family were gathered about his bed while he so tenderly, as he had often done at the family altar,

commended them to God's loving care. We little boys had gone to bed, but some one awoke us saying that father wanted to see us. "I'm going away," he said. We knew what it meant, and kneeled by his bed-side almost heart-broken. With his dying hand on our heads he spoke his last words to us: "I want my little boys to meet me in Heaven."

His death was a severe loss to all of us, but especially so to mother. I have heard her say more than once that she had come to depend on his judgment to such an extent that she was often at a loss to know what was the best to do.

Brother George was now nearly twenty-one years of age, and much of the responsibility and care of providing for the family rested on his shoulders. He was a most faithful, consistent, christian young man. Along with mother, he assumed the duties of family worship. She trusted and confided in him a great deal. He had been entrusted by father with the burden of finishing the new house and of paying off a mortgage of several hundred dollars, made necessary by the new building. We little boys came to love him almost as a father for, indeed, he virtually became a very kind one to us. As necessity compelled him to take up these duties and to carry out the responsibilities that crowded upon him, our mother felt, and she made known her mind to the other children, that George was to come into possession of the farm; reserving, of course, her dowery. The older children, Louisa, Lucy and John, understood this and readily acquiesced. Brother John was, however, getting old enough to realize the disadvantages or rather the lack of any good opportunities for him at home. He remained there, however, and helped in the farm work for two or three years after father died, but he was restless, sometimes leaving home and working for some neighbor for awhile. At last, when about

nineteen, he gathered together a few dollars and went away to Texas where he did well, married, and passed the remainder of his life.

In March, 1851, he wrote to George from Little Rock, Arkansas, saying that he had intended going on with some teamsters, but they were already so crowded that they could not take him or his baggage. He was there at work at the time, but soon went on to his destination.

I remember very little about the school that Charley and I attended during the winter of 1848-9. I think it was taught by a lady, a Miss Brown. She was gentle and much liked by her pupils. I think there were no large boys in attendance; John and Henry Richardson, Sammie Merryweather, and a few others two or three years older than myself.

At this school and at one or two that followed it, I experienced a good deal of trouble with Charley. He was a regular cry-baby. If anyone pointed his finger at him, he would cry as if his heart would break. I couldn't leave him for any time five minutes but I would hear his sob and would have to take him in charge. I just pitied him in my heart and, probably by my very efforts to comfort him, make the boy more of a baby than he would have been had I paid little attention to him. I liked school myself, but was always glad if I could find some excuse so mother would let Charley stay at home.

From the very fact that I remember so little about this school, not even a recall of what I studied, leads me to think that our attendance was confined to a few weeks in the winter and the early spring.

As soon as the weather permitted in the spring, Mr. DuPye came and put on one coat of plastering on the three lower rooms and the east room above, leaving the west room above unplastered. After the completion of this work we soon moved into our new house; the house that our dear father had labored so hard to finish, hoping to spend



the brief sunset of his life within its walls; and yet, just when he was about ready to receive his reward, sudden death ended it all. This, alas! is but the experience of many. It is well if we can truly say as he did in the last hour, "Father, Thy will be done."



## Chapter 4.

A Battle and a Birthday.

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The family had scarcely put things to order and become accustomed to the better conditions of living in the new house, when we were called on to witness the marriage of our sister. As has been intimated in the former chapter, she had made the acquaintance of this young man while a student in Alton. He loved her, had sought her hand, and she had accepted him; and now, having decided to go to the California gold mines which were attracting so many young men, he wished her to become his wife before he took the long journey and then to join him later, after he had made them a home and when better facilities could be had for traveling. Mr. Hansbrow, in making arrangements had, with two other young men who were to accompany him, fitted themselves out with two stout teams and new wagons, and with every convenience for cooking and sleeping that was thought to be practical. Being a tinner by trade, he had made a small, light cook stove which could be folded up into a small compass when on the road, and many little articles of great convenience which they took with them.

They were to come on from Alton and make the start from our place. It was night when they arrived and, as I had gone to bed and was sound asleep, I knew nothing of their coming. Great was my surprise when I saw the men, the two new, red-painted wagons standing in the yard with their white canvas covers. I soon came to know what it all meant, however, and was duly excited like any kid my age would be under the circumstances. After breakfast, a few relatives and friends dropped in; the minister arrived, and very soon my sister became Mrs. Thomas

**Hansbrow.** The wedding dinner was served about eleven o'clock, and by one P.M., the two wagons moved slowly off on their long and weary journey.

In the morning at their first camp, so wrote Mr. Hansbrow, while they were finishing their breakfast, one of the boys picked up a piece of charcoal from the dying embers and wrote in large distinct letters on the side of the wagon cover: "Pike's Peak or Bust!" Their road was to lead them near by that noted peak. Before they arrived at this half-way stage, one of their horses died and, when replaced by a very inferior animal which proved to be balky, they made very slow progress. Finally, one evening, just before going into camp, they had to pass close to a ditch which the heavy rains in that country had cut deep, on the hill-side. The balky horse stopped and could not be persuaded to move forward. The driver, being angry, went around to the head of the team and began beating the poor old horse over the head with his whip. The horse turned suddenly and backed the wagon off the road into the ditch. The result was, two of the wheels were broken and one leg of the good horse was badly fractured. The next morning before resuming their journey with the remaining team, the same fellow who wrote the first inscription, took another charcoal from the fire and scribbled in still larger characters below the former words: "Busted, by Thunder!" Mr. Hansbrow, who was a fairly good artist, drew a sketch of the overturned wagon.

Before reaching the end of their journey, they lost their remaining wagon and all of their outfit. From the last camp before entering Sacramento, Mr. Hansbrow wrote to his wife: "I came into camp last night riding the one horse left us and having just one dollar in my pocket."

The city itself was a large camp and he quickly discovered a great demand for cooking utensils and other like things; and, being a fine mechanic, he was soon making money. In that land and at that time of fabulous prices, he often made his hundred dollars a day. On the other hand, the cost of living was enormous. For example, he told of a man who stood in the street one day having a big pot of cooked greens at his feet. These he readily sold at one dollar for the amount he could take up with a common table fork.

Mr. Hansbrow also spent some of the two year's time before his wife went out, digging and trading in the mines. He had lost one eye sometime in his early life, but could see better out of the one left than most men can with two. He not only made his dollars but saved them and, before the expected two years were passed, was able to send for his wife. She was visiting at Uncle George's at Rock-bridge mill when one of Mr. Hansbrow's friends came for her bearing a letter from her husband.

It was in mid-winter; the snow covered the ground. Her visit was not half completed, but Mr. Toomer could not wait; so Brother George hitched his fleet-footed bay mare to the sleigh and, with the warm buffalo robe for his body and hot brick for his feet, made the trip of forty miles, bringing sister home before sun-down. In a day or two she bade us all a long and a sad farewell.

Her journey was through Alton where Mr. Toomer lived. A letter from her dated at Alton, January 23, 1852 says she was detained there by the ice in the river for several days. While there she was very homesick. She finally went down the river on the boat Altona, starting on the twenty-eighth of January. She crossed the Gulf on a steamer and the Isthmus on a mule, then by steamer she went to San Francisco where her husband met her. Her letters to us vividly described the

whole long and dangerous journey. The way across the isthmus was a mule' path, in many places consisting of niches cut into the rocky sides of the mountains, at proper distances for the mule's feet to step into. Great chasms were on one side or the other, a fall over which certain death would have resulted. A single mistop of her faithful animal would have been fatal, yet she rode with perfect safety for many miles where she would not have dared to walk.

Mr. Hansbrow was the inventor of a force pump for the use of ocean ships and, during the World's Crystal Fair at London exhibited his invention there. It proved a success, and he sold his rights to Mr. Douglas of Connecticut.

Their home has always been in California. Three children, Evelyn, George, and Mary were born to them. With their children they first visited us while he went on to the London Fair. He has been dead for over forty years. She has several times visited Illinois, Oregon, and Washington, and is now living in San Francisco and Oakland with her son and grand-children. She is now, the middle of November, 1920, past ninety years of age and almost blind. Her son, a very successful business man in San Francisco, suffered almost a total loss of his business in the great earth-quake and fire of 1906. Like his father, however, he was soon up and at it again. The two girls are dead, the younger leaving a family.

The school for the winter of 1849-50 was under the intelligent rule of my Uncle, J. E. Arnold. The country was rapidly developing and the children were needing and getting a better class of instructors.

My studies this winter were written and oral arithmetic, grammar, geography, reading, spelling, and writing. My proficiency, owing to

the nearly total lack of school attendance the past two years was not flattering. I fully realized it and, under the spur of my Uncle I "made good" the whole year.

A little thing occurred early in this school that has, somehow, always amused me, for I never could take it seriously. There had been some whispering and disorder by two pupils just behind me, for a day or two. My uncle was aware of the noise and knew it came from some one in my direction, but the culprits were too sharp to allow themselves to be caught. At last, from some movement that I inadvertently made, or from some other cause unknown to me, that happened just at the time his ear caught the sound of the annoying disturbance, apparently convinced him that I was at least, one of the guilty pupils: so he came down the aisle and, when opposite my seat, reached out his hand and thumped my head a smart rap with the back of his finger. Neither he nor I said a word in explanation, then or afterward. He probably thought me guilty and, as the boys quit their disturbance, that he had given me a well needed as well as a well heeded lesson. But suspicion has always lurked in my mind that my astute uncle, being unable to discover the wrong doers had, in his desperation, made me, his nephew, the scape-goat of the school. The school thought I had misbehaved in some manner, and when the teacher promptly punished his own nephew, others were duly warned. Whatever his idea or motive, I think it was a wise and a very good move on his part and have always been glad that I was, with so little pain and humiliation, able to serve my dear good uncle so good a turn.

My Uncle Edwin, though an old teacher, as I learn in a letter from him to my mother dated March 7, 1839, in which he tells about his work, never liked teaching; so, at the close of his school at Brooklyn, he bought a set of law books and became a lawyer. When about thirty-



five he married Miss Lorena Hart. They had no children of their own but adopted a little girl who, I believe grew to womanhood. Most of their married life was spent at Shipman. He and his wife died within a few days of each other, he being past eighty-four.

We had gathered quite a large crop of corn for those early times before we had obtained a corn sheller; so during the long winter evenings, we boys put in the time shelling the corn with our hands, using a cob in one hand for rubbing off the grain. As we shelled, the cobs were thrown into the fire-place of the old log cabin where the corn to be shelled at night was transferred from the corn crib during the day. The consuming of these cobs which were continually fed to the fire kept us warm. This tedious work continued till seed-ing time, well into the middle of the spring of 1850. Always an early riser, by some good chance, I was out of bed, dressed, and leaving my room on this particular morning of which I write, just as the first streaks of dawn were visible in the eastern sky. As I stepped into the sitting-room from the stairway, the glare of fire was seen shining through the south window. Opening the door and passing out through the veranda, I saw at a glance that the cabin was on fire. Carelessly, perhaps the cob fire of the previous evening had been left burning in the fire-place, and sometime in the night had communicated itself to the floor by means of the dry inflammable material that had been allowed to accumulate on the hearth. The floor had slowly burned away; and, there being nothing in the room to catch fire, the blaze had at last reached the north wall and was reaching up nearly to the eaves. I quickly gave the alarm and began to draw water from the well which was between the two buildings. The rest of the family were soon out, and by hard work the fire was extinguished. In half an hour the



whole building would have been wrapped in flames, with no possibility of saving either the cabin or the new house which was so near it.

My brother George had made rails during this winter and had enclosed the remaining part of the prairie land of our farm, making now under fence about one hundred and twenty acres. In the spring when the frost was out of the ground and the school had closed, he had all things ready, and we started the team of three yoke of oxen in breaking up this lately inclosed land. I soon learned how to crack the long whip, to yoke and un-yoke the oxen, and otherwise to control the team, while George manipulated the plow. In some of this new soil we planted corn and sowed a patch of oats, but most of it was reserved for fall-sown wheat.

My time was now much needed in the farm work, and the hours for play were limited. I learned to cultivate the corn and the potatoes with a single horse and plow, or cultivator, so that I kept up my row along with George. Toward the close of the plowing season when the corn stalks grew tall and the sun poured down its almost intolerable heat, I was left to "lay-by" a twenty acre patch alone. The saw-like edges of the long leaves would cut my bare hands unmercifully as, holding the plow handles, I moved swiftly along the rows of corn. My suffering from the sun's heat and from the welts raised on my hands resembling pin scratches, set me to thinking. The result was a pretty clever invention- a protector against both these tortures. The device was made by nailing a stout piece of wood six inches longer than the distance apart of the plow handles where I held them in plowing; the lower ends of two upright poles were inserted into holes bored in the two ends of this cross piece, and the upper ends of the poles were made fast in a similar piece about a foot above my

head as I stood on the ground, this upper cross piece being a few inches longer and some smaller around than the lower piece. Two similar poles were nailed to the beam of the plow two feet in front of the first named poles and, leaning outward, they extended upward to the same level as the other poles and fastened at the top in the same way into their own cross piece; then the two upper cross pieces were joined together by two light pieces nailed to their extremities. This frame work was properly braced and an old buggy cover tacked on top. One can see at once that I was protected from the sun's heat by the cover; and that the rear set of poles effectually turned aside the sharp blades from my hands. It was fine.

For three or four days I used the device with great satisfaction; then came a catastrophe. I was plowing with my little black mare, Fannie, a very wise but easily frightened animal. I had been plowing for an hour or so and had stopped at the end of the field nearest the house to get a drink from the jug which was under one of a row of peach trees near by. While resting a few moments in the shade, the mare moved forward, I suppose, to help herself to a fresh hill of corn, when the plow with the whole contrivance fell over on its side. Quick as a flash she started for the house in a dead run. I tried to head her off but she dashed on by me; the plow, sometimes bounding through the air, sometimes tearing up the ground as its sharp point stuck it, was in dangerous proximity to hind legs and feet. She never stopped in her mad run till she reached the bars to the barn yard. There I found her, trembling and wild-eyed; and, oh! worst of all, a deep gash had been cut in her foot just above the hoof. With the application of soot and sugar, protected by a bandage tightly drawn around the foot we stopped the flow of blood. The wound never entirely healed, and she never could work in plowed ground again as

the clods were sure to open afresh her wound. I never tried to find my wonderful protector or any part of it.

In harvest I helped bind the sheaves of grain after the old fashioned cradle had reaped it. First, the long rows as they lay after the reaping, were raked into convenient bundles then bound and shocked.

One morning I was binding some oats that had been raked into bundles the previous day; had prepared the band and taken up one of the bundles into my arms in order to put the band over, when my ears were greeted with an ominous rattling. I saw the sound came from the bundle in my arms and quicker than it takes me to write it, I dropped it to the ground. I was holding a rattle snake in my arms; its fangs were near my face, and the beast was already giving me its deadly warning. I always kicked the bundles after that.

I also helped in hauling and stacking the grain preparatory to threshing time. When George and I were working alone, I would stack the bundles on the wagon as he pitched them from the shocks, and he would do the stacking while I pitched them from the wagon. As he put the "cap" sheaves on the tops of those tall stacks, it took all the muscle of my young arms and back to toss them within his reach. Then we had some fun and a good opportunity of exercising patience when a full load of grain, carefully stacked on the wagon, as I thought, went tumbling over as I drove the team along the one hillside on our way to the stack yard. It was a lot of work to do it all over again, but didn't I have to learn?

Later along came the preparation, plowing and harrowing, of the ground for the fall sowing. While George and the hired man did the plowing, I did all the harrowing, riding one of the two horses, back and forth, as they dragged the harrow over the fields. Four times

careful harrowing with a good lap, two times before the sowing and two after, were usually necessary to the proper pulverizing of the clods for the germination and growth of the seed. We put in a lot of wheat this season for George was expecting to get a McCormick reaper which Captains' Green and Merryweather had bought, to do his harvesting. It was claimed that the reaper could cut many times as much grain as the old cradle in the same time.

As the last general work on the farm, came the ingathering of the corn crop. This was accomplished in the following manner: five rows of corn were gathered as the team went once across the field, one row between the horses which was broken down as the wagon passed over it was called the "down row." Two rows on each side of the team with the down row made up the five. Each of the two men brought up his two rows as far as the horses' heads, shucking the corn and tossing it into the wagon; then, at the word of command, the team moved forward until told to stop, which was when it had gone a convenient distance for the workers to throw the ears into the wagon from the rear. When this new space was shucked over, the team again moved forward, and so on till the wagon-bed was full. I was expected to shuck the down row. Each worker had prepared himself with a little instrument called a shuckin pin made of very hard wood, or better, of bone or steel. We made them of bone. They were five or six inches long and just large enough around to be strong and yet not clumsy. One end was sharp and tapering. Two holes were drilled through the pin, one about the middle and the other an inch and a quarter nearer the blunt end. A strong leather thong was passed through these holes forming a loop through which, when at work, the two middle fingers were thrust. The pin was thus firmly held on the inside of the hand, the pointed end extending beyond the hand and

corn was seized with the free hand and, almost at the same instant, the sharp pin was run through the shuck, or covering of the ear near its outer end and, with the aid of the thumb, half the shuck was stripped down the whole length of the ear. Now grabbing the half shucked ear with the right hand, by a simple twist of the ear over the left hand, the ear was easily broken from the stalk, the shuck adhering to the stalk. The naked ear was then tossed into the wagon. When the wagon-bed, holding forty or fifty bushels was full one of the men drove <sup>it</sup> away to the cribs to scoop out the corn with a big shovel, while the other man and I remained in the field to begin another load, tossing the shucked ears into convenient heaps on the ground. When the wagon returned, these heaps were first loaded into the wagon, and thus the work went merrily on until the whole crop was gathered.

This task usually lasted to near Christmas, and so the school years for me were cut into. This was a great hindrance in the progress of my education. Starting two or three months late, I was usually put back in most of my studies with the class next lower than the one I belonged to the previous year. I became proficient in what I went over so much to be sure, but my advancement was slow and discouraging and the evil results became a woeful handicap to me in the years to come. It could not be avoided; in fact I did not then realize the full extent of my loss.

Miss Hopkins, an excellent teacher and one of considerable experience in the schools of New England, was employed in our school this year, 1850-1. The people were well pleased with her work, and the directors of the school employed her for another year. Before this second year began, she was married to Mr. Charles Cramp, a man two or three years her junior. She, however made good her promise to teach and, at the close of her work, the whole community was sorry to



have her go. Mr. Cramp was a prosperous farmer and she became a good wife to him; and the family, including a little boy who soon came to bless their home, were among our nearest and best neighbors.

All this year, as also for two or three years immediately preceding this, I was sent to Woodburn regularly for the mail. These trips were usually made Saturdays and on horseback. I generally carried a basket of butter and eggs on my arm to be exchanged for groceries or drygoods for family use. A few times I was trusted with horse and buggy. We were then loaded mostly with wheat and buck-wheat to be ground into flour. The miller took one fourth the flour for his pay which fourth was called the "miller's toll."

Much the greater part of our produce, wheat, corn, hogs, etc., was still hauled to Alton, where also, most articles for our consumption, not raised on the farm, were obtained.

About Christmas time this year, I went with George on one of these trips; each of us driving a team. Our wagons were loaded with hogs. The ground was frozen and covered with a light snow. When we became cold, we would get out and walk. I greatly enjoyed the trip which was made between three o'clock in the morning and nine in the evening. Three hours of the day were spent in the city doing our trading and eating our lunch.

During the first year of Miss Hopkin's teaching, two or three quite trivial events happened; yet, as they have so strongly pictured themselves on my memory, I shall tell them to my readers.

It was late in the day: the room was warm and rather stuffy; the advanced class in spelling, some twenty boys and girls, were on the floor, each eager to be found as near the head of the class as possible at the finish, when on a sudden, and of course, very unexpectedly, Mary Richardson, the largest girl in the class, fell limp and



apparently lifeless, to the floor. Few of us had ever seen anyone in a fainting spell, and so we were greatly excited and terrified. The teacher, however, knew her trouble and what to do for her. After her resuscitation and we had learned that little danger attended a fainting fit, we all laughed except Mary herself who acted as though ashamed of her infirmity, regarding it as a fault she might easily have avoided.

Another event occurred a few days after a heavy snow storm. All the boys were eager for a snow battle; so two of the largest boys, after deciding by lot who should have first choice, selected their men for the contest. Each leader or captain, as he was called, also chose his battle ground on which in three day's time the forts were built. These were made of snow from huge snow balls which the smaller boys of each army formed by rolling a small snowball over and over on the snow covered ground. The soft snow would cleave to the ball till it became so large that it could be rolled no longer. They were then cut any thickness desired, and fashioned into quite respectable forts by the older boys. A common hospital was also built for the wounded and prisoners over which ruled a boy neutral to both sides. He was to be the surgeon and exchange officer. Either army might make sallies when that of the enemy fort would then be the besieged party or defenders. If both armies made sallies at the same time it became a melee or fray. When a soldier was struck by a ball he was supposed to have been wounded or captured; and when one got his face washed by an enemy he was supposed to have been slain and was out of the game. Each day's battle lasted through the morning recess and the noon hour. The afternoon recess was given over to the return of convalescent

soldiers and the exchange of prisoners.

The war lasted several days with varying results to both sides. Many sallies were made and some pitched battles fought. Finally, when both armies were fighting outside their forts, our fort was captured by a flank movement of the enemy. This movement was hidden from our view and before we were aware of it, the enemy were rushing into our fort and then they had us between two fires.

In this closing battle, a young fellow, Ed. Hill, older and stronger than myself, had thrown me and was trying to wash my face in the snow. Charley, my brother, seeing the scuffle and taking the matter, I suppose, more seriously than it really was, jumped on his back and beat him over the head with his fists. In the general strife, I succeeded in getting away. I judge from the complaints of headache made that afternoon by the boy, that Charley was in dead earnest. But to me, at least, the very best thing that came of it all was the psychological change that happened to my brother; the fountain of his tears was dried up. No abuse or punishment could any longer cower him. The change was probably due to that very bold act of his during the battle in the snow.

The spring and summer of 1851 was passed on the farm much as these seasons had passed the previous year, as far as work and play could go to make it so.

The wheat crop, perhaps forty-five acres, looked fine, waving in the April breeze, and we often expressed our hopes for a bountiful crop and a high price for it; for, as we were expecting our own new reaper soon, we knew most of the cost of it was to come out of this wheat crop. The corn field, a little smaller than the wheat acreage, had been planted, and we were giving it the first stir with the cultivator.

Two future plowings would lay it by, and by then the meadow would be ready for the scythe; for, although we should have a reaper for the wheat and the oats, the mowing attachment had not yet been invented.

Last summer brother George hired a reaper to cut twelve acres of wheat for him. This reaper, owned by captains Green and Merryweather, was the first reaper ever seen in this part of Illinois. It was bought in 1848, was shipped from Chicago by canal and the Mississippi River to Alton and from there brought on wagons. Several hundred acres of grain were cut with it that season. The following year, among the large number of farmers who patronized this machine, Henry Law secured it to cut a large field of oats which was grown on the present site of Shipman.

Soon after the corn had been laid by, we began on the meadow. Ten acres had been sown in timothy, redtop and clover, and now a fine yield of hay ready for the harvest was awaiting our attack. Very early on Monday morning we were on the ground. As we looked out over the waving field, the rapturous feeling that came to us at that moment as well as the more matter-of-fact experience we had during the next few days, is well and aptly expressed by the poet:

"The fields are grand in their velvet,

The tall grass rustles red,

The bees boil up in their anger,

The meadow-lark leaves her bed,

Right onward the mowers tread!

With steady stride they are swaying

The swath with the chronic writhe;

A waspy rush and a rustle,

A swing to the grasses lithe,

Right home through the swath the scythe!

The rising, falling, and drifting,  
As the buoys on the billows ride,  
The braided brims of the shadows  
Afloat on the red-top tide  
The brows of the mowers hide.

The blades are rasping and sweeping,  
The timothy tumbles free,  
The fields are ridgy and rolling  
With swaths like the surging sea  
Heaped up to the toiler's knee.

Hark! whit-to-whit of the whetstone-  
The stridulous kiss of steel,  
The shout of winners exultant  
That distance the field, and wheel  
As gay as a highland reel.

Swing right! swing left! and the mowers  
Stream out in a sea-bird flight,  
The line grows dimmer and dotted  
With flickering shirt-sleeves white  
Washed clean in the morning light.

The steel-cold eddies are whirling  
Around and about their feet,  
Die! Clover, Grasses, and Daisies!  
No dead in the world so sweet,  
Ye slain of the windrow street.

Oh, wreck and raid of September!

Oh, prodigal death to die!

'Till April gay with her ribbon,

Comes bringing the blue-bird sky,

Oh, lilies of Christ, good-by!"

Although I could not work as steadily or as skillfully as the grown men, George and the hired man were both surprised that I could swing my scythe like I did. I had not informed them that I had been practicing for days, mowing the wild grass in the fence corners of the wheat field.

It was a joy to load and stack the sweet scented hay and it was soon accomplished. We sold six tons from which my brother was able to retain the help of our hired man through harvest and on till all the heavy fall work was done. We also had a large stack, probably as much more, left for our own use.

In the midst of the hay harvest word came that our new reaper had come, so George took a day off and went with his team and wagon to Alton after it. It came in the "knock-down," and while the man and I finished the haying, George put it together. Some of the farmers were over every day to see the wonderful machine so soon to completely supplant the old time honored cradle. Our machine had quite an improvement in running gear over the first one introduced three years ago. Several farmers arranged with George to have him harvest their grain, so that during this first season he cut several hundred acres besides his own. Two men were required to run it, one to drive the four-horse team, and the other to rake off the bundles from the platform or lap. The raking was quite a hard job, so that the two

men frequently exchanged places.

Five men were needed to bind the grain as it fell from the machi and two others could shock it. I was kept busy carrying water to the men in their several positions around the field and in bringing out the between-meal lunches. Work was begun at "sun-up" and ended at sun-down, taking half hours for lunches and an hour for rest and dinner at noon.

We made over two hundred dollars, clear, from our reaper, and it was decided that I should start to school on the opening day this year and that my attendance should be regular.

Mrs. Cramp, whom we all know and loved so well, was to be our teacher, so the prospect was very gratifying to us all, especially to mother who felt that much depended on these early year's training.

I think the first Monday in October was the opening day. Charles and I with a large number of boys and girls, several of them new pupils, were there to be enrolled. One of these new pupils was Shelman Olmstead, a young lad entering his first school. He was not at all timid and didn't know why he or anyone else should be quiet. He would forget what the teacher kindly impressed on him that the boys and girls all wanted him not to talk so they could study. Again and again he would blurt out some droll remark that made everyone laugh: it might be something his mother had told him to do or not to do at school; it might be a question, as "why the boys or the girls went out?" The boys had great fun with him at recess and noon. He soon learned, however, to keep his place, and was gradually fused with the crowd.

There seemed to be a general spirit of good will and earnest endeavor on the part of nearly all to make the best use of their opportunities. All the works and deeds of the teacher, her impartial



treatment, and even her strict discipline, brought from her pupils their cheerful compliance to her wishes and the greatest respect for her person and for the position she filled.

The story with which I shall close this chapter relates to an event that happened the first year of this lady's teaching; I might say, to a series of events.

The day previous to my eleventh birthday had come. Just before starting to school, mother gave me a note to the teacher, asking her to excuse me and my brother from school the next day, stating that it was my birthday, and she wished us to have a little holiday. The teacher readily granted her request without telling us the contents of the note. We suspected however, what was passing when the teacher, smiling kindly on us at close of school, said we were to have a holiday tomorrow and might stay at home. We wondered and talked about it on our way from school.

It is surprising, when I think over my past life, how few times I can recall even one thing I said or did on any particular birthday; but my eleventh birthday stands out distinctly as if its happenings were but the things of yesterday. One event of the day related to things done and said about this particular day as distinct from all other days of my life, must, I believe, have indelibly stamped this one event on my memory; then, I suppose the close association of this one event with the other doings of the day, made them likewise indelible.

The first picture I see is in the large unfinished front room upstairs where Charley and I slept. His little boots, being wet and stiff, he could not pull on his feet, so I helped him. We finished dressing, after our usual amount of fun and good humored banter and

came down into the kitchen where mother was getting ready the morning meal. She put aside her work for the time and kissed us both, but no she kissed eleven times on my cheek and gave me a little spank to "grow-on;" then she said: "Do you know, my boy, what day this is?" "Yes," I said, "this is my birthday. I am eleven years old now." "After breakfast," she said, "you boys may churn for me and then you may do whatever you please the rest of the day, only be good boys." We readily agreed to this and, looking forward to a good time, were about to run out on the porch when George came rushing in with a big bucket of milk; setting it on the table, he started for me, but I was through the door and out into the yard ahead of him. I gave him a good chase but finally he caught me as I was climbing the fence and administered the customary spanks- eleven of them- and also the growing spank, always the hardest one of all.

After breakfast Charley and I went down into the cellar- it was no very great trial to be kept in doors this day for it was one of the three to ten days of steady quiet rain this country is noted for in the fall of the year-, and, when the churn was made ready, we each in turn worked the old fashioned upright churn-dasher with more than our usual cheerfulness, for were we not going to our whole-day play soon? We make the work seem lighter, too, by counting the strokes, each making five hundred in his turn.

When through with our task, mother gave each of us a mug of butter-milk; and, taking a few needful tools, we boys went out to our play-house in the barn. This barn, consisting of two rooms at first, one for corn and the other a stable for horses, was made of logs. A roomy loft above these lower rooms was the hay loft. A long lean-to was added later to the north side and extended the whole length of the

main structure. This was a box or frame addition and was used for housing machinery, wagons, etc. It had a dirt floor, a large door in the west end, and two windows in the side. We always found room in this shed during cold or rainy weather for our play.

We had decided to repeat our old game of playing ranch as we had sometimes played it in summer time under the old elm; so we began by digging a well. As we worked lazily along, we found the dirt a little below the surface quite hard to dig up with our case-knife and so we let the rain-water from the dripping eaves run in in a little stream under the side of the house, thus softening the dirt. With sleeves rolled up, I was scooping out the wet dirt with my hand and talking to Charley, vainly trying to persuade him to go out and get some small rocks for the purpose of walling the well. Wisely enough, he objected to getting himself wet and argued that the well would hold the water just as well without a wall as with one and hold more of it too. I told him that this was my birthday and I wanted the well to be a really true well. "Get the rocks yourself, then," he said, "you old pig, rooting in the mud!" Not wishing to make him mad, I laughingly replied; "I'm not an old pig rooting in the ground, I'm just a young pig about eleven years old, rooting in the ground." The whole situation struck us both as exceedingly funny, and we laughed heartily. Then he kept on calling me ridiculous names as, "You old turkey gobbler, strutting around," while I answered as I had done in the first place. I think we never had such real boy's fun before in all our lives. However, before it became stale our good mother's voice was heard calling: "Boys, come in to dinner." Needless to say, we went.

This meal was prepared so as to suggest in many ways the celebration of my birthday; but the best and the sweetest reminder was a large cake which occupied the center of the table. The cake was

baked with a hole in the center, and through this hole a wooden upright rod which George had turned in his lathe was fixed. This rod was about three feet high and served as a flag pole from the upper end of which hung a little silk American flag. Around the outer edge of the cake, at equal distances from each other, stood eleven toy candy soldiers, armed with guns and facing the center of the cake. They were presenting arms to the flag.

I have wondered sometimes whether our dear mother did not really have a presentiment of that day just about eleven years in the future when she would be called on to send her little boys forth as defender of that flag. She, at least, taught us a fine lesson in patriotism that day. Charley and I have often talked of this eleventh birthday of mine, and there is always associated with this flag cake of Mother conception the prophetic words spoken by our father a few years before. He believed that slavery was the greatest curse of the nation and would some day have to be destroyed by a great war. One evening Charlie and I were sitting on his knees and the rest of the family were gathered around, when he was saying how much better it would be if the people of the South would sell their slaves to the government at a minimum price, and the government would then ship them to the new negro republic of Liberia. He said there was now an organization in existence with that object in view, but that he had come to the conclusion that neither the slave owners nor the government could be induced to undertake so great a burden; then, putting an arm around each of us and drawing us close to himself, he said with great earnestness: "I suspect, Mother, we are raising our little boys to become soldiers in the army of their liberation." For myself, I was excited and anxious for the time to come. Now time changes the gloss of expectancy into the dull routine of the actual.

In the afternoon of this, my eleventh birthday, we returned to our play-house in the barn, but the spirit of play had somehow given place to one of thoughtfulness. I sought to be alone; so, returning to the house, I went up to my room, ostensibly for a nap; but, although I lay down and lay quiet, I could not sleep. I was in a day dream. The future of my existence seemed so full of possibilities, and I so wanted to be right and to do right. I longed for a guide who should point out to me the road I must travel, the things I must do. I prayed; of course I did! As I had been taught, I believed God was my best friend; so I asked Him to help me, a poor little boy, to lead a good true life. I arose from that prayer strengthened and calm in mind. I went down stairs and the first thing Charley began teasing me to go some where with him; and Mother, noticing, I suppose, my unusually serious manner, said: "Go out with him, son, it will do you good." She gave each of us a doughnut, and we went into the shop where George was at work, and passed the rest of the day very pleasantly in making the runners of a new sled for our use when the snow should come.

After supper, George read to us a pretty Christmas story of the old Colonial days; then we talked about the coming Christmas awhile and, after the evening service of song and prayer, we boys went up to our little bed to sleep and dream about Santa Claus and of his wonderful gifts to the children.

In about half an hour the door was quietly opened, and Mother entered the room and stood a moment by our bed-side looking upon us. Charley was sound asleep, but I was still awake. I could easily discern the marks of care and anxiety in my mother's features, and



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there welled up within my heart a wonderful desire to please her in all things and a purpose to satisfy, as best I could, the eager desire I knew she entertained for my future education. Placing the candle on the stand and dropping on her knees beside my bed, she told me of her great disappointment in not being able to send the older children, or some of them, to school; and now she had only her two little boys; would they, too, grow up as the others had, missing the great opportunity of a good preparation for a more useful and happy life? She proposed to go with us somewhere in a few years and to keep house for us while we went to college. We must learn all we could now in the public school and be ready for that time. We talked the matter over a long time, and I promised her that I would do my best to fulfill her wishes; and, indeed, my own mind was brimfull of the wonderful new idea.

Although mystery and a certain filmy cloud of distrust of my own ability to carry through successfully so great an undertaking pervaded my mind, my resolve was fixed.

At last she kissed me good night and went to her own room; and I, a very happy boy, turned over in my bed and was soon lost in tranquil sleep. And who, pray, had a better right to life, love, and happiness than I enjoyed in the closing hours of this, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1850, my eleventh birthday? I count it my greatest birthday; for, in its last hour was there not born in my soul a great ambition?



## Chapter 5.

"And Won't I Be Happy!"

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The fall and winter of 1851-2 was noted for the prevalence of the ague or malarial fever throughout the whole region. The disease was supposed to follow the breaking up of the new prairie land which had been very extensively carried on by new comers during the spring, and summer preceding. The ague sufferer would find himself stretching his limbs and yawning, and soon would be seized with a paroxysm of chill lasting an hour or more, during which he would shake as with cold; then followed a period of fever and sweating. These spells occurred at regular intervals, generally every other day. A person with the ague would not be confined to the house except when the attack was upon him, but could go about his usual business between times. However, they tended to weaken the person and unfit him generally for work or study. Quinine was the usual remedy.

I had never been sick up to this time, but a few days before Christmas I had a severe chill accompanied by all the symptoms of malaria. Quinine, which I took by putting the dose on a little peach preserves in a teaspoon and carefully covering it over with more preserves, and swallowing the whole spoonful at a single gulp, seemed to have little effect on me; so one morning a week or two after Christmas, when the chill was coming on, I stripped myself of clothing and stood in a large tub while George poured a bucket of water just from the well over my head; then wrapping a warm dry blanket around me, he carried me to the bed and spread the covers over me. In a short time I was in a sweat. It was the last chill I had that season. Whether the quinine or the bath cured me, I do not know.

A more serious sickness came to my younger brother this winter, the first of a series of lung fever attacks. In spite of all the care and effort to fend off the disease, every winter for three or four years, it returned with increased violence. Doctor Ash, our family physician, at last said his lungs were gradually being consumed that one of them was virtually gone already, and that he had very little hope of his living. He advised Mother to employ another doctor. She at once sent to Alton for Dr. Richard Randle, a cousin of father's. He came twice to see the boy; changed the medicine and encouraged us greatly; and soon, to our joy, he began to show signs of recovery. He came out of that last attack and is still living, a strong and hearty old gentleman.

One day in the early spring of 1852 the pupils living east and south of the school having left the schoolhouse on their way home from school, espied some large rocks which had been hauled to a spot not over one quarter of a mile from the school-house and dumped out on each side of the partly constructed railroad bed. These rocks were for the building of a culvert just a few steps to the right of the road which crossed the new railroad line at right angles. One of the largest of these rocks had been left standing on end, while others lay about, flat on the ground. This upright rock was at least six feet long, five feet wide, and a foot thick. As soon as the school-weary children saw the strange objects almost directly in their path, they gave a shout and were soon climbing over the rocks. A number of them began pushing at the big, upright rock with the purpose of pushing it over, and one boy not realizing his danger, I suppose, began pushing on the opposite side from the crowd. In a moment the great rock fell on him. Poor Mat Darr, a lad a year or two younger than myself, started to run, but too late, for he was pinned to the ground,

his body from his shoulders down sustaining the whole weight of the rock. The children, frightened and frantic with grief, tried in vain to lift the rock. Fortunately, I saw two men at work a hundred yards or so down the rail-road bed and called to them to come quick. They ran and, seeing the situation, grabbed a stake from the fence and with it pried up the rock, and we dragged the limp and crushed body of our school-mate from the horrible trap. I have felt that the grown-up men who left the rock standing on end were more to blame for this sad accident than any one else. The two rail-road men carried the boy, still alive to his mother. His feet were badly crushed and twisted and, although he lived to middle age, and the best care and surgical skill was provided for him, his life was one of great suffering to himself and anxiety to his friends.

The remaining days of this year's school went by without any special happening until near the close when it was decided by teacher and pupils to have a school entertainment; something new in the Brooklyn school. Of course this meant extra labor for all; but, as it proved, the people of the whole community were not only entertained but, coming into a closer contact with the school and with each other as neighbors and school patrons, were aroused to a greater interest in the future welfare of the school.

The program was similar to those of common school entertainments of the present day; perhaps not so varied in kind or so attractive in stage scenery. Some of our dialogues, however, were well performed and not lacking in paraphernalia. One of these was the story of William Tell, in which Tell defies the tyrant Gesler, and afterward when compelled to shoot an apple from his own boy's head, he swooned away on finding his arrow had indeed cored the apple; and when the

attendants rushed to him and loosened his clothing, that he might the quicker be restored, an arrow fell from his bosom. Gesler, standing near, saw the deadly shaft as it fell to the ground and demanded the reason of Tell's hiding the arrow. "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!" were the daring words of the hero. What a lesson of patriotism and genuine courage was learned that day as the younger children saw it enacted for the first time! With cordial hand-shaking and genuine regrets that the present session of the school was the last to be taught by Mrs. Cramp, we separated for another summer vacation.

During the three months or more of Charley's sickness, I grew lonesome, especially on Saturdays when our accustomed play hours came and went without his cheery presence. The sled which we had so auspiciously begun on my birthday was still in the shop unfinished, and now, seeing that quite a snow had fallen, I was wishing for some kind of a toboggan, when I hit upon an old straight-back chair, a number of which we still used in the kitchen. We called them split bottom chairs because the seats were of hickory bark splints, but this particular chair had lost its seat and, because it was of so little use as a chair and would make so good a toboggan for me, Mother gave it to me. I rounded the back posts at the upper ends, turned the chair on its back, and nailed a board from one short post to the other on the front of the chair. Thus I had a first-rate toboggan, light and strong. After the snow on the hill-side became worn down a bit, it would carry me very swiftly to the bottom of the hill. I passed many happy hours that winter in this invigorating amusement.

Another thing occupying much of my spare time in the late fall and winter of this and of several succeeding seasons was the trapping of quails. The quail, known in the North as the bob-white, roved in flocks of a dozen or more, the waste wheat and corn supplying them with abundant food. Corn bread with plenty of milk and butter and fried quail furnished us many a hearty meal.

The traps used in catching these birds were usually square and made of corn stalks or, sometimes of lath. The four lowest pieces were the longest; from these they gradually decreased in length according to the height of the trap desired. These graded pieces were laid in pairs until the two shortest were in place; then a stout stick with a little spring to it, and as long as the trap, was laid across the center of the last two layers, the ends of the springy piece being fastened with strong cords or wire to the center of the two opposite bottom layers. When the cords were drawn tight, this contrivance held all the pieces of the trap together. Between the upper pieces and under the springy strip a short board of proper width was placed for a sliding door, which could be slid along to allow of the admission of the hand and arm for taking the entrapped birds. The sliding door was held in place by a wedge.

The trigger consisted of three pieces which, when set in place under one side of the trap, looked like the printed figure 4, the horizontal piece or lever, extending back some distance within the trap. A notch or indentation, was made in the perpendicular piece near the top, so one of the wedge-like ends of the oblique piece would fit in it, the other sharp end of the oblique piece fitted in a like notch in the outer end of the lever. At the point where the lever crosses the perpendicular piece, a little catch, or detent was made in it; this was so delicately arranged that when a bird jumped on the



extended arm of the lever, the trigger was released from its tension and the trap fell. With our larger traps we often caught eight or ten birds at one setting.

My eldest brother used to set snare traps sometimes in which he caught small animals, prairie chickens, and even wild turkeys. The snare was made by setting the large end of a hickory pole, ten or fifteen feet long, in the ground in a slanting position; to the upper end of the pole was tied a very strong cord; the other end of the cord was made into a noose or loop with a running knot which would bind the closer the more it was drawn. In setting the trap, the pole which acted as a stout spring, was bent over as far as was desired, and the noose end was attached to a trigger. On this trigger was placed the bait just beyond the noose in such a way that the animal or bird had to put its head through the noose to get at the bait, something after the plan of our steel traps of today. One can imagine the action of such a trap when set off.

We had still another contrivance for destroying rats, minks, weasels, etc. It was called a "dead fall," I suppose so designated because, by its action, sure death to the ensnared creature resulted. It was made by nailing an inch board, two feet long and a foot wide, on each side of a piece two feet long, four inches wide, and two inches thick. A similar piece, but having twice the thickness of the bottom piece and a little narrower, was suspended nine inches above the bottom piece and between the sides of the trap by means of a trigger something like the quail trap trigger. The attempt to get the bait released the heavy weight above and it fell with deadly effect.

Prairie chickens were sometimes caught in the first two kinds of traps mentioned, but they were generally too shy to be ensnared.

During the stay of a heavy snow, these birds, becoming hungry, would come in flocks to the barn or around straw stacks where they could be killed with shot-gun. They would light on the fence or on some building before going to their feed on these excursions; the desire for food seeming to take away their fear of men. My brother George, who was a good marksman, has killed half a dozen of them at one discharge as they ranged themselves thickly in a row, on the ridge of the barn or on a fence. The strangest thing of all was, I have seen those not struck by the first shot, keep their places to be shot at again.

The summer of this year saw the approach of the first railroad in that part of the state. The grading was done mostly by Irishmen. There were few boarding places along the line in the country, so our mother took several of the men to board during the summer and fall. Most of them liked their whiskey, and sometimes came home too much under its influence to suit Mother, so she said at the table one evening that she would not board them if they continued to drink. They all promised to give her no more trouble. One old fellow, perhaps sixty years old, was very much of a toper, and in his effort to keep his promise, brought on himself a severe attack of delirium tremens. One Sunday morning while the others were at breakfast, all were greatly startled by the terrifying screams coming from the east upstairs room and the awful racket made by the man as he came down the stairs in about two jumps, declaring that the snakes and little devils were in his bed. In his night clothes, he rushed from the room, and was found an hour or two later by some of the men in company with a small herd of cattle north of the farm. He seemed to think the cattle were his friends and could keep his enemies away. They finally got him home and in his clothes, but he remained delirious. His terrifying

hallucinations passed away, however, and he imagined he saw his two little boys sitting on the fence half a mile away, and the men had had hard work to keep him from getting away from them. It was pitiful to see him crying, wringing his hands, calling and begging his boys to come to their father. He was taken away that night.

Soon the track of the new rail-road was laid, and the engine, drawing the construction train came into the little town where a little store and other small buildings were being erected. On that first day, when the whistle sounded and the steam hissed long and loud, I, with many other boys of the neighborhood, hurried on to see the wonderful thing that had come to town. It was a great event in our young lives. But a few weeks passed, when the first passenger train passed through to Carlinville, our county seat, and the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad became a common, everyday necessity, like all our other blessings.

As I remember it, this year was the beginning of the great annual migration of wild pigeons. About the time of the first heavy frost, for several days, the sky over the woods east of our house was literally darkened by the great swarms of these birds hastening their flight to warmer regions. By early daylight, the first of the countless multitudes were on the wing, causing a heavy, continuous sound, as of distant thunder. The movement continued till darkness set in, when the belated throngs settled on the branches of all the trees around. The next morning would see them again on the drive. Boys and men used to shoot scores of them. In fact, all one had to do was to point the double-barrel gun loaded with fine shot, up at the passing clouds of birds and pull both triggers, when numbers of them would come tumbling at his feet. Their migrations extended

over several states and continued with more or less regularity every year that I remained on the farm; but years afterward when I returned, the wild pigeon was gone. What became of him is a mystery to me. It may be that people everywhere shot them down as we did, and, especially in their nesting grounds, destroyed them, until, like the buffalo, they are virtually extinct.

Miss Shelman, a sister of Mrs. Olmsted, was the teacher of the Brooklyn school for the year 1852-3. She was a teacher of some experience and, although not so popular as was Mrs. Cramp, she was well qualified and gave good satisfaction during her stay. I think it was only a short time after the close of her school that she became the wife of Doctor M. W. Seaman, with whom I afterward had very pleasant relations.

It was during the very first storm of sleet and ice of the season that I had an experience that, for its real insignificance, has had, I believe, a marvelous influence on my life and character for good to this day. It was this wise:

The morning milking had been finished, and I had been left in the cow yard to drive out the cows when they were through with their warm breakfast, the last morsels of which they were still eating. I was cold and anxious to get to the house; so, letting down the bars, I started to drive them into the pasture sooner than they wanted to go; consequently I had a race on hand to get them out, and in that race, when turning suddenly, my feet slipped from under me and I went down on my hands and knees, bruising them and shaking me up generally. I was mad and, in my deep disgust of everything, gave vent to my wrath with an oath, such as I had often heard our hired men use. I was sorry the next moment and filled with dismay at what I

had done, used a wicked oath with loud and angry voice; what if some one heard! I was not so anxious to go to the house now but felt as if I would gladly hide myself all day in the cow sheds. I have thought, many times since, that my feelings and fears that morning were just like those of Adam and Eve when trying to hide themselves in the garden from the presence of the Lord, and that my soul was just as naked as their bodies could have been, and that the excuses I tried to use for myself were just like the aprons of fig leaves the sewed together to hide their nakedness- just as useless for the purpose.

I had waited around for some time, rubbing my injured knees and elbows and hardly knowing what to do. Meantime the cows, having licked up the last of their feed, had gone out of their own accord. There being no excuse for my staying longer at the yard, I put the bars up and, with some reluctance, went over to the house. For half an hour I warmed myself at the fire trying to work up my courage to the point of confessing my sin to Mother and be rid of my burden, but Charley, my sick brother, was lying there on his bed, his wide open eyes looking straight at me; so, excusing myself on his account. I concluded to wait some future opportunity. Leaving the room, I went out to the shop where George was at work. Now my dear good brother George happened to be under a shed which leaned against the front side of the shop, riving some slats for the garden fence. When I met with my mishap and heard my oath, although he could not see me for a small grove of locust trees between us. I knew not that he had heard me swear. He was now dressing and sharpening the slats he had just got out and, as I came in and was standing near the door, he asked me very kindly: "Did you have trouble, Sammie, driving out the cows?" I thought then that he knew, but said: "Yes, some trouble. Then, coming near and putting his arm around me, he came right at me



as he said, oh, so sympathetically; "It made me sorry to hear you swear, but perhaps you didn't think." In a moment I had my arms around his neck and, bitterly sobbing, told him I was sorry and ashamed, and wanted him and Mother to forgive me this time and I would always try to be a good boy. He talked together quite awhile. I told him that I had often heard our hired men swear, and one of them had told me it was wrong and that I must not do it. George said that I ought to tell Mother about it now and ask God to forgive me because I had caused Him sorrow in taking His name in vain and becoming angry.

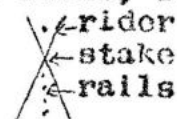
No doubt George knew I would find it almost impossible to approach Mother or himself about it and so had introduced the unwelcome subject to me that he might spare my feelings; but now that the way was open, I must show my sincerity by these confessions and find my best reward; for the old saying is most true: "An open confession is good for the soul."

While George and the hired man were gathering the corn in the late autumn of this year, I was expected to care for the stock, cut the wood, keep up the fences, etc., outside of my school work. Some few cattle and hogs too had learned bad tricks by finding it easy to jump over the poor fences of some of our neighbors, and, as our corn-field was near the north fence, it proved a strong temptation to the breachy cattle to get into our field, and some steer, or old cow, in an effort to jump over, would mash down a panel or two and the whole band of cattle and hogs would then get into the corn. We got tired of driving them out and putting up fences, so George hauled stakes and heavy rails and scattered them along the whole string of fence, and the next Saturday he and I put stakes and riders to that string of fence; and then

we had a good, lawful fence around the whole farm.

As some of my young readers may not know what I mean by stakes and riders, I will explain. The old "worm" fences were made by laying a large rail, or log, on the ground, one end being on the line of the land and the other resting within the line so that the rail lay at an angle of about twenty degrees from the line; one end of the next rail rested on the last described end of the first rail, crossing it about a foot from the end and extending at the same angle, but reversely, so the other end of this second rail rested on the ground at the line; the third rail, one end resting on the second as the second rested on the first, the fourth like the second, and so on till several of these large rails were laid. Then, going back to where we started, smaller rails were laid above the lowest ones and in the same way, continuing to lay more large rails as they were needed in continuing the fence. Soon the fence would be eight or nine rails high, which made a good fence, but easily blown or pushed down. The spaces made by one end of the first-laid logs being high, were filled with chunks or broken rails, placed under them.

To stake and rider this fence, we set in the ground, a stake, really a small rail but shorter, one on each side of the fence where ends of the panels crossed, at such a distance from the fence that these stakes, crossing each other just above the fence, formed a notch for the rider, one for each panel. (End view--



In the same order in which the first heavy rails were laid, we then placed other heavy rails, well called riders, into these notches. They were six or eight inches above the fence- near enough so a cow could not get her head between the fence and the rider and so high that the greatest jumper in the herd was discouraged from any attempt at jumping over the rider. The fence was, by this means, made so strong

that only very severe storms could blow it down. The same pestiferous herd of steck now went back and forth along our fence, but we felt safe from their ravages. Finally, one evening after school George told me that a good sized pig had been in the corn field helping himself all day. I called the dog to my help, and we soon captured him and put him over the fence. The next day the pig was in again and we put him out the same way. I then went the whole distance around the farm but could find no break where Mr. Pig could get in, so I determined to try another plan to find where he entered. The next day being Saturday, I watched for him and soon discovered him at a shock of corn. At my approach he started to run, but seeing I had no dog along, he lost his fear and went along quietly. Once or twice he tried to go back to the corn but I headed him off. Soon he reached the fence and went trotting along some distance ahead of me as if he had decided to go out without further trouble. I had eased up some on my watchfulness when, all at once, I lost sight of the pig. Looking all around, I soon discovered him making his way from the fence on the outside. I began to search for the break, and this was what I found; a hollow log had been used as the lowest rail of one of the panels; one end, of course, was outside of the fence, and the other inside the field. This ingenious pig, shall I call him, had squeezed himself through the whole length of this bottom log and partaken of many a full meal. A happy thought came to me, and I determined to outwit the pig, as he had just had the pleasure of outwitting me. Using a stout rail for a lever I pried up the end of the panel above the inner end of the hollow log and pulled it back so it was just outside of the fence and filled the gap made by its removal with a chunk. Then I hid myself in the high grass to watch for what might happen.

Soon his pigship, his stomach not yet being satisfied, and thinking I had gone, concluded to go and finish his meal. Approaching his open door with great self-assurance, as it seemed to me, he entered the deceitful log. When he emerged he turned around two or three times, raised up his head and looked about and, as I imagined, felt very foolish. He tried it again with the same result. I was too full to "hold in" any longer and, as I rolled about in the grass, yelling and laughing, the pig sneaked away. No telling how often he tried afterward to do a thing that seemed so easy of doing.

The pig's actions and his real disappointment were too comical to keep to myself, so at the supper table I gave the family a full account of my wonderful pig. From that we got to talking about the sagacity of animals and birds. George thought the horse was the most sensible of all. The hired man had seen many wonderful dogs. Both gave stories backing up their theories some of which were very amusing. Finally, the hen was mentioned as the most foolish of all creatures. One said: "She may be a fool, but she has a very religious turn of mind for, every time she drinks she lifts up her eyes to heaven in thankfulness." "No," said another, "the hen is a philosopher. She knew of the attraction of bodies toward the center of the earth long before Newton made known his wonderful theory to the world. The reason she holds up her head when she drinks is to allow the water in her mouth to come under the influence of this well-known (to the hen) law."

I am just giving you a sample of the lively times we often had when I was a boy. It was not at all times thus, however. Life was many-sided at our home, as you have already learned, and as you have yet to learn.

After the season's crops had all been gathered in and the "hand," as the hired man was sometimes called, had gone, the days, though at their shortest seemed long and a little dull to me, Charley was confined to the house and much of the time to his bed. George spent the days at work in the shop, being out just enough to do the chores, morning and evening. This left me, virtually, nothing to do at home. I was to put all my time in the preparation for college, was Mother's oft expressed wish, and, indeed, I did work hard in this year's school for a thirteen year old boy; and, but for a serious accident that happened to brother George late in the winter, I could have passed a very respectable examination at the close of my year's work. As it was, I had to quit school early in the spring.

The heavy winter winds had blown down some of our fences and cattle were getting into the field. George had gone out quite a distance from the house to drive out the cattle and repair the fence. As they were having a good time eating the blades from the still standing corn stalks, they were loath to leave the field, and when driven a distance, would run around him back to their feed. When running his best, trying to head them off in one of these rushes, he slipped and fell on the frozen, icy, field, putting the bones of his right knee out of joint. Suffering great pain and finding he could not walk, he called loudly, but no one heard as Mother was alone in the house with Charley still convalescent. By means of his hands and the uninjured leg, he dragged himself to the house. In a few days, the bones having been properly adjusted, he could walk about some, but any misstep would cause a recurrence of the trouble. He finally learned to replace the bones himself, but it was always attended with considerable pain and laid him up a few days. For years he was



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incapacitated for plowing or walking far, as the exercise weakened his knee, rendering it much more liable to be hurt. This continued weakness was the source of trouble and anguish of mind to him and Mother, too. Some of their dearest plans were hindered or, perhaps, frustrated entirely. Needed improvements on the farm must wait, or a man must be hired to carry out some of them and help me with the field work. Large doctor bills must be paid and other necessary expenses met.

So I quit school early in March and began, under George's directions and with such help as he could give, to make preparations for plowing and putting in the spring crops. It was decided to hire a man to help in corn planting time and again in harvest and on till the corn was gathered and the potatoes dug.

A drag was run over the fields of standing corn stalks and they were raked together into rows and burned. Then the team was put to work plowing for a field of oats. Luckily we had bought a grain drill, so with George to regulate the machine, I was able to put in the small grain crops in good shape. Then thirty or forty acres more must be got ready for corn and potatoes. George was able to "lay off the lands," plow the first furrows, and then I took the plow for the rest. He selected the seed and did all he could to help, and so, by the time we had the ground ready the season was enough advanced for planting. Fortunately we secured the help of Uncle Edwin Arnold for a few days in planting time. The ground had been well harrowed and laid off with a "marker" which made two little furrows or grooves, four feet apart, and just the right depth, by dragging the marker, first in one direction over the whole field, and then crossing these furrows at right angles. The last marking was usually done just

before planting and a few rounds at a time, so the soil would be easy to work with the hoe in covering the seed. With a small sack of corn slung over one shoulder by means of a strap, and which hung down on the opposite side, I walked between furrows, dropping four or five grains in each cross, while Uncle Ed., with his hoe came after, covering the hills with loose dirt and always stepping with one foot on the covered hill that the fine dirt might be made to lie as close to the seed as possible. In a few days the small round shoots appeared, and then these opened into two little leaves; At this stage of its growth, the crows and the cranes must be kept away as much as possible for the soft swollen grain with its tender shoot was a very sweet morsel for them, and they knew well how to get it. We used to shoot them till they became shy and would leave at our approach; then we set up "scarecrows" which generally kept them away until we could get in with our cultivator. The scare-crow was made by setting a stick as tall as a man in the ground and dressing it in a man's <sup>old</sup> clothes, filled out with straw: a hat on its head and its arms outstretched on cross-pieces, the figure flopping in the wind looked much like a man bent on shooting these intruders. Any corn that didn't sprout or that the birds destroyed, was replanted.

When the corn was four or five inches high, I went over the whole field once with the cultivator; then we rigged up two single horse plows, and Charley, having quite recovered from his sickness, started in with me to cross plow the field. George helped him in getting started as this was his first effort at plowing.

In a few weeks the corn and potatoes received their final plowing, and harvest was at hand. The same hand, Mr. Thomas, was secured for this season's work as we liked him last year. He and George ran the reaper again. Thus George made up for his forced idleness during

the fore part of the year. He could help but little, however, in digging potatoes and gathering corn. Mr. Thomas and I had it to do.

It was near Christmas when I entered school, and three months was the limit of my school work for the year; and about the same conditions continued as long as I remained on the farm. It was through no fault of my Mother or Brother, but our financial situation demanded almost my whole time at home. The work was no light burden on my young shoulders, but the loss in the early training of my mental powers was far more serious; it was ruinous and irreparable.

During the next year 1853-4, Miss Mary Robins had charge of the school. She was kind, conscientious, and faithful in her work. Several large boys and girls were in attendance at her school. One of these was her brother Henry. He was always kind to me when we were visiting at each others home, but at school he liked to domineer over me. He had a younger sister whom I adored; that may have been a motive for this treatment of me. John Richardson, a boy about Henry's own age, sat between Henry and me. John also had a liking for little Georgie Robins and may have influenced Henry slightly. At any rate, one day while I was studying, Henry reached over behind John's head and struck me a severe blow on my ear and cheek with his fist. I tried to hide the feeling of pain and insult he caused me, but the attention of the teacher was attracted by the noise and, coming down to our seat, wanted to know the trouble. They both told her that I made the noise. For the sake of my sweet-heart and because I believed they would take revenge on me if I told her the truth, I kept still. I think she was satisfied that I was the least to blame of the three: she merely said: "You boys in this seat are expected to set a right example to all our little boys." At intermission when we were at play, Henry jumped on me with the seeming intention of giving me a "drubbing" as the boys called it, but in the scuffle I

got my thumb inside his mouth and gave him a severe gouge between his grinders and his cheek. Just then some of the older boys said: "Ah! Let him alone, Henry," and made as if they would take my part. He did let me alone after that as far as fighting me went. He liked to "knuckle-fist" with me, in which game he nearly always got the best of me. Each would grab the fingers of the other's left hand with the fingers of his own left hand and, with his closed fist, would strike downward on the knuckles of his opponents left hand. The one who could stand it the longest was the victor. At last I determined to beat him at his own game. I let my right thumb nail grow long, and trimmed it to a sharp point in the center. The next day when the game began, I thrust my thumb between my two middle fingers just so the sharpened point of the nail would graze his knuckles in passing down. We kept at it vigorously for some time. I was encouraged to stand the hard knocks he was giving me by seeing the havoc I was making with his hand. At last he saw the blood all over his lacerated knuckles and, jerking his hand from my grip, went off without a word. I never told him of the trick I employed to get the best of him, and he never bantered me again to a game of knuckle-fist.

During the years that followed, Henry was very kind to me, seeming to regret his past bad treatment and showing a purpose to abate any ill feeling I might yet harbor against him. I had not the least, even then; and today I honor his memory as one of my comrades who bravely gave his life that the nation might live. Even before entering the army, he became one of my best friends.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to think and to speak, too, of my early christian experience; and yet I hesitate, lest I seem to be taking credit to myself that does not belong to me, and to be

professing to live a purer life than my children and other dear friends of mine may honestly believe does not tally with my profession.

As to my own secret motives, acts, and thoughts, the things that are necessarily hidden from the human eye, they are between my own soul and the good God whose eye is open to every secret thought. To Him, and not to the world I must give an account. Some one has expressed my feelings in this thought, if not in the exact words: "I'm glad God, and not some human friend, knows all my secret ways and will be my judge because He, being all-wise, possessing omnipotence, and full of sympathy for his fallen creatures, will do justly and have mercy."

When quite a small boy, my heart was awakened to the call of Jesus "Come unto me!" In those early years, I was led by my mother's hand to the class meeting. I had a very clear conception of the meaning of the language used by my elders as they told of their conversion, of their hopes of Heaven, of the trials of their faith, and of their full purpose to live near to God and obey his perfect will! and, as I listened, I wanted, oh, so much, to enroll my name among them, but "I was too young" they said. Had the leader or some one encouraged me, I certainly would, at that early date, have answered the call, "Yes Lord, I come."

The days and the years went by, and I had not been thinking much about my soul when, one evening a few days before my thirteenth birthday, I was suddenly led to a very serious consideration of what I ought to be. My brother George slept in the east room up stairs and I in the west room. Our beds were near the partition that separated the rooms. The readers will remember that his room was finished with one coat of plastering, and that the west room was unfinished. I had gone to bed at eight o'clock, as was my habit, and was probably asleep;



but a slight noise would arouse me, especially during the early hours of the night. On this evening I was, in a moment, made aware of the near sound of the human voice. I listened, and all being very still I could distinctly make out the words. George was in his room, kneeling at his bed, and praying; yes, he was praying for me now, twice I heard the mention of my name, "brother Sammie," spoken, oh so tenderly; and, "lead him to take Jesus as his Savior now; awaken him and turn his thoughts to Thee." I always had the greatest confidence in my brother, and I thought: "If he is so earnestly anxious for my salvation, what ought I to be doing for myself?" I lay awake a good while thinking and forming good resolutions. I determined to seek Jesus as my Savior publicly the first opportunity that should come. I said nothing of my feelings to anyone. I prayed every day, but failed, some how, to recognize the fact that the blessing of salvation was for me now. For the time I lost sight of the last word of one of my brother's petitions: "Lead him to take Jesus as his Savior now." From what I had seen and heard, I thought some great and wonderful change must be worked out in me; that I must conform to a certain formal series of acts before God would manifest himself, hence I waited for the approaching protracted meeting.

When that meeting opened, and the first invitation was given, while the congregation were singing the invitation hymn:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast

A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,

And make this last resolve:

I'll go to Jesus," etc.,----

I was the first seeker at the altar, and the only seeker that night. For two weeks, while the meeting lasted, I came to the altar

every night, but went home disappointed. I experienced no change of heart.

In the fall of the year following, at a camp meeting held at the Simmon's place which was about twelve miles from our home, we had a tent of our own, and spent the entire week there, including two Sundays. I was the first and among the most earnest seekers. Several days had passed and I was sorrowful and ready to give up. In my prayer I felt and said: "Lord, I have done all I can." I was weary kneeling, and, raising my head and arms from the altar, I saw my brother George who was kneeling near me. He was praying earnestly; his face, to me, seemed radiant with peace and heavenly joy. Some influence moved me, perhaps through the power of his faith and, throwing my arms around his neck, I said to him: "I take Jesus as my Savior now." We arose together and went into our own tent. I told Mother I was satisfied. I felt happy but very calm. The words of the Psalmist seemed to ring in my ears: "Be still, and know that I am God." I soon united with the church and have tried to be a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus.

The desire of my Mother that I should become a christian minister was greatly encouraged, and we often talked about it together. We were greatly cheered, too, by friends in the church and by ministers, one of whom gave me the biography of James B. Finley and some other books calculated to encourage and fit me somewhat for the work he felt that God had called me to. And, indeed, I myself was quite enthusiastic over the prospect. I was faithful in my attendance at the church services, including class meeting and the Sunday School. I call to mind, especially, one quarterly meeting where I was greatly blessed; in fact, the whole congregation was enthused with a religious fervor, the equal of which I have seldom witnessed.

According to the custom of our church in those days, all christians

who desired to attend the love-feast were provided with tickets of admission. When we arrived at the church in our farm wagon and presented our tickets at the door, we found my uncle Josiah the door-keeper. He was a local preacher, and had come from his home near Brighton that morning to attend the meeting. The house was already well filled with people from far and near; for the quarterly meetings on these large circuits were the special occasions of the church. Brother Jotham Searritt who was the son-in-law of uncle Josiah, was the pastor and led this first meeting.

I shall not attempt to describe the meeting in its progress or its ending, for the closing moments of some of these love-feasts were the most inspiring moments of the whole day. Usually standing, or passing from one to another, those present would give each other a glad hand-shake, while they sang some familiar and enlivening song, such as:

"Together let us sweetly live,  
 Together let us die,  
 And each a starry crown receive  
 And reign above the sky."

One sentiment expressed by uncle Josiah I have always remembered. Coming from rather an aristocratic looking old gentleman, I thought it was so nice of him to say it and yet so appropriate. It was a bible quotation: "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Rev. Dr. Corrington, the presiding elder, preached the sermon at eleven o'clock. He was a large, strong man physically and one of the very best pulpit orators of that day. The weather was warm and the windows were all wide open. The preacher stood near one of these open

windows delivering his message to the large congregation, more than half of whom were gathered under temporary awnings about the windows. After the sermon, the celebration of the Lord's Supper was held, the service being conducted by the presiding elder, assisted by the other preachers present. At the close of this service, the people were dismissed to their homes, the ministers and those living at a distance being the guests of nearby residents for dinner. Brother Corrington went home with us where he stayed all night.

The next morning George and I were changing the wagon-bed for the heavy wood-rack as we wished to move a lot of rails that day for a new division fence. We each took hold of one end of the bed, intending to lift it off first, and then let the other end down, but Brother Corrington took hold of that end and easily lifted it to the ground, while we lifted our end down. He also helped in the same manner in raising the rack to the wagon. I have mentioned this incident merely to show the physical strength and the kindly spirit of helpfulness in a great and good man.

About Christmas time of this year, 1853, we had a very agreeable surprise, a visit from brother John of Texas. He spoke very highly of his home in the South and of his prospects. He brought each of us nice presents; a box of candy a foot square was one he gave Charles and me. He returned to Texas early the next spring, met with a young lady, Miss Sallie Buster, with whom he fell deeply in love and, after a summer of rather exciting courtship, married late in the fall. Among my old letters I have one written by him to George, dated Dec. 13, 1854, telling all about "my scrape," as he called it. At the top of the first page he writes: "Please keep this strictly in the family."

The comet of 1858 is one of my memories. Though nothing to compare with the comet of 1843, regarded, I believe, as the most marvelous comet of the present age, that of this year was one of the largest and most beautiful on record.

I was in school about four months of the year Miss Robins taught, but made little real progress. I dropped out of school early as the farm work was pressing.

This summer and fall was the season of the great visitation of the Pharaoh, or fourteen year locusts. In mid-summer they appeared in great swarms, covering the forest trees, eating the leaves and, after depositing their eggs under the bark near the end of the tender twigs, cut the twigs nearly off just above the nest of eggs. These twigs would hang by narrow strips of bark, left by the insect, until the fall winds would break them off from the tree, when the heavy rains would wash the eggs into the soil. They remained in the earth for the next fourteen years, hatching and passing through some form of metamorphosis. They were called Pharaoh locusts because they were popularly believed to be of the same species as those which troubled the Egyptians in King Pharaoh's time, and because their continuous cry was pharaoh. One can imagine the monotony when compelled to listen to millions of the shrill and rasping cries of these insects all day long for two or three months.

In the fall of 1854, George, not being able to do much at home, joined a company of singers led by a Mr. Mayberry. They needed tenor, and George, being a good musician, was employed. The company spent the winter traveling throughout the State, giving musical entertainments. I do not know the amount of his salary, nor whether they counted their expedition a success.



While I was yet at school during the coldest weather of this year, the building came near being destroyed by fire. The boys and girls, taking turn about were allowed to sit around the stove to get warm. A dozen or more boys, I among them were taking their turn. A fire made of dry hickory wood had been keeping the large box stove red hot all the morning, and I suppose the pipe which went through the ceiling before it entered the chimney, became so overheated that some of the wood near it took fire. Suddenly and without warning, a large patch of plastering, blazing lath, etc., came tumbling down at our feet, and the room quickly filled with smoke. Some of the larger boys, having cleared away the scoldering debris, placed the teacher's desk beneath the opening made by the fire, and then put her chair on the desk. The tallest boy mounted the chair and was able to dash the bucket of water handed him on the burning timbers. Others had hastily gone to the neighbor's house across the road, borrowed buckets, and were soon on hand with more water. The fire was soon extinguished, but the room was now cold, and the floor and seats were wet; and so our teacher wisely dismissed the school for the day.

We were kept very quietly and carefully at home this summer on account of the presence of Asiatic cholera in our town and community. The first to have it was the new black-smith, Mr. Talman. He died within a few hours after being attacked, and then his wife and little child were stricken with it. At first the neighbors were all frightened and afraid to come near. Only Dr. Seaman and a Mr. Talley attended to burying the husband, and then the doctor came into the house where he found Mrs. Talman unable to wait on herself or to do anything for her baby, and it was dead. The day was a very sultry one and the flies were swarming all over its little face, and both it and the mother were lying in a filthy condition, a condition resulting from the nature of the disease. He went out and told his story, and two women, having

no one dependent upon them, volunteered to go to her relief. Mrs. Talman recovered, but one of the women who waited on her and Mr. Talley contracted the dread disease and, in spite of the good doctor's help and the care of loved ones, they fell its victims. Several others died, one a lady who did some washing for Mrs. Talman after she had quite recovered. Dr. Seaman had just come from the East to start a practice in the new town and, though a young man, he, by his brave and faithful work during the few weeks of this epidemic, won the love and admiration of every one and received, as he deserved, their undivided patronage.

Mr. E. P. Cutler, a young man from Vermont, was employed to conduct the school at Brooklyn in the fall of 1854. He was an excellent instructor and a natural born disciplinarian.

The building was all too small for the large attendance, even with the improvements furnished at the opening of the school. For this reason he could not do his best, yet the people were so well satisfied with their yankee teacher that they retained him for a second year; and, after the school was moved to Shipman, he was the first teacher employed in the new building. Quite a large number of boys and girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty one were in attendance these years, one of whom was Ellen Loveland. This young lady afterward became Mr. Cutler's wife.

For the time I attended school these two years, I made good progress in my studies, but while I was proficient in some branches, I was woefully behind in others. Four months of school out of twelve, or less than half of what most of my classmates enjoyed was very discouraging to a young man whose great ambition was to win a college education. However, I enjoyed the school very much.

My little girl sweetheart and I found we had lost none of our regard for each other during the long vacation. Only once had we

been together, except at Sunday-School and church during that time, and the occasion was the Fourth of July celebration at Bunker Hill. Her brother Henry drove the team, and they came by for some of us to go with them. She and I rode on the same seat, and were constantly together throughout the afternoon and evening. We enjoyed a good lunch, witnessed most of the fire-works, and arrived at home about midnight.

Upon my entering school late in November, we soon found opportunities of getting together, generally at noon or after school. We both loved to visit with my grand-mother who, with Uncle Edwin, lived in a little cottage about half way between Georgie's home and the school-house. Once we happened to be there at the same time and, after spending a very happy afternoon in play, we very naturally wanted to come again the next Saturday afternoon. Grand-ma loved us both, and I presume if she suspected attachment we had for each other, she either ignored it or sympathized with us in our mutual liking, feeling that we each deserved all that the other could give. So when we both asked her if we might come and play the next Saturday she said we were very welcome, that we were so nice and quiet she loved to have us for company. Thus quite frequently during these two happy years, we were permitted to be much in each other's company. Sometimes we would sit for an hour listening to grand-ma read or tell us stories; then we would play about the house and yard, or stroll through the orchard and the fields, always talking about the school, our homes and of our loved ones, as our thoughts would lead us; sometimes relating to each other the more striking events of our past brief history; sometimes we indulged in the consideration of things of the present- things all about us- the growing corn, the twittering birds, the bees, the flowers, the ice and snow, the clouds, the wind,

the rain, and the hundred and one common but interesting objects of nature and of art; but, especially, we enjoyed the building of our own magnificent air-castles. The future for us was the one chief realm where we loved to dwell. Of course it was always understood that when she grew up to womanhood, and I should complete my course in college, I would certainly come and claim her for my wife, and she would always say: "And won't I be happy!"

The saying "that true love never runs smooth," was true with us. Georgie was not only a pretty girl; she was jolly and possessed of pleasing manners. She was a general favorite. I think I liked to see her popular, but I had to fight hard sometimes to overcome the selfish element in me. For a moment, sometimes, I thought she went beyond reason in her conduct. So quiet and decorous when alone with me, in a crowd, even when I was present, she was just flowing over with mischief.

One evening the teacher found it necessary for him to leave the school early and so left the key with one of the older girls, instructing her to lock up after the rest had gone and the janitor, one of the smaller boys, had swept out. The school had been moderately quiet until dismissed; when, of course, the teacher had expected all the pupils to go immediately home, but, by some seeming common agreement, quite a number of the larger boys and girls remained in the school building, bent on having a little fun. Finally, one of the boys about my own age, suggested that some one hide the teacher's chair and designated Georgie Robins as the one least likely to be suspected of the prank. After some wheedling and bantering, she agreed to hide it. Of course it was intended to be just a little temporary inconvenience, and he would never hurt Georgie for so slight an offence, even if she were found out. It was announced by the same boy that

nobody would tell. The next morning the pupils were all at school early to see what Mr. Cutler would do when school "took up," finding his chair gone. Wearing a sober face, he began with the biggest boy present, quietly commanding him to stand up. He wanted to know what the boy knew about the disappearance of the teacher's chair. The boy said he knew nothing about it, but that some of the boys told him it had been stolen. Others who followed, made the same or similar statements. I was thinking hard what I should do when it came my turn to stand up and face the teacher and the school. I was a great admirer of George Washington and his hatchet, and my mother had carefully taught me to always tell the truth, for, in the end, the truth would come out; and then I could see Georgie. She was watching me and seeming to say: "You won't lie, will you?" I said to myself, if I lie out of it, and it comes to her, she will be tempted to try to hide the truth, too, or, if she did bravely confess, she would likely, in her explanation, convince the teacher that the boys who had testified, including myself, had lied to him; so I resolved to tell the truth when it came to my turn to testify. All eyes were upon me when the teacher at last told me to stand up. He began: "Do you know anything about the missing chair?" "Yes sir, it was hidden last night, but I will get it for you if you will allow me." Did you hide it?" "No sir." "Tell me who did hide it." "Georgie Robins." "Did others of you know about it?" "Yes sir, nearly all of us." He told me to be seated. Then, amid absolute silence, he asked Georgie to rise. The first question he asked her was: "Did Samuel tell the truth?" With a tear in each eye, but a happy little smile on her face, she answered: "Yes sir, he did." In place of despising me for having told on her, I knew from her answer and her manner that she was proud of me. I felt too that some of the other boys envied me.



Mr. Cutler's next question was: "What made you hide my chair?" "Oh, it wasn't because I disliked you, Mr. Cutler, they dared me to, and I didn't think how wrong it was." Her answer completely disarmed him. He asked her to return the chair which she did. Then, in his inimitable way, he showed the boys how cowardly they had acted. When the evil trick they had designed to play on him seemed too perilous for any of them to undertake, they had incited an innocent little girl to carry <sup>it</sup> out for them; and then fearing for their own hides, if it should appear that they were mixed up in the affair, deliberately attempted, one after another, to lie out of it. "You did not deceive me, boys," said he, not at all. I knew well you were trying to deceive me. Your confusion was all too plain in your words and in your faces. I'm very sorry you so lowered yourselves in my estimation, and in the estimation of the school, as well as that of your fathers and mothers, if they should hear of it. You surely are ashamed that this has happened and wish it had not happened. If you feel that way and want to promise me, as well as yourselves, that nothing like it shall ever happen again, stand up where you are." All the boys who had been present the previous afternoon while the teacher was absent were on their feet in a moment, some of them weeping. Mr. Cutler simply said: "Thankyou, my boys. Let all now go to their studies."

I have related this true story to my readers, partly that they may know that the children of those days had conscientious teachers and that while, like the children of today, they were naturally sinful, like you of today, they were quick to repent of their sins. They had good hearts.

The close friendship between Georgie and myself continued until her father who was a minister, moved away early in the fall of 1855.

The family, having sent away their house-hold goods, spent their last night at our house. For many years the two families had been close friends, and our parents knew of the tie existing between the son of the one and the daughter of the other.

Of our promises of faithfulness to each other, and of all the experiences that came to us both in those moments of parting, words are too feeble to do the subject justice. Years after, this girl, grown to lovely womanhood, came into my life again and I shall have a few more words to say about us by and by.

Strange to say, the weary years of our long absence from each other were never relieved by the passing of a single word, spoken or written, between us. What had promised to be so joyous a reality, through the trend of events which neither of us were, apparently, able to control, proved to be only a sweet and fleeting dream.

## Chapter 6.

Litchfield High School.

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Just a few days after my fifteenth birthday I entered school at the old Brooklyn school-house for the last time. The teacher and the boys were already preparing for a big hunt during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Cutler, our teacher, had been elected manager, and two of the older boys captains of the opposing teams.

The plan of the hunt, as near as I remember it, was as follows: The drive was to begin the first week day after Christmas day and continue for three days; each day's chase to begin at nine A. M. and close at four P. M. All boys and young men of the neighborhood, whether pupils of the school or not, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five could join in the hunt by recording their names as members, and promising to obey the rules adopted. Not over three hunters should compose a hunting party, and all were to be absolutely sure the object they were aiming to kill was not a human being. Only such animals and birds as were injurious to man, or useful for food, should count. Each hunter was to keep a record of his work and, at the close of each day, was to show before two witnesses all the game he had killed that day; then, on the morning of the fourth day, all the hunters were to meet the manager and the captains at the schoolhouse and present their reports signed by themselves and their witnesses. The side which showed the greater number of credits should be treated to a New Year's dinner, prepared and served by the defeated side. The rule for the winning of credits was as follows: Each animal and bird was estimated at so many credits; a mink or a squirrel, one; a deer, a wolf, a

mountain lion, was valued at twenty-five; a quail, a wild pigeon, would give one; while a wild turkey, a pheasant, or a crow, brought twenty credits; and so on.

The side of which I was a member was defeated by a few credits. The dinner was a success, all right, being cooked by our mothers, our sisters, and our sweet-hearts, and served by our hunter boys. The successful hunters ate their fill at the first table, and then they gallantly waited on the table while we and our company ate the rest. Much of the game was used as a basis for the dinner.

The amount of game at this time was not to be compared to what it had been a few years before. I remember well when wild deer were plentiful all about the timber. I have seen them in droves crossing the prairie from one of their haunts in the forest to another.

Brother George speaks of going into the woods with his gun when a young man and, as he came to the top of a small hill and looked down into a little opening at the bottom a few yards from him, saw two beautiful deer and a large buck with wide spreading antlers, basking in the sunlight. He goes on to say that so unexpected was their appearance, he stood transfixed with astonishment, wholly unmindful that he had a gun and was after game until they, having seen him, leaped up and trotted leisurely away beyond his reach. He then roused up and gave chase at break-neck speed, but soon lost sight of them.

Other large game was plentiful too; especially the prairie wolf. These animals were very destructive to sheep, young calves, and pigs. One time my brother, having gone out at an early morning hour, found a wolf sporting among his sheep which were rushing about the corral in wild confusion, a number of them having been killed or torn by the fangs of the wolf.

Although so destructive to these domestic animals, these blood-eaters seldom attacked people. Sometimes, when in large bodies and very hungry, they have been known to be dangerous, but even then, with a good shot-gun, the hunter did not hesitate to make an end of these pernicious wild beasts. A man named Ezra Gilman, who lived below Brighton, while crossing, on horseback, what is known as Round-Grove, two miles south of Shipman, where several wolf dens were known to exist, came across a small band of wolves and gave chase. Having no fire-arms with him, he took off one of his saddle stirrups and, riding along side of one after another at full speed, struck them on their heads, killing several of them.

To put a stop to the ravages of these sheep-killers, a wolf-chase was organized nearly every season. Mr. Bart Green, one of old Captain Green's sons, describes a wolf-chase with which he was once connected, and which was the usual method of conducting the chase. He says: "The hunters having caught sight of a wolf upon the prairie, placed me upon a fleet horse, and I started in full pursuit. As a wolf generally runs in a circle to reach its den, thinking to deceive and so elude its pursuers, some of our party waited to cut off its retreat, while other mounted men, at the proper time, came in ahead of me and gave me a fresh horse; and then I continued the chase until the wolf, becoming exhausted by the race of hours, came near its den, already located, and, surrounded by a squad of hunters, was shot. The den, containing quite a number of others, was easily destroyed, and this ended the exciting chase.

An English family, by the name of Boswell moved into our neighborhood in the spring of 1855. Though a very excellent family, they were poor and had to work hard to meet the payments, as they came due,



on the farm which they had purchased and moved onto. Their place joined ours on the south, yet, beyond meeting two or three of the older girls at school, I knew little of the family. It was known that Mr. Boswell had a large family but, unfortunately, perhaps, for a farmer, all but one of the children were girls. The boy was too small to do field work, and, to get hired help they could not afford; so it was no uncommon thing to see three or four of the older girls in the field, plowing, planting and gathering in the crops. Of course the time came when all this was changed, but it was so unusual to put girls into the field to do boy's work that other young people shied them for a time.

My reason, however, for referring to this family is, that I might present to you a picture that was vividly impressed on my memory in the early summer-time of that, my last year's stay at home; and then, after the lapse of a few more summers, show you another picture, the aftermath of the earlier one.

On the occasion referred to, I had gone on some errand to the house of the new neighbor, this being my first visit. I knocked at the front door and, after telling my name, was admitted by the mother, first to the front room and then on to the living room of the family. There, in a chair near the door, sat the father with the boy on his lap; while, on the opposite side, running the whole length of the room, was a low bench filled with girls, perhaps a trifle less than a dozen, though to my startled vision, there seemed to be more than that number. The largest one sat at one end; and, coming on down in the regular order of size to the other end of the bench sat a two year old baby girl. I was very bashful but, thinking I must say something, blurted out, "You have some girls, haven't you, Mrs. Boswell?" She laughed and said, "Yes, a few." They all laughed. I felt very

foolish, and was trying to think what I should say or do next, when the mother, proud, no doubt, of her lot of fine looking girls, and appreciative of my remark in which, without prejudice, I may have emphasized the word some, essayed to introduce them to me. Pointing to the largest of them with her finger, she said; "That is Mary. She was named after me. The next one is Annie, named after her Aunt Annie Boswell; and the next is Hester, named after her Aunt Hester Gilbert." And thus she went on down the line, finally coming to the youngest. "That," said she, is my baby, Alice, named after her Great Grand-Mother, Alice Amelia Richmond." I noticed that each of the girls had but one personal name, and that the parents, in finding a suitable name for their last born, went back three generations. I did not remain long, however to soliloquise over these little questions I got away as soon as I could, feeling relieved, but lonesome.

As I said, there came a change to the Boswell family. The boy, John, named after his father, grew up a large lusty fellow who, with the help of his father and the hired man, when needed, relieved the girls of field work. The public school furnished a valuable means of culture and etiquette; the church and Sunday School bore their fruits of social and moral influence; an organ was installed in the home, thus providing a means for the cultivation of the musical taste; the debt on the farm had been paid; and the more common articles of food, furniture, and wearing apparel had given place to things of a better quality; all indicative of prosperity and the presence of that certain feeling of independence that well-to-do people enjoy.

During the years of my absence at school, many changes had taken place. The Boswells had moved to a place east of us, just beyond the strip of timber which I have heretofore described, and so had

become our nearest neighbors, and the two families had gradually grown quite intimate. Mary had married and gone. Hester, a dark-eyed, rather shy kind of a girl, had become the organist of the church and Sunday School, while my Brother George had been chosen the leader of the choir; so the two families, each having an organ and being good musicians, were together at least once a week. The war had been in progress over a year, and most of the young men had enlisted, leaving the number of girls greatly in excess of the boys. This was the status of affairs at home when I returned to spend my summer vacation.

Because of the close friendship of the two families, I found myself at once thrown much into the society of the Boswell girls, Annie, Hester, Sarah, etc. They were lively, intelligent, and decidedly good company; and, I confess, greatly interested me, for the time, at least. My mother joked me frequently about Hester and, very justly, I think, declared her to be worthy the attentions of any young man. Looking through her glasses, knowing that it pleased her, I probably gave the impression that I had fallen in love with the girl, while no such state of feeling existed. Of course her mother was a much interested witness of what seemed to be going on and, whether with a purpose of simple encouragement for me to go ahead; or, having a suspicion that I was just intent on having a good time during my vacation, she would save her daughter from a possible infatuation and a consequent heart-ache, I know not. At any rate, on a certain Sunday afternoon, having returned home with Hester after a long walk, we, Mrs. Boswell, Annie, Hester, and I were seated under the shade trees near the house, talking about the war. The question of my own enlistment was a serious one to me; and, as was quite obvious, a question of much concern to others, especially the numerous young women of the neighborhood. For the first time, however, the two young Boswell girls began quizzing

me about going into the war. Annie said: "I wish John was old enough to go; nearly all the other girls have brothers or somebody in the army to represent them and write interesting letters to them." I said "Well, that might be a good motive, if not a patriotic one for going, but I should like to be more than a brother to my correspondent. I should want her to be 'The girl I Left Behind Me.'" Here the old lady chimed in: "College is all right if one can satisfy his conscience when the call for volunteers is so urgent." "That's just the trouble with me," said I. "Mother thinks my place is at school, while some others think its the army. I'm not just ready to decide." "Well, if you will go to the war, you can have either one of my two girls here," said Mrs. Boswell. This was to me, like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. I was instantly back again in the overheated living-room, with the long bench full of girls before me, and there the mother was standing with her long bony finger pointing toward them, but instead of saying: "The next one is Hester, named after her Aunt, Hester Gilbert," the words seemed to be: "My eldest girl is married and out of my way; the next ones are Annie and Hester; won't you take one of them off my hands?" My face burned. A glance at the girls showed me they were blushing furiously. Like that other time, all I wanted was to get away. I made the excuse that it was late, and with few words, took my leave.

Late in January of the year 1856, Charley and I received an invitation from Matt and Nels. Darr to a party to be given at their home. This was our first opportunity of attending a gathering of this kind, and our mother concluded to let us go. I think her chief reason was, that she wanted to show a friendly feeling toward a family who had suffered much and had not heretofore been very neighborly with her.

quite a gathering of young people were there at the appointed time; and all entered heartily into the sports of the evening, games, music, supper, etc; and, in a separate room, candy pulling. About nine o'clock, Mrs. James, Matt's mother, proposed that the boys and girls now have an hour's dance as a good way to end up the party. The large majority who had become quite boisterous, some, even foolish as it seemed to me, gave a big yell in assent to her proposal. The large front room was soon cleared, and many were taking their places on the floor. Charley and I stood to one side, scarcely knowing what to do. We knew mother was opposed to dancing, and would be sorry and perhaps angry if we stayed to the dance; besides, we knew nothing about dancing; had never even witnessed a dance in all our lives. So watching my opportunity, I told Mrs. James that we didn't want to stay to the dance. I suppose she understood the situation as, without a word, she got our caps and wraps and, after her kindly spoken goodnight, we made our exit through a side door, probably unobserved by most of the guests.

In one of the early days of the following spring, Mr. Cutler and Uncle Edwin Arnold were spending the evening at our house by the invitation of Brother George. He had recently received a long letter from Brother John in Texas, telling about certain men who had been there all the fall and part of the winter gathering osage ~~and~~ orange seed; that they had secured hundreds of bushels of these seed and, having shipped them to Illinois, were now selling them to farmers and stock-men at fabulous prices.

The osage tree was quite abundant and prolific in Texas; the apple or fruit containing the seed, when ripe, could be opened like any common apple, and the seed, looking also very much like our apple



seed, could be easily collected. The seed were to be sown in beds, and the plants which were hardy and of quick growth, were, when a year old, to be transplanted for hedges. These hedges were to take the place of rail and plank fences where, in that nearly all prairie country, they were expected to become a common and a valuable substitute. In three year's time, with proper care in replanting and trimming, these hedge fences, due to the scrubby nature of the plant and the abundance of its sharp, tough, thorns, would become a complete barrier to all tame and wild animals.

These three young fellows, being great friends and longing for some kind of adventure, as well as hopeful of "making it rich," very naturally decided to undertake the expedition. In the meantime they would see the country and have a visit with John and his wife. Long and earnestly they talked it over and laid their plans; and, after a few week's careful preparation, started to the South Land, expecting to be gone about a year.

I quit school some weeks before the term ended, devoting my time to the farm; so I am ignorant of the closing events that may have marked the last days at the little old school-house at Brooklyn. The building was afterward sold to a Mr. McIntosh who moved it to his farm two miles north and made a dwelling of it.

The season was one of unusual care and responsibility for me, yet I had Charley's help, and we got the corn and other spring seeding completed in good time. We worked hard, and were rewarded with very fair crops of corn, potatoes, etc. The wheat was fall-sown and had been put in before George left us. We planted four acres of potatoes which, after reserving enough for our own use, brought us over a hundred dollars. The corn harvest was the heaviest work of all and

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lasted well into the cold weather. Mother was so anxious that we boys should be in school, that she herself helped many days to gather in the corn.

We were to attend school this year, 1856-7, at Merriweather's school-house. The Brooklyn school was situated away in the north-west corner of the district, while the east and south parts, by reason of their more rapid increase of population, wanted a larger building and wanted it nearer their end of the district; so, at the previous election, a large majority voted to build on a lot donated by Adam Taggart. The building had been erected during the vacation and was ready for school that fall. We had about the same distance to go as before but in an opposite direction.

A man by the name of Ingraham taught the school. He was an excellent instructor; strict, but well liked by his pupils and patrons. Quite a number of new pupils, some of them large boys and girls attended. I think I made more progress in my studies that winter than I had before in one season; especially in branches in which I had so long been behind. At the close of the school, I passed a very fair examination in all my studies, and Mother was well pleased with the advance made by both her young boys.

Brother George and party returned from their Texas trip about the tenth of March, bringing a large quantity of osage orange seed with them. Not much sale was found in the immediate neighborhood for them, so my uncle and Mr. Cutler rigged up a team and peddled the seed out over the state. Whether they disposed of the entire lot, I do not know. It was about this time that the recent invention of the barbed wire fence was being exploited in this part of the country, and the hedge idea was abandoned.

It was decided that Charley and I should continue in school to the

close of the year, and so George took up the management of the farm, employing a man to help him. When the school closed, we helped out on the farm, but it was planned, and all were agreed that I should leave home to attend school somewhere the coming fall to further my preparation for college.

After the sale of the old Brooklyn church and school-house, the Methodists moved their place of worship to Shipman, occupying Green and Merriweather's hall on alternate Sundays with the Presbyterians. Some of the preachers of that denomination while they continued at Brooklyn, whose names are remembered were: Wilson, Dickens, Kelley, Shaw, McMurry, Holliday, Beneen, and Robins. In 1860, the Methodists built a church of their own in the town, costing \$ 3500. Some of the ministers officiating in this new church, up to the year I came West were: Sly, Scaritt, Gilham, Randle, Boyle, Wagoner, Jones, Thombs, Corrington, Stubblefield, Morrison, and Dew.

At the school election in the spring of 1857, the old school district was divided, and the voters of the newly formed district voted to build a school-house. This was built in the town of Shipman, and Mr. Cutler was employed as the first teacher. He enrolled forty pupils and received a salary of \$40 per month.

The railroad had now been opened through the town for five years and yet it seemed difficult for the people, especially the country people, to get accustomed to the fact, and to remember that the train unlike the old time stage-coach, was compelled to run on its own stationary track. A little incident that, at the time of its occurrence, seemed so amusing to me, keeps running in my mind and, as it happened at the time of which I am writing and Mr. Cutler was the perpetrator of the joke, I shall relate it now and have it off my mind: Cutler was a clerk in Meatyard's store for a time before his

school opened. One morning near train time, a young fellow from the country came into the store with a basket of peaches on his arm, the first, nice, ripe peaches picked from his father's orchard, and which he was expecting to sell to the passengers while the train men were taking on wood and water. He looked at Mr. Cutler who was standing near the door, and said: "Isn't the train coming by here to-day?" Without the least change of countenance, Mr. Cutler replied: "No sir, we just received a telegraphic dispatch from Alton that the trains will hereafter go by The Placaw on Saturday's." Of course there was a big laugh by those present, and the young man, hearing the whistle of the approaching engine, and seeing how he had been sold, bolted for the door and exclaimed: "Oh, pshaw!"

That I might have means to help me through my next year of school, I worked for the neighbors around when they needed a few day's help. One of these neighbors was a Mr. Reynolds. I was to get seventy-five cents a day at plowing and harrowing for wheat sowing. When the work was finished, he never mentioned pay. I called on him three or four times and he always put me off. One day I met him on the street in town and told him I was going away to school, and needed my money. He paid no attention to me, but went into Mr. Meatyard's store. I followed him and, going up to him, said in a voice that all those present could hear: "See here, Mr. Reynolds, you owe me seven dollars for work, and I must have it right now." Everybody knew what a miserly old chap he was, and they knew, too, and he knew they knew it from my manner of addressing him, that it was not the first time I had tried to get my pay. He saw that I was in earnest, and concluded the best thing for him was to be rid of me; so, without a word, he pulled out his purse and paid me.

During this spring, Brother George was married to Miss Roxa Ann Warren whose family lived in Christian County. Toward the end of the summer, Mrs. Warren and family, consisting of four boys and two girls, one of the girls was married to Mr. Pinkerton who, of course, was now one of her family, came on an extended visit. These eight visitors together with the home folks, George and wife, Mother, Charley, and I, made up a little band of thirteen. The house had five rooms, but by using the furniture store for a sleeping apartment, we managed the bed-room part all right, but the house work was rather hard on Roxa and Mother.

About the first of September, Willie, the youngest of the boys, went away to Greencastle, Indiana, to attend Asbury University. In a few days he wrote a long letter, giving a glowing account of the college and of the conditions there, and urged me to join him at once, saying that he had rented two rooms very cheap, and that the two of us could live on nearly the same outlay as one could. All were anxious for me to go. Even Mother whose ambition for me never wavered, urged me to go, believing that some way would be opened for me. I had saved forty or fifty dollars by my work through the summer, so I gathered together what I could and started on my long journey to the college town, two hundred miles distant. A neighbor brought me and my trunk in his wagon, across country to the depot at Bunkerhill, for \$2.50. Putting my trunk on the platform, he drove away while I stood watching him till he was out of sight; then I thought of the train and hurried into the waiting room to get my ticket. Imagine my chagrin when I learned from the agent that the one daily passenger train for the East, had passed half an hour before. Realizing that I could not go on with my journey, there was but one thing for me to do. Seeing my trunk safely stowed away in the agent's office, I



went up to town, intending to put up at some hotel. Everything was new to me and I became interested. At last the day passed away; and I, hungry as a bear, found myself at the supper table of the Mansion House, the highest priced hotel in town, but it was near the depot. I had a fine meal and paid a fine price for it too. I turned my steps toward the depot, saying to myself, "This won't do; my money will be gone before I reach Greenacastle." Then I called to mind that Mother had put up something for me to eat along the road. She had put it in the top part of my trunk and told me to take it out before checking the trunk. I would eat no more costly meals, anyway; but where could I get bedding? If I slept at the hotel, they would expect me to eat breakfast there too. I must do some other way. Passing along the railroad yard, I noticed several freight cars, some of them full and some empty. On my arrival in the morning, I had noticed some men loading wheat from their wagons into these cars. One of the cars I saw was about a third full of wheat, and I reasoned that it was yet to be filled like the others, and would not be moved till it was full. So I quickly decided to stay in that car for the night. The lamps about the depot were already lighted and, through the window, the agent was seen busy at his desk; no one else was in sight, and I climbed up into the car. I went to one end and lay down on the sacks of wheat as they were placed side to side and end to end. Being tired, and a little homesick, I was soon asleep. I had no overcoat or other covering and, becoming chilled by the night air, I awoke and, without a thought of any evil results, pulled a sack of wheat over onto my shivering body. Again I slept; I know not how long, but when I awoke from this sleep, I found my limbs were paralyzed.

off my body, and by a half hour's vigorous rubbing, to restore the accustomed circulation. Most of the time from this on to day-light I spent in vigorously walking back and forth on the depot platform. For breakfast I ate the lunch Mother had stowed away for my dinner the day before. After a long waiting, as it seemed to me, the train arrived, and I was going on at last.

The road was still new; and, as we continued to bump along for hours over the uneven surface, for want of something else to do, I began reading the circular published by the railroad company and which I had taken from the waiting room of the depot. Just the initial letters of the name of the road which first caught my eye, seemed wearisome to me. The vast plain, as yet so sparsely settled, and over which I was moving, could well be imagined as a great desert and made me lonesome. The dust and cinders from the locomotive which the wind drove in through the half-open windows, covering the seat cushion and my clothing, and filling my very ears and eyes, was almost unbearable. The continuous and monotonous "whack-whack-whack-whack" of the car-wheels as they rolled off the end of one rail and struck the end of the next one ahead, was the infliction of still another torture, only for the thought that every "whack-whack" was bringing me a rod or so nearer to my journey's end.

All these grievances, temporary to be sure, but none the less real, taken in connection with the loss of a good night's rest and a certain nervous anticipation of the future, had quite a depressing effect upon my mentality. You will not wonder then, that, as I looked again and again at those initial letters, they seemed more truly to represent the characteristics of this particular road, as they appeared to me then, rather than simply to the name of it. And

so the combination T. H. A. & St. L. R.R. which ordinarily meant the Terrehaute, Alton, and Saint Louis, Railroad, became gradually transformed in my mind and meant "The Terrible, Horrible, Awful and Stinkin' Long Rail-road." Strange it is, but true, that I never go on a long railroad journey without recalling this early experience.

At Terrehaute we changed cars, and entered the territory of a strange new state. The track was older and smoother and, as the train rumbled on through the forest, strange echoes came to my ears, as if a hundred trains were rushing along in company with our own. At last I went out to the rear platform of our car, the last one of the train, to see and hear all I could of those things which were so different from the level prairies over which I had traveled all the day. As I stood there all alone, gliding through the wonderful forest, watching the sun as, for a few moments, it cast its last rays along the shining rails in our rear, and then going down beyond my vision, but leaving a veritable flood of light, the climax of the day, I realized that I was far from home and those I loved most dearly, much farther than I had ever been before, and in a passion of home-sickness, I gave way to a flood of tears. However, I felt more cheerful when, at a little past nine o'clock, the conductor called out, "Greencastle;" and I was met by my friend Willie, who had come the second evening to meet me. He piloted me to our rooms where we were to bunk, and set out a snack which, in spite of home-sickness, I ate with a keen appetite.

The next day I "entered college;" but, on account of the backwardness of my mental preparation, I was assigned to one of the common school grades. The only consolation I had was, that I had plenty of company. A few days passed with little to excite beyond buying my books and getting started in my class work. Of course I had to bear my share

of the expenses, not only of rent, fuel, and food, but of all our housekeeping equipment. I think it was the second Saturday after my coming that we evened up our expenses to that time. I found Willie had been rather lavish in his expenditure, generally getting new articles, the stove, bed-stead and bedding, the table, and chairs--were all bought new at the store, and the cost was high. By the time I had paid my tuition, bought my books, and squared things with my room-mate, I would have little left. I was feeling blue enough, but said nothing to Willie about it. Early the next week he mentioned that we had overlooked the clock. I asked him what that had cost, and he said seven dollars. This was more than I could stand. I lay awake that night, thinking. I saw that he was still buying costly food--crackers, coffee, and even cake sometimes, all of which he was very fond. I never used coffee and felt I could not afford other luxuries. Then we had our winter's fuel to buy yet. After thinking it over carefully, I determined to quit. He generously offered to allow me time, saying that I could pay up my share by bearing the whole cost of living from now on till we were square. I need not pay him any money, but that proposition made no change in my mind.

I had thought of going to school at Litchfield before I came to Greencastle, for my sister who lived near there at that time, had written to me of a good private school at that place, and wanted me to come. I decided to stop at my sisters on the way back and see if I could get into the Litchfield school.

The next morning I told Willie that I was discouraged, and thought it would be better for me to attend some preparatory school a year or two before trying college. He saw that I was set in my purpose to quit, and made no further effort to persuade me to remain. I sold

my books without any trouble, and, on the following day, with a glad heart, said good-by to Willie, and left behind me the things impossible, to try for something within my reach. That was just the way I felt about it.

The return trip was uneventful. Arriving at the Litchfield station in mid-afternoon, I was met by my brother-in-law who took me to their home near the site of old Hardensburg, two or three miles from Litchfield. After brushing the dust and cinders from my clothing, and partaking of a fine supper, I related to them the story of my ill-advised journey to Greencastle, how it had proved a boomerang to me, and how I believed I had escaped a greater calamity by coming away before squandering all my money. Sister sympathized with me, and said that my next effort would be more successful because of my failure this time. She was right.

We talked over the possibilities of my getting into the private school conducted by Mr. H. A. Wells in Litchfield. I was anxious to try, partly because if I had to return to Shipman, I wanted Mother, especially, to know that I had done the best I could.

On Saturday I met Mr. Wells in town and had no difficulty in getting into the school. I told him my circumstances, and that I was preparing for college. He offered me my tuition free if I would help him an hour a day with three or four primary classes. This I was glad to do for, besides providing my tuition, I should be having some actual experience in teaching and class management. He promised to try to get me a place where I could work for my board as soon as he could look around a little; in the mean time I would have a few days' visit with my sister and family.



It was while enjoying this very pleasant week's visit that there appeared in the sky the most brilliant object I have ever seen, aside from our sun, Donati's Comet. It had a curved tail estimated to be over fifty millions of miles in length, and its nucleus rivaled a star of the first magnitude. The view from twilight to late bed-time was simply magnificent; and, while its first appearance was the most splendid, it was the middle of October before it finally passed away.

Although delighted with my visit, the next Saturday I again went to town to see if I could not make some arrangement for boarding there, provided Mr. Wells had failed to get me a place. If it was necessary, we had decided that I should stay with my sister and walk to school and back every day. Mr. Wells was quite sure of getting a good place for me with the family of a doctor, but the doctor was away from home for a few days, and he had to await his return. I felt that was fine, and thanked him for his effort in my behalf. Then I told him that I would enter school Monday morning, staying with my sister until I could get a place in town. He seemed pleased with that idea. Before returning, I called on my uncle John G. Kandle who lived there at that time and was the janitor of one of the public school buildings. He was my father's cousin, but my uncle, having married my mother's sister. They were glad to see me, and invited me to stay to dinner. Before I left, they knew I was going to enter Mr. Well's school, and was expecting to get a place soon, where I could work for my board; so they very kindly invited me to make their home my home until I found out about the other place.

I found the school all that I could wish, being able to select these subjects, a knowledge of which would better prepare me for a college course. My recent failure at Greenacastle had not destroyed

my ambition for an education, not at all; rather such desire was intensified, and my purpose to "make good" continued to increase during the whole time I was in school. I received a catalogue of the University and chose my present studies with a view of taking up the work there. My studies were: primary algebra, English grammar, physical geography, United States history, spelling and penmanship.

Mr. Wells was a teacher of much experience; his method of control in all the affairs of the school was kind yet firm and impartial; and his habits and character were highly appreciated by the community. I liked him as a teacher, hence his influence over me was great. I regard the lessons I learned from him in school management, alone, as invaluable to me in my forty years as a teacher. He seemed to like me, too, from the very first of our acquaintance.

In the second week of my attendance, I was, one evening, introduced to Dr. Hood, who offered me a home in his family as a boarder if I would take care of his horse and buggy, milk his cow, and do other little chores, with the understanding that I was to help in the garden in the spring. I gladly accepted his offer, finding them all exceedingly kind and considerate.

This was my first effort at teaching; and, though not quite nineteen years old and somewhat hampered by having to teach my classes in the same room and at the same time with other recitations conducted by Mr. Wells, I liked the work, and he seemed pleased and satisfied. It was a good beginning of that preparation which I was so much to need for the career I was destined to pursue in the future years.

The classes which recited to me were of the lowest primary grade which used books; the first reader, beginning speller, beginning numbers, and language. With a few exceptions, the four classes were made up of the same pupils. I arranged to have numbers and reading

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in the forenoon, and spelling and language in the afternoon. I soon realized that I had an abundance of work and study and was happy. The program for one day will show what can be accomplished, even by a boy, when he is in his right sphere and has a willing mind.

Awaking at or before six o'clock in the morning, I first made a fire in the kitchen stove, then went to the barn where I fed and curried the horse, cleaned out the stalls, watered the two animals, and returned to the house for breakfast. After breakfast, the cow was milked, the wood-box filled for the day, and any other little jobs were performed. I frequently had from five to thirty minutes for study before starting to school at eight forty-five. After the opening exercises of ten minutes, my algebra class recited for thirty minutes; then came my class in numbers lasting till ten; I next studied United States history half an hour, and at ten thirty began the history recitation while the primary grade had their recreation. At ten-forty-five, I began to study physical geography, and recited the same from eleven<sup>en</sup> fifteen to eleven thirty-five; then I heard my reading class, from twelve to one-twenty P. M., I ate my lunch and studied English Grammar. We spent the next forty minutes in the grammar recitation. At two I gave twenty minutes to my class in spelling, and studied my own spelling until two thirty; then the Academy pupils took up penmanship, and the primary had their afternoon recreation. From two forty-five to three I finished the study of my spelling lesson; then for thirty minutes I engaged my class in language, and at thirty minutes after three, the last class for the day, the advanced class in spelling, occupied the time. The time from four o'clock till dark was occupied, with slight variation, like the morning hours before school. After supper, study, reading, or letter writing usually took up my time till nine o'clock, my bed-time.

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The average number of pupils under my care was eighteen. Of all these, I think two little twin girls, Emma and Anna Alden, have retained the most prominent place in my memory. This fact, I presume, was because I had so much difficulty in distinguishing one of them from the other. They were much alike, not only in their features and habits, but they came to school dressed exactly alike, even to the color and make up of their ribbons. If Emma wore her brown hair in curls, in the same manner was arranged Anna's brown hair. Not only were they as much alike physically, as two peas in a pod, but, seemingly, were mentally and temperamentally the duplicates of each other. I actually believe they frequently thought the same thoughts at the same time. The difficulty with me was, that often, when I would call Emma to recite Anna, or the one I believed to be Anna, would arise; and I either had to let her go on, or excuse Emma and call Anna, which usually brought a laugh at my expense. Could I have had some mark of recognition like the Irish lady in a story I once read of, I might have been rid of these troubles. "Sure and it's easy to tell Mike from Dennis," said Mrs. Maloney in discoursing proudly to Mrs. Hennessey on her "foine pair of twins." "I just put me finger into Mike's mouth," she explained, "and if he bites, I know it's Dennis." After some weeks, I detected a slight difference in some quality, unexplainable, even to myself, but something that generally enabled me to know one from the other; but this was when both girls were present. I never could distinguish one from the other when she was away from her sister.

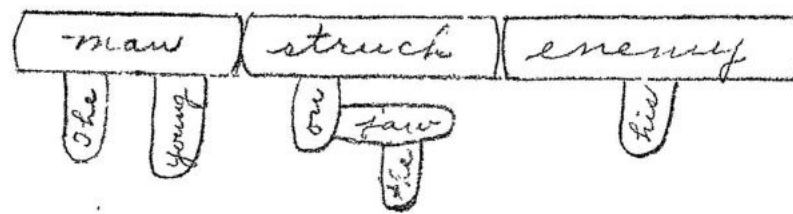
Many were the intelligent responses to questions put to them, and frequent smart sayings, in and out of school, made the hours pass pleasantly; some were ludicrous, but most were meant well, and so were allowed to pass. I will relate a single instance as an example of many.

The members of my class in language were required to write little stories once a week, on topics furnished them by the teacher. On one occasion they were to write anything they thought interesting about the town. Here I must give you a little history so that you may clearly understand the boy's composition: Three years prior to this time when the rail-road, the Terre-Haute, Alton & St. Louis Rail-road, was built through that part of the state, the people of Hardensburg, an old village two or three miles away, being unable or, more probably, unwilling to pay the price required to have the rail-road bend its course so as to have it touch their village, moved over bag and baggage to the new railroad town, and Litchfield had a phenomenal growth right from the start. One little fellow told in his paper of the advent of the railroad, the building of the big hotel, the opening of the coal mine, and then of the rapid increase of population, saying by way of conclusion: "And Hardensburg moved over with its more than three millions of people, and our school has increased now to over a million pupils." By the time he finished reading his paper, we all "caught on" to the boy's pun, for there, right before him sat, facing him, Master Jimmie Million, at whose astonished countenance he was looking with a broad grin on his face.

I thoroughly enjoyed my own studies, more especially algebra. When we reached a page of the most difficult problems involving cube root, I was quite elated when, after two day's hard work, I won a prize of one dollar which had been offered by the teacher to any one of our class, containing over a dozen pupils, who should exhibit the best solution of a designated problem. All the work was to be in, on, or before the following Monday morning. I was happy too about grammar. I had been studying it for the last five years and could repeat all the rules of two or three grammars, yet knew little of the



grammatical relation of words, clauses, and sentences, to each other, and not much more concerning their classification. It was all dark to me and I had lost heart about it. Mr. Wells was using a new book, Clark's English grammar in which I found a key that opened to me the knowledge I so much longed for and my interest in the subject was unbounded. The chief features new to me were; a method of diagrams and the verbal analysis of the sentence. I owe so much to Mr. Clark and his grammar that I desire to leave to my posterity a small sample showing his method of diagrams. The sentence I use is a very simple one but it shows the three principal elements and some of the adjective and adverbial modifiers.

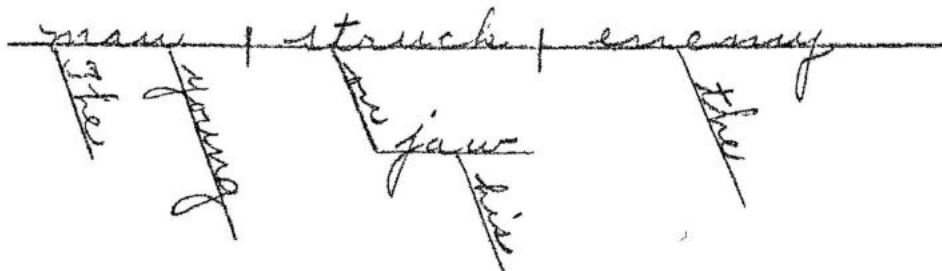


With a little help from my enthusiastic teacher, beginning with the simplest sentence, as: John studies grammar, and going on to the most complex, I was able to see through them in their grammatical structure and to understand the relation of any part to the other parts of the sentence. The sentence was no longer a jumble of words, but was like a picture. The rules I had so long and so diligently studied, became intelligent and the study of English grammar became a delight to me. Of course the methods of teaching English now used, beginning with the little child, omitting technical terms and useless and cumbersome rules, is far in advance of the methods we used a few years ago; but you of this generation have little idea of the clumsy way we had of trying to gain a knowledge of our mother tongue when I was a boy. I must say, however, that the change which began with the

introduction of Clark's grammar, was radical, a great improvement over the former methods.

In my first school in Oregon, I found a class of young people who hated grammar; had not been studying it; and wanted to take some other study instead. I finally persuaded them to give it a trial as a special favor to me, with the understanding that if, at the end of three months, they still hated its study, they should drop it. We introduced Clark's grammar. I gave them time to thoroughly understand each sentence as it was diagrammed, to memorize the definitions, and to master the analysis. I found they enjoyed the work of placing the diagram on the board and adjusting it and the sentence to each other. At the end of three months, they, every one, declared that grammar was the most interesting study they ever had.

A few years later, Reed and Kellogg's grammar made its appearance. It was widely used, becoming the authorized text books, primary and advanced, in the state of Oregon. It continued, practically, to be the only English grammar used in Oregon and Washington through the remaining years of my teaching. It was simpler, hence, more scientific than Clark; and, in place of the "sausage" shaped diagrams, it employed simple straight lines which, to say the least, was the saving of considerable time and patience. Diagrammed by this method, the above sentence looks like this:



A new method of teaching spelling was used with the advanced classes in this school which I found helpful to teacher and pupils and which, of course, I afterward introduced into my own schools. Instead of lining up the pupils on the floor and having each one spell the word pronounced to him, the class remained, each in his own seat, and with pen and paper before him, spelled the word pronounced, by writing it on his slip of paper. When all the words of the lesson were thus spelled, the slips were gathered up by one of the class and distributed in such a manner that no one received his own paper, the teacher always being given the slip belonging to the distributor of slips; then the distributor, with book in hand, pronounced and spelled each word of the lesson, which if spelled correctly on the slips, was marked with a cross at the left end of the word. If a word was misspelled, it was left unmarked. When this part of the lesson was finished, all the slips were collected and passed to the teacher for review. No one knew who would be selected as distributor until the slips were all ready for distribution, and it was always regarded as an honor to be the one chosen for this duty, as the teacher would then become his critic and thus would see how neatly and correctly he had prepared his paper. If any member of the class was known to cheat, either on his own slip or the slip he criticised, he was given a zero, and the act was so unpopular that never again was it repeated. In his class recitations Mr. Wells always succeeded in creating an interest on the part of his pupils, and thus gained their attention; but with his spelling classes, it was more than interest, it was enthusiasm. Seldom was there a misspelled word.

After the marriage of my uncle, Edwin Arnold, Grand-Mother Arnold was released from keeping house for him and began living with

her married children. When I left home for school, she was staying with her son, Smith Arnold, who with his family was then living at the Plasaw. I loved my grand-mother very much and wrote to her soon after coming to Litchfield. Her letter in reply, dated November 5, 1858, was gladly received and is highly prized as it is the only letter I have from her. In her letter she gives me some excellent advice which, I doubt not she judged that I, a school boy away from home might profit by.

Unknown to me, Sister Louisa and Aunt Maria had planned to have a Thanksgiving dinner for their two families at the latter's home, and to invite me over to the feast on the preceding day. It was to be a surprise for me and, as my birthday occurred so near to Thanksgiving day, they agreed to make it as my birthday dinner, also. It was a happy arrangement for all. Neither of them had so far invited me to take dinner with them on that day, and the doctor had notified me that he and his family were expecting to take dinner away from home on Thanksgiving day; so, not being in the secret, I felt a little as if I had been forgotten. Then, when I returned from school on Wednesday and found a neat card on my table inviting me to spend the next day at the home of my uncle, John G. Randle, in the company of his own and my sister's families, and to partake of a magnificent Thanksgiving dinner, meant also to be in honor of my nineteenth birth-day, I was joyously surprised. When I informed Mrs. Hood of my good fortune, she said she had known for a week past that I was to be the guest of honor at my uncle's home; otherwise, she went on, the doctor would have invited me to accompany them to his brothers, where they expected to take their Thanksgiving dinner; that they all had agreed to keep the plan a secret from me until now so that my surprise would be the greater

I felt that another cause of thanksgiving had been added to my already long list; viz , that I had so many good friends.

The plan was also fortunate for the two families- they had combined in providing for the feast at but little more expense than would have been necessary for each one if they had gotten up separate meals; then, all of us, old and young, greatly enjoyed getting together at this annual festival; the ties of kindred hearts were strengthened, and the blessings of heaven were invoked upon others outside the traditional: "Us four and no more."

My sister, being a farmer's wife, had the turkeys, the sweet potatoes and the pumpkins, also an abundance of large and small fruits and garden stuff; so she prepared, as she well knew how, a fine roasted turkey; three or four kinds of pies, including a sweet potato pie, baked in her largest bake-pan; a variety of savory fruits, preserves and jellies; salads and fresh vegetables, such as parsnips, cabbage, and colery. Aunt Maria, known among all her friends as an expert in the art of cookery, baked the bread loaves and the biscuit, crisp and brown; provided the meats, a baked sirloin of beef with its rich gravies and a boiled ham. Besides all this, she made two mince pies and a pudding. Then, last, but not least, there were three nice cakes provided, I do not know who made them, but one of the three was dressed up in white and bore the number 19 in large gold figures and the word "Birth-day," all placed on the top of the cake. This beautiful reminder of the passing years was placed at my plate. When all had satisfied their hunger, as my birthright, I proceeded to apportion a share of the birthday cake to each one present, not forgetting my good doctor and his wife.



After dinner we spent an hour or so in singing and in conversation, chiefly about our previous birthdays and our Thanksgiving occasions. My memory reverted to the loving feast Mother prepared for us at our old home on the occasion of my eleventh birthday; and I was reminded that no special celebration of the day had been made from that time until now, when on this Thanksgiving day and at this Thanksgiving dinner, my nineteenth birthday was kindly remembered and duly honored with a beautiful cake and by the presence of loved relations. For ever sixty years now, all my folks have followed the custom established at Litchfield of celebrating the two days together. Later in the afternoon my cousin Parham and I walked over to the town newspaper office where he worked. He showed me samples of his work, done outside of his working hours, and said he liked the printing business and intended to follow it some day. When we returned to the house, sister and her family had gone to their own home.

With the exception of a few days during the Christmas holidays spent in the country with my sister's family, I devoted my time almost exclusively to my school work. I felt that if I returned to Green-castle at the next fall opening of school, I must be prepared to enter the First Preparatory college grade. When near the close of the school year, I briefly reviewed the studies I had pursued, I found that I had acquired a better knowledge of them than I had thought possible at the beginning. I had also gained confidence in myself so that when examination time came round, I entered upon the tests with zeal and the assurance of success; nor was I disappointed. My record was good, being 100 in grammar. I carefully preserved these records, feeling that I should have some solid standing when I entered college next time.

The last day came, all too soon for me, for I found it hard to break away from my teacher and sever other ties that bound me to the school, but it had to be done. Good-byes were spoken, and one bright morning in early June found me aboard the west-bound train. With a light and happy heart, I turned my thoughts as I had my steps toward Mother and home. At this season of the year, all the men and teams on the farms were busy, so I reached home by way of Alton, getting to Shipman about sunset on the same day.

I found the conditions at home were still quite unpleasant for Mother. Mrs. Warren and most of her family had gone, but Beverly, one of her boys, had married and was renting the east room up stairs, and Roxa's youngest sister, Wealthy, was still with her. They were very nice good christian people, but while the house was so crowded, Mother felt that she, with her two boys was in the way. She could not help feeling that way, and it made her very unhappy. Brother George and I talked long and earnestly about what would be best to do. It was finally decided that I should attend the school at Greencastle, in the fall and that he would, if possible, pay Mother some money due her as rent on her part of the farm which the law recognized as the widow's dower. If he could pay her even a part of what he owed, she and Charley could go with me. In our conversation, George seemed to think I would hesitate about going back to Greencastle again so soon, since I had failed last year so completely in my attempt. I explained to him that I was much better prepared now, and that I did not hesitate in the least; on the contrary, I was more ambitious than ever, and anxious to prove that I was not a "quitter," that I had pleasant memories of Greencastle and of the college; and that I had become acquainted with some of the teachers and students, and I just longed

to try it again. I think he was just "feeling my pulse" to learn whether I really wanted to go, for he immediately said: "If that is your feeling, I will do all I can to help you." I thanked him, and said that if it was in his power to do anything for us, Charley and I would help on the farm and save him the hire of another hand. He agreed to that and said that he would give us what a hired man would charge for the summer's work, probably about a hundred dollars; and that he would pay Mother some too at the same time, and send her more as he could get it throughout the year.

We all entertained high hopes now of going to Greencastle in the fall, and devoted all our energies to that one purpose. As I was not needed at home for a few days, I got work in hay harvest with a couple of neighbors at one and a half dollars per day; and so at different times through the summer, when I could be spared, I obtained work from them, thus making enough to buy Charley and myself an outfit of clothing above our hundred dollars. In about ten days we began our own harvest; and, thanks to our self-binder, did our own work very nicely. Then came the stacking and finally, threshing of the grain. We also dug potatoes, plowed a forty acre piece of ground for fall sowing, and even chopped and hauled up the winter's wood.

We spent the summer mostly on the home place, and while the days were full of work, we had our pleasures too, both at home and at parties in the neighborhood.

Roxa, my brother's wife, had studied phrenology when a girl, and she gave us much enjoyment of evenings, telling us many things about ourselves and predicting our future. We already knew as facts some of the characteristics she made known to us; others we regarded as fakes. She drew her conclusions, of course, from the size and formation of the tell-tale bumps which had been developing on our cranium

through the past years. She was quite an expert at the business and made it amusing and interesting to us.

I call to mind that among the things she said about me as she slowly moved her fingers through my hair, were: "This young man will live to be old and have a numerous family, but will have little to leave them when he dies, for he likes to spend his money as he goes along. He will not be in a hurry to marry but when he does get a wife, he will be kind to her and will love his children; he will provide well for his family. A rich lady of an influential family will become his wife, and if she gives him any encouragement, his ambition will lead him to run for congress, in which event he would not hesitate to spend all their fortune to reach success; yet in case he failed, he would not take it hard; he would hopefully sing: 'There's a better day a coming.'"

I don't have much faith in phrenology, but she was quite shrewd in many of her prognostications. She may have been honest in all her statements of what I was to be and to do, and of that which should happen to me hereafter; it may have been clearly indicated to her mind through the medium of her fingers as they came in contact with the bumps on my head, but the contemplation of many of her sayings when compared with the actualities of my life, is not simply amusing, it is deeply ironical.

A few times during the summer we boys spent an evening and the ensuing night with some of our old neighbor boys, and they returned our visits. I remember of making such a visit to the home of the Richardsen boys, and, I think, another to the Merriweathers. We were however, kept very busy at work during the days and were glad to have the evenings and nights for rest.

By the first of September we had each bought us a nice new suit of clothes, including hat, shoes and underwear, and still had quite sums of money in our pockets. George had been able to spare Mother hundred dollars; so now we made all preparations for our early departure for Greencastle.

And, as the day we had set for the trip, drew near, like a cloud between our vision and the sun which casts its shadow all around us, so our prospective separation brought a feeling of sadness to all our hearts, obscuring, for the time, the brilliant object in our mental sky. The Old Home! - its fields and its forest, its orchard and its garden, its house and its barns, the old elm, 'Jack the Giant,' under whose shadow we had passed many happy hours in play: The Old Home! - the one Father and Mother had occupied throughout their declining years; the one where the older children, boys and girls, had grown to their full stature and then, one by one, had left the old "nest" to build and feather their own new ones among other bowers. All these realities of our youthful days, loved and familiar as they were, are now to be left behind and the new, the untried, are to be tested. So, like a dream in the night, we came to that last evening at home; we three, Mother, Charley, and I, sat around the fire in Mother's bedroom, and giving ourselves up to our emotions, talked long and earnestly, with mingled feelings of joy and sadness, of the brightening future and "of the years that are dead and gone, the years that have no returning."



## Chapter 7.

A Double Tragedy.

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Of the very date of our long day's journey to Greencastle I have forgotten, but I well remember that all the family were up at an early hour and breakfasted before the sun was up.

As we sat around the breakfast table Mother told George that we were grateful to him for all that he had done for us. She felt that her long and earnest desire was now to be gratified. Her "Little Boys," having grown up to young manhood, it was now to be her duty and pleasure to help them to the extent of her ability in the preparation so essential to them in their riper years. Brother George said that he and his wife were likewise greatly interested in our education, and that he meant to give her all the help in his power. He said he realized that morning, as never before, that we could no longer be designated as Ma's little boys, and suggested that in our thought and conversation, we should be known as "Our College Boys" while at Ashbury. All seconded the motion, especially Charley and I.

Soon after breakfast, our neighbor, Mr. Baxter, was at the farmhouse with team to convey us to Bunkerhill. Loving good-byes were said and, with joyful anticipations, we made our start.

After leaving our lane we traveled on a straight road directly east for a couple of miles where we turned south around the northeast corner of a farm, near which corner stood a large white house. Just inside the fence was a well, and between it and the house, a nice lawn, dotted with shade trees and shrubbery, adorned the place. In this yard several children- boys and girls- of the family which lived in

the large, white house, were playing. Mr. Baxter stopped his team and proposed that we get a drink of the famous cool water from this well. He and I entered the yard and, after giving Mother and us boys a drink, was helping himself, when a bright-faced little girl, one of the players, timidly approached me and, offering her hand, said: "Good-bye, boy." I took the little hand, offered so cleverly in time and said good-bye to her, little dreaming that this little bare-foot girl was hereafter to become my wife, the mother of my children. She said in answer to a question from Mr. Baxter, that her name was Ellen.

We arrived at the Lunenburg depot about a half hour before train time which gave us good time for getting tickets and checking baggage. The journey of two hundred miles was really enjoyed this time, due to several causes- my loved ones were with me; the road-bed and the accommodations on the train were much improved since my untimely venture of the year before; the country was now rapidly yielding to the hand of civilization and had lost that desert aspect so noticeable a year ago, so that, all in all, we were a very happy trio.

Early in the afternoon we passed what I suppose is the most elevated point on the whole prairie, a high mound, devoid of trees, and standing off to our left a couple of miles. Many men and teams were busy constructing a branch railroad to its summit. We conjectured that this unusual spot in the center of so vast a prairie was to be used as a resort.

Here and there, villages and farm-houses were springing up as if by magic. At some points, especially after passing Terre-Haute, extensive coal mines were being developed. The farmers were busy breaking up the virgin soil and sowing their first fields of winter wheat.

The time of our arrival at Greencastle being in the night, we put up at a near-by hotel for the night, leaving most of our baggage at the depot. The next morning I went around to see Mr. Wagoner whose rooms Willie Warren and I had rented a year ago, and he took me over to the home of the new president of the University, Dr. Bowman and introduced me to him. After telling him my wants, the Dr. directed me to see Mr. Jonathan Birch, a young lawyer in town, who had a number of houses and rooms for rent, and who was a good friend of the students. I hunted up Mr. Birch and we soon found a small house two blocks south of the University campus that suited me well. Mother and Charley were pleased with the new house, and by night we found ourselves at home with what we had brought with us and a stove, two bedsteads, and some chairs, all of which we bought at a second hand store. The next day or so we bought a load of wood, a supply of provisions, etc. By the following Monday, Charley and I were ready to enter our names on the college rolls.

Going to college was a new life for us and, as it proved, an arduous one. Outside of my work and experience at Litchfield the previous year, neither of us had ever learned the art of applying our minds to study. While our mental powers needed a spur to greater activity, our bodily powers needed a curb, to slacken them in their almost unlimited expansion on the farm; and, while we began to see these needs and to set about supplying them very earnestly, it was a slow process and beset with difficulties, as we shall see.

I entered the Classical course, First Preparatory grade. My studies being a general review of the common school branches and the First books of Latin and Greek. The help I had received in English grammar at Litchfield was a wonderful prop to me, yet the rapid advance

I was compelled to make in keeping up with my classes, required many long and fatiguing hours of study, especially so the Greek language in which a new alphabet had to be mastered, and where the verbal forms and the application of the rules of syntax were so different from the English. In acquiring a knowledge of these languages, the memory, perhaps, is the chief quality of mind necessary. From years of disuse my memory was very poor; and, do the best I could, it took me two years to complete in a satisfactory manner, the one preparatory year's work. I am glad I held on, however, for whether any direct benefits have resulted from my knowledge of these languages matters little.

I regard the development of my memory and other of my mental faculties, brought about by the hard grind necessary to their mastery, as most invaluable. Charley entered an irregular preparatory class and took up such studies as he was qualified to begin.

When the school work for the week ended on Friday, brother and I could not be contented to remain in-doors, or even in the town. On Saturdays we scoured the woods for nuts, berries and other wild fruits. We found the pa-paw, a wild fruit we had never before seen. It grows on a small tree or bush, is an oblong, yellowish fruit, and is the size of a small pear, which it somewhat resembles in shape. Like the bannana, the pa-paw is good only when thoroughly ripe, has a sweetish taste like the bannana, and is very palatable to most people.

The second Saturday, I think it was, after our arrival, we went out to see a farmer by the name of Browder who had two or three boys in college. We had learned from these boys that we could get wood and vegetables of them. We secured our winter's wood and a supply of potatoes, pumpkins, beets, cabbage, onions, and even meat, all of which were to be delivered as they were needed. While there in the field we were joined by another young man, a student whose name was

Benjamin Cranville Shinn. He was there for a like object as were we; and, being jolly, and about my own age, we, then and there, became fast friends.

On the following Monday, at chapel, I met Mr. Shinn again, when in our little talk, I found out that he was backing, and we each learned where the other lived. From that time on, we were frequent visitors at each other's rooms. At one of these visits we were talking about our past lives and our people when I learned that he was the cousin of the Honorable John Hugh Peter Cleaver Shanks who, if I remember rightly, was, at that time, a member of Congress from Indiana. I remember how amused I was that two persons related by birth seemed to be cousins by reason of their long names, and that while one was the Shin(u), the other was his near cousin, the Shanks. In April, 1861, Shinn had a severe attack of spinal rheumatism, and I waited on the poor boy as I would a brother, and my Mother gave him every care that his own Mother could have conferred.

Charley became acquainted with the younger Matson boys in his class and greatly enjoyed his visits to their country home. They became very good friends, but I think his particular crony was Ezra Pitzer. The stories about this young man, and of their high times together would, no doubt, be very interesting to you were he instead of me writing these pages.

There were two Methodist Episcopal churches in the city at that time we were there, the old first church and Simpson chapel. The latter was a large building, having only the lower or Sunday School rooms completed. We became members of Simpson Chapel and it was in the Sunday School of this church home that I taught my first class, ten or twelve little boys.



This work became one of real care as well as pleasure to me. My ambition was to make every lesson interesting and by this means secure a constant and regular attendance of all my pupils.

One incident relating to this class and effecting it for good, stands out especially prominent in my memory. At the invitation of Professor Hoyt, our Sunday School superintendent, I went with him to Indianapolis to which city he was going on some business. While there we visited the State School for the Blind. On learning the object of our visit, the manager introduced us to a young blind student and instructed him to show us over the building and through the various departments. This boy, about the same age as my Sunday School pupils seemed endowed with instinct or something beyond natural vision, and made our stay one of real pleasure and profit. He led us through dark passage ways and up winding stairs to the roof and, from that lofty height, pointed out several noted buildings and other places of interest in the city. We followed him into the extensive basement where we saw the great furnaces with their fierce heat, converting water into steam and, with a rush, sending it through proper conduits, throughout the immense structure to give heat and comfort to all its inmates; and then this, one of the most useful servants of man, was returned to the boilers through other channels as water to be heated and sent out as before.

The next place of interest to see was the department of Geographical Science. Here were blind pupils studying geography from globes and maps having raised surfaces, through the medium of their fingers. Another class of youngsters demonstrated to us a very fair knowledge of the geography of the United States obtained from section maps and braille characters.

We were highly entertained in our brief stay at other rooms, one of which, the last we entered I believe, the department of Manual Training, was the most attractive to me of all. We could spare but a few moments at most of the long work tables. I was especially interested in the manufacture of bead baskets by a class of small blind children. Four little girls were working from one tray containing beads of various colors, but of the same size, as it seemed to me; yet they were making dainty little baskets by stringing the beads and weaving them into fancy shapes and different sizes. I noticed that each worker put her fingers into the tray and invariably pulled out just the color of bead she needed to weave into the particular stripe or other design which she was then making. How exquisitely sensitive must have been the touch lodged in those small fingers to unerringly select the desired color by a variation in size so small that my vision could not detect it. I bought a small basket as a souvenir. (This little basket is now in the possession of my daughter, Faye.) I wanted to give my Sunday School class an account of our visit to the Asylum, so I took the bead basket with me the following Sunday. All the class were much interested as I expected they would be. When the questions had all been asked and answered to their satisfaction, one little fellow suggested that the basket be hung every Sunday on a hook fastened to the back of the seat just in front of us, and used as a receptacle for our missionary offerings. All joined in the request and the plan was adopted. At the close of the session, just before the singing of the last song, the various classes were to give up their numbers and select names for their various classes; but first, the superintendent began to talk about our visit to the Blind School at Indianapolis. He told how the four little girls, children just like

those sitting before him, except that they were blind, - how they were seated about the open dish and skillfully wove the shining beads into baskets of variegated colors so that those who could see might enjoy them. He said that they, the little blind children, were happy because they were making others happy. Then he said: "If we do our work, study our lessons, give of our time and money, and even engage in our plays to make others happy, we shall always be happy ourselves. We all felt that we had learned a valuable lesson from the blind children that day. As the class numbers were now being called, beginning Number One, the infant class, for the purpose of recording the names by which they were hereafter to be designated, there seemed to be a spontaneous movement among the boys of my class, a mysterious whispering, and I was quite surprised when one little fellow who seemed to be the leader, whispered to me asking if they might change their name. I assented and just in time, for number six, our number, was at that moment called by the secretary. Instantly the same dear lad who had whispered to me was on his feet up in the seat, the head basket held high in his hand and he, amid the tumultuous applause of the whole school, shouted: "The Shining Beads!"

While living at this little cottage, Bishop Morris, the oldest living bishop of our Church at that time, took dinner with us at Mother's invitation. He had just preached a great sermon at the First Church and when, after the sermon, Mother introduced herself, he was indeed surprised and came to see us on account of their old acquaintance. His sermon and visit was a great treat to her, for he was well known to our Grand-Father's folks when he was a circuit rider,

and had performed the ceremony at the marriage of my parents thirty-five years before. Mother had not seen him since she left Kentucky.

The teacher of my classes in English the first year, 1859-60, was Professor M. B. Hibben. He was followed in 1860-1 by Professor J. F. Bous and J. W. Locke. The third year, 1861-2, Professor L. L. Rogers taught two of my classes in English, while Professor Locke taught my Higher Algebra. Professor S. A. Latimore was my teacher of Greek in 1859-60, and Professor Philander Wiley from that time on. My teacher of Latin for the three years was Professor S. T. Hoyt.

Of all the teachers of the school during these years, I was most intimate with Professor Hoyt. I have already related the story of our visit to Indianapolis and the Blind School. He gave me some special help in my Latin, and so I was at his house frequently. We sometimes took quite long walks together. Many were the times, when we were alone, that he helped me to correct my bad habits of speech and uncouth manners, acquired in my country home and among my early associates; and, although it was done in a way to magnify the fault so I would see it and the more surely correct it, he never exhibited impatience or an unkind spirit. On one of these walks, I had been talking quite animatedly about some of my exploits at school when I was a boy. We had been trudging along some time, he not speaking only to give assent to what I was saying; and I <sup>was</sup> thinking that he was taking it all in with admiration for my volubility, when all of a sudden he stopped and, turning half way round and facing me, said; "No, I don't know! Here you have been telling me things about yourself, things I never heard of before, and have kept on insisting that 'You know, you know.' I cannot know that you did this or said that until you tell me that you did or said it." Of course I was dum-

founded, but soon knew what he was after. He at once kindly took my arm and we started again on our walk, while he showed me my fault and said that as his friend and pupil he would help me to overcome it. It is difficult to place a true estimate of the value of a teacher like Professor Hoyt.

Professor Rogers was also very approachable and kindly disposed toward his pupils. I have often thought how wonderfully kind and helpful they, all of them, were to me and that I owe far more than I can ever repay them or the Institution whose honored servants they were.

At the close of the school year we moved to a large brick building in which another small family by the name of Sinclair was living. It was quite a bit farther from the college but the rent was less than that of the smaller house while the rooms were larger and more comfortable. Each family had plenty of room up-stairs and down.

Mother and Charley went home to spend the summer vacation and I packed in one of the rooms of the brick house. I obtained a job of work from Mr. Ed Allen, a manufacturer of tombstones, at sixty cents a day and boarded myself. You are ready to say "that was too cheap." Well, remember that living expenses were cheap too. I lived well on one dollar a week all that summer.

My work was to grind down and polish marble surfaces after the stones had been sawn into proper forms. The grinding was done by placing the stone to be ground on a frame and rubbing its surface with another stone, keeping a thin layer of fine sand between them- which sand was kept wet by means of a diminutive stream of water falling upon it from a vessel fixed in a wire contrivance above. The polishing was done also by friction with pumice stone and other abrasive



varieties of stone; no water was necessary however.

The summer vacation passed slowly away, remembered chiefly for the remarkable political campaign preliminary to the fall elections. The season was uncommonly hot and dry; not much rain till late in the fall. The only shower I remember of was a thunder storm which came on early in the afternoon; I have a vivid recollection of that fact for, as I came home from work, when near the house, I discovered the woodhouse to be on fire, the blaze reaching up nearly to the eaves. A barrel of unslacked lime had been deposited at the rear of the woodshed for some purpose, and the rain from the roof had slacked the lime producing sufficient heat to cause the fire. We soon had the fire extinguished; and, for the second time and under similar conditions, I had been instrumental in the saving of property from fire.

Mother and Charley returned in time for the opening of school, and we entered zealously upon our studies.

There were, at the time we entered college, two literary societies, the Philological and the Platonian. They were both about the same in size and usefulness; had their meetings on Friday evenings in their own halls which were opposite each other just across the passageway; and were open to all the college grades. Mr. Shinn and I were elected members of the Philological society at its first meeting for the year; so, to our studies in class was now added the preparation of and engagement in the rhetorical exercises required of us as members.

These exercises consisted of a formal round of declamation, essay, oration, and debate, besides informal debates on real or imaginary business, mock trials, etc. We also had our election of officers twice each year, more or less exciting. Each society was expected to have two public entertainments in the college chapel during the year,

one of which occurred at commencement week. The literary societies were a source of great improvement, especially so for those intending to engage in the professions. Even the farmer and the mechanic were much benefitted; better able to express themselves at their public gatherings; and the better to fill the more responsible places in society, by reason of the practice gained in the literary society.

Before winter set in, we sold our wood burning stove and bought a small coal stove, for we found we could save money by using coal, which could be had at \$2.50 per ton. It was soft coal and came in large blocks.

In November of this year, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. His election was the culmination of one of the hardest political fights our country has ever passed through. John Brown's raid into Virginia, his capture and execution, had taken place the year before the election; Chief Justice Taney had given the important decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the "Dred Scott Case," which decision declared: (1), that a Negro, whether bond or free, who was a descendent of slave ancestors, was not an American citizen; (2), therefore he could not sue even for his liberty, in the United State's courts. He declared that the constitution gave the negro no rights which the white man was bound to respect, and lastly, that Scott's master could lawfully take his slaves into any Territory, just as he could his horses and his cattle. This decision struck the North like an electric shock. They believed that it opened to slavery, not only the Territories, but even the free States. The North believed that under the constitution a master could not hold his slaves in bondage if he took them to free soil, and many determined that the law should not be carried out. I knew of several instances where runaway slaves from Kentucky were being hunted in Illinois and

Indiana, and men living in those states were commanded to aid the Southern officers in running down their escaped slaves. Few turned out, and those who did help were the objects of scorn by the rest of the community. The free States had laws forbidding slavery, and they now passed personal liberty laws, such that the slave hunter, when he had captured his runaway, must take his case before a jury to prove that the negro was a slave before he could take him out of the State. It was seldom that a jury would agree on a verdict and sometimes while the trial was under way, the negro was spirited away to Canada and freedom. This, of course, angered the South and greatly increased the bad feeling between their people and those of the North. All these events and many others conspired to make the time between the conventions of the different political parties and the election in November intensely exciting. Indiana seemed to be the principle battle ground. Throughout the summer and early fall, the people of every city, town, and village in the State assembled in great throngs and eagerly listened to the oratory of speakers of national renown: or fell into long lines of enthusiastic partisans who, with flaming torches, black oil-cloth caps and capes, and waving flags and banners galore, marched for miles through the principle streets to the music of brass bands and under the brilliant light of fire-works the display of which had probably never been excelled. Especially was there great enthusiasm manifested in the newly organized and vigorous Republican party. I was a member of the "Greencastle Wide-awakes" and was with the boys whenever and wherever they were wanted. We were out frequently most of the night.

Some of the noted speakers of that campaign were Horace Greeley, Tom Corwin, Fred Douglas, a Negro orator, and our own noted War Governor, Oliver P. Morton.

At the election in November, Mr. Lincoln received about half a million more votes than Stephen A. Douglas, and over a million more than either Breckinridge or Bell.

The people of South Carolina believed that the election of Mr. Lincoln meant that the North was determined to liberate the slaves which was not true. they realized also, that the South could no longer hope to maintain the power they once had in Congress; so, on December 20, 1860, a convention met in Secession Hall, Charleston, and unanimously voted that the union then existing between their State and the other states of the Union was dissolved. By the first of February 1861, six other states had likewise withdrawn from the Union. Delegates from these seven states met at Montgomery, Alabama on the fourth of the same month, framed their government, selected Jefferson Davis, as their President, and cast aside the Stars and Stripes, hoisting a new flag, the Stars and Bars in its place. Most all the forts, arsenals, and other public property within their limits were seized. For Sumter was one of the few over which the Stars and Stripes remained floating. The merchant steamer, Star of the West, was sent by President Buchanan to Major Anderson who commanded the fort, with men and provisions, but the people of Charleston fired upon her and compelled her to return. History says: "All eyes were now turned toward Abraham Lincoln. The great question was, what will he do when he becomes President?"

At his inauguration, Mr. Lincoln said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists." He declared that he had no lawful right to do so and that he had no inclination to do so. But in the same speech he said that he would do his utmost to keep the oath he had just taken

to preserve, protect, and defend the Union; and, in accordance with that declaration, he at once made arrangements to send supplies to Major Anderson, having received a message from him that he could not long hold the fort unless provisions were sent to him. When Davis heard of this preparation to help Fort Sumter, he ordered General Beauregard to demand the surrender of the fort. Major Anderson declined to surrender and, at day-break, April 12, 1861, the Confederates fired the first gun of the war. Major Anderson gave up the fort on the 14, and the next day, April 15, President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three month's service. The people, North and South, seemed to arise as one man in defence of their principles; the North standing for the Union and the old flag, were ready to lay down their lives in their defense; the South were just as eager to repel what they considered an unwarrantable invasion.

Naturally, a great deal of excitement was aroused in Greencastle and at the college. On the day after the news of Lincoln's call for volunteers, April 16, all classes were dismissed, the whole town and school being in a state of confusion. A few days later a company of one hundred and three student volunteers, known as the "Asbury Guards," was organized and, having marched to Indianapolis, were mustered into the 16th. Indiana Regiment. Some days afterward, a second company, mostly students, was formed and mustered into one of the Indiana regiments. My Brother Charley enlisted with this company, but when it was mustered, he was rejected as being too young, and he had to come back home. He was, however, restless and anxious to be in the war; gave up going longer to school, and persuaded Mother to let him return to Illinois where several of his boy friends were enlisting and writing for him to come and join them. Mother could not bear for him to go alone, so after getting my promise to continue in school, they



left Greencastle near the end of the school year. He enlisted in the 27th. Illinois Infantry on the 14th. of July, 1861. Mother took some of our house-keeping things with her, some we sold, and I kept a few that I should need in baching.

After the school year closed, I obtained work on the Durham farm, a tract later known as the De Pauw farm and included the piece of land on which the observatory is situated. This is the way I came to get my summer's job. I was a little lonesome after the school closed, both Mother and Charley gone, and nothing in view to busy myself with and make a little money for the next year, so I went over to see Mr. Hubbard who kept a small grocery store near where we had been living. He was an old man, a good friend of ours, and one in whom I could trust. In answer to my inquiry about getting a summer's job, he said that Mr. Durham was well off and would likely give me work as he was continually making improvements on his place. He told me where he lived and gave me a note of introduction to him. Although late in the afternoon, I went right out to investigate my chances. I found the old gentleman at home, introduced myself, handed him Mr. Hubbard's note and told him what I wanted. He invited me into the house and to a seat at the supper table. I greatly enjoyed the excellent supper, as I had for several weeks been living on bachelor's diet. Among the good things of that meal I remember we had buck-wheat griddle cakes and maple sirup of the best quality. After supper the old gentleman talked with me a while, but said not a word about giving me work. When I suggested that I ought to return home pretty soon, he said: "No, you must stay with us tonight." So I stayed; and, after breakfast, the next morning, we started out to look, as he said, at his "Estate." When we came to the pasture we stopped and, sitting on some old stumps, he said that his worm fence was getting old, and that

if I wanted two or three month's work, I might build a new plank fence for him; that he would furnish the posts and other material, also the necessary tools; and that if I would dig the holes two feet deep, set the posts firm and straight on the line which he would lay off for me, and nail on the planks neatly, five to the panel, he would give me eight cents apiece for setting the posts and five cents a panel for putting on the plank. I made an average of \$1.25 a day for every work day till the job was finished. Sometimes the dirt was very hard and dry and I could dig but a few holes; the least I made in a whole day's work was twenty-four cents, setting three posts across a rocky ravine. Several days and half days I did not come to work at all but mostly, I could not complain, and the whole job I considered to be very satisfactory.

The place where we had lived, the brick, was too far from my work to suit me, so I bargained with a grocer up town to back in a room above his store as a kind of night watchman for which service I had my room and what I needed to eat. In this way my expenses were reduced to almost nothing, a few cents for postage stamps and stationery. As the result of my summer's work, and economy, I had when school opened in September a little over \$100. Quite a bit of this I had to spend for entrance fee, books, and clothing. Fortune favored me again, however, for I found a place to work for my board with a Mr. Jones. He was an old bachelor whose mother and sister kept house for him. They had just completed a nice three story brick house southeast of, and near the college campus, and had just moved into it. When school began they took in several students as boarders, and my work was to build fires of mornings in cook stove and furnace and to keep the furnace at proper heat through the day. My room was on the second floor and very convenient. Hearty and strong, I began my freshman

year studies with great zeal and a determination to win. The two previous years of hard work had made a good foundation and I was counted with the best in the class. My room being near the college, three or four of my classmates were wont to come over between recitations and study together our lessons in Caesar and Xenophon. One would take the lexicon, another the grammar, and the others their text books, and thus we made short work of our preparation of these Greek and Latin lessons.

The first news I had from Charley was a letter from Cairo, Illinois, dated September 17, 1861. In this letter he gave me a rather sorry picture of camp life. He said: "We have been here three weeks and no telling how much longer we shall have to stay in this dirty place; its a perfect hog hole here when it rains. I believe the boys are the hardest lot that I was ever with; swearing, playing cards, and drinking are the most common things we see about us. Why, there are times, I believe, when more than half the company are drunk at the same time. I tell you I can't feel contented in such a place and with such surroundings. I believe I think of home and of you all the most when I am doing guard duty; it is such a lonesome place." And then he proceeds to give me some advice which, at the time, the poor boy doubtless would rather have taken than bestowed on some one else. "You speak of enlisting, but if I were in your place, I believe I should go on to school. Soldiering is not so pleasant as one would think when he can only hear of it and not experience the realities of it." My sisters also often admonished me that my first duty was to continue on in the college work I had laid out for myself.. All my family and friends continued to advise me against breaking off my studies, as it were, right in the middle of my course, reasoning that

many young men, free from obligations such as I was under, were ready and willing to battle for the Union. Let them go. More than all that, I was influenced to remain in school by reason of the promise made to Mother. To close the school doors behind me would almost break her heart; how could I deliberately shatter her fondest hopes? Yet the feeling was rapidly taking hold of me that I was shirking my real duty.

On Saint Valentine's Day, 1862, a burlesque missive came to me through the mail. In bright colors it portrayed a soldier in uniform kneeling beside a table and eating soup with a large iron spoon, from a bowl in front of him. I always believed it was sent me by a certain girl, who, at that time was a very bright star in my sky. Reading the words over and over I thought I saw in the second and the last two lines especially, a very broad hint of what my plain duty was in said young lady's opinion. Now, all young fellows who have been in love with a pretty girl can appreciate my feelings when my pretty girl poked fun at me in this style. They know how easily one may, by such strategy, be induced to pursue some course of conduct that would please her. However, while I hid these things in my heart, I boldly kept on with my studies to the close of the school year.

Shortly after receiving this valentine, I wrote to Charley, hinting how nice it must be to be a soldier boy and have a sweet-heart at home to correspond with; and, to get him interested in my way of thinking, I told him quite a bit about my girl, and joked him about one or two girls he used to like pretty well. In closing my letter I said that I meant no harm in writing as I did about the girls; that I had no object in view in quizzing him about his girl; and that, although I frequently meet them, they simply ask about your health, how you like

soldiering, etc. In reply, Charley wrote me: "Not the least harm in the world. I like to talk about the girls very well myself, once in a while. Very well! so you call Miss Molly my girl, do you? Well so do I; but I should like to see Miss ----- when you have been talking about so much and praising so highly here lately. I suppose she must be your girl, at least I will guess so for the present. But come now, I have another guess, it is that your Bettie does not go to skule to the Seminary and that she can't sing and play on the pianer equal to my Mollie, at least you didn't say so. Well now, there is no use talking, but you can't think how I should have enjoyed being at the Ladio's Exhibit as you were. I can only imagine such pleasures and write about them to you, or talk of them to myself as I sometimes do. I suppose I ought to be thankful for these privileges. Let me tell you, Brother, honestly, the best of letters, with its few rather forced sentences is not to be compared to an evening's chat with one's sweet-heart, and a second or third reading of the same letter is a very poor substitute for her winning smile and cheery voice. I suppose I have lost interest to a great extent in them is the reason I have so little to say about the girls, but I am glad you write once in a while about them and tell me how they are getting along back at Greencastle, for I tell you, girls are a scarce article here."

Poor boy! I knew he was homesick and I made my letters to him as cheerful as I could, but I think with all his kindly discouragement of my leaving school for the army, I was not in the least shaken in my conviction that I must soon enter the service.

In a skirmish at Farmington, Mississippi, leading on to the battle of Pittsburg Landing ~~at~~ early in April, 1862, Charley was severely wounded, a gunshot wound in the neck. The family with whom I was boarding



were taking a daily newspaper, and when Mrs. Jones saw my brother's name in the casualty list, she came up stairs and, without a word, passed the paper through the transom over my door. I soon found the information and at once wrote to Brother George about it. After some investigation, he found him in Hamburg, Mississippi. As soon as he was able to be moved, he was sent to a hospital at Paducah, Kentucky. As soon as he was able to travel he came home on furlough. At the expiration of his furlough, he returned to his regiment and served out his time. One thing peculiar about his case was, that he refused a discharge at the time he was granted a furlough, and when the time of his furlough had expired he was anxious to be with the boys again. The bullet that had wounded him had lodged in his throat, but the surgeon, judging from the signs, I suppose, thought it had passed out through his mouth and so the ball had not been extracted. Twenty-nine years afterward, while living at Portland, Oregon, the bullet had worked its way to near the lining of his throat and was causing him much pain. At last he had a physician examine it who, mistaking the real trouble for tonsillitis, treated him for that disease. Finally, being threatened with suffocation, he hastened to his doctor and told him to do something to relieve him. The doctor, making a more careful examination, concluded that some foreign substance was lodged in the inflamed parts, and applying his forceps, much to the surprise and delight of them both, extracted a minnie ball. Of course that bullet is a treasured souvenir of the war.

While yet in Greencastle, about the twentieth of April, I received a letter from my Cousin Lucy, one of the daughters of George D. Randle, in answer to one of my letters of inquiry about some of my girl friends.

My cousin had been on a visit of two weeks at Monticello and had stayed with our mutual friend, Miss Georgie Robbins, who was at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sawyer. After the mention of some others, she said that Georgie had recently passed through a long and severe sickness and was just then able to come down stairs to her meals. My cousin said of her: "She is very lively, seemingly in good spirits all the time. She occasionally says something about you, though nothing particular. I believe she thinks I know more about her affairs than I do, by the way she acted one day when we were talking about old times and your name was mentioned. She talks of going to school next year."

I must say that my heart was tremendously stirred when I read my cousin's letter. The old love between Georgie and myself, albeit that of children, was, I know, still as a flame in her heart. I had only to say that I still loved her, and I was sure I should find as ready a response from the woman now grown as I had received from the little girl of nine at my Grand-mother's cottage. After all these years of separation and cruel silence on my part, she was still true and loyal to me. Knowing as I did that, not only was she mine for the asking, but that she was, in every respect worthy of my love; that she possessed all those qualities of temperament and of christian faith desirable, and that she would undoubtedly make my life a happy and contented one, I was greatly tempted to sit down and write her a letter, asking her to renew the covenant with me that had been made in those blissful days of our childhood. Instead, I said I would wait until I should see her again.

The two remaining months of school quickly passed and, as far as my converse with teachers and students was concerned, as well as the tone of my letters home, I was returning home to Illinois just to see my home folks and have a season of rest, such as I had not enjoyed

since coming to Greencastle nearly three years before. The understanding was that I would return to college in the fall and go on with my studies; but in my heart, I felt I should obey the voice so persistently calling me to enter the war for the Union.

Near the end of June I took an early morning train for Pana, Illinois and arrived there an hour or so before sunset. My Brother-in-law, Mr. Andrews, and Mother who was visiting the family, were at the depot to meet me. I loaded myself with them into his two-horse wagon and we were whirled away to their home about a mile south of town. This home belonged to Mr. Hargrave but since he lived with the family of his cousin, they occupied it as if it were their own. They had moved from Litchfield, or rather, Hardenburg, perhaps two years before and, I think, about that time had lost their oldest boy by death.

It was a very enjoyable week that we passed at my Sisters. Eight of us were there; the father and the mother; the three children, Charley, Emma, and Lucy- the dear little baby: Cousin Ben Hargrave; my Mother and myself. And now, as I call to mind the sweet family intimacy that then bound together the hearts of that company, I am the only one left. The rest have gone on, unless possibly, the oldest girl, Emma, may yet be living. She married Charles Prentice, and they raised a small family of children. I have not heard from them for many years.

Mother and I went on home in time to spend the "Fourth" at the old farm. Brother Charley, after being moved to a hospital at Paducah, Kentucky, in June, obtained a twenty days' furlough and came home, arriving a few days after we came. Brother John also came from Texas. He had been drafted into the Confederate army, but by hiring

a substitute avoided service for a while. A second time he was drafted and, after serving a short time as quarter master sergeant, escaped to Matamoras, took ship to New York, and from there came home. He was determined he would not fight against his brothers and the Union. Although his wife's family were with the South, they respected his sentiments and made it easy for him as possible. At the expiration of his furlough, Charley felt quite well of his wound and returned to his regiment. John was in the North I think, until that part of the South was reclaimed; at least, he was appointed a United States Marshal in his district during reconstruction days.

I learned soon after I came home that Willie Warren who had gone into the war, had received a wound in his shoulder at the battle of Pea Ridge. I also found that most of the boys who had been my old friends and school-mates were in the army; among them Henry Robbins who now was a commissioned officer. Few young men were left in the community in and about Shipman, and they generally belonged to the class we now designate as slackers. These gentry were "quaking in their boots" lest they might be forced into the war by the draft which was imminent if the call for three hundred thousand volunteers which Mr. Lincoln made early in the summer, was not filled.

These were the days in which Lee and McClellan were desperately fighting what was known as the "Seven Days Battle." Lee had captured many guns and prisoners. McClellan and his army, who had been in sight of Richmond, had retreated to Jame's River and were recalled to the neighborhood of Washington. The papers were full of the bad news how that General Stuart with a dashing body of cavalry rode clear round McClellan's army, tore up the railroads, burned car-loads of provisions, and was threatening Washington. Every patriot heart was awake and saying: "Ought I not to enlist?" Married men were going; even

those with large families depending upon them, were answering the call. Young ladies whose brothers or lovers were in the service, "made it hot" for the young men at home without excuse or, with only a poor one. I remember one evening soon after I had come home, of being at a party of young people, mostly of those girls, with a sprinkling of old bachelors, and young fellows whose sympathies were known to be with the Southern cause. I often think how like a fish out of water I felt that night. I was probably somewhat of an unknown quantity to that company, having come among them so recently. The girls seemed to think that, as a matter of course, I had come home to enlist, and I was careful not to disillusion their minds. The pelting they gave those young fellows whose cowardly or unpatriotic souls no doubt deserved, was a caution. I went home feeling that I would rather meet the bullets of the "Rebs," than the gibes and reproaches of those zealous supporters of the Nation.

One evening, about the last of July, my Brother George came home from town and said to some of us who were standing on the front porch, "I have about decided that it is my duty to go into the war. The Country must be defended, and any man who is a man will not stand back if it is possible for him to go." The decisive moment had come to me. I told him that I was of the same mind; that nothing stood in my way and that I wanted to enlist; that I was ready to go at once, but that he must not think of going to the war himself. "You have a home here and a family to care for," I said. ~~X was~~. "If I go, you must promise me to remain at home and care for them and Mother who will find <sup>it</sup> hard to give me up, much more both of us." Mother was on a visit of a few days at the Plasaw and knew nothing yet of what was passing. After a very serious talk with George and his wife, he agreed to my proposition and made the promise. He saw that it was



his duty to let me go in his place, as it were.

The next day I went to town and fell in with a young man, S. L. Fink, who had been the principal of the Shipman school the previous year. He had the war fever like myself, so we together went to see another young man who was taking enlistments for a Chicago Board-of-Trade regiment. This young man was the son of Rev. J. B. Carrington whom I had known in my childhood days. He had been teaching at Locust Grove school-house where I had been a pupil five years before and where, after the war, I, myself became the teacher.

Mr. Fink and I signed the "Roll," and I went home feeling that I had done about the right thing. Of course, on the next day I went after my Mother. Though disappointed to think that I had quit college I am quite sure she came to the conclusion that it were better so. She seemed more reconciled when I informed her of the talk I had had with George and, on my part, had promised her that I would take up my college course if I came back all right from the war. She soon said that I had done just what she was expecting me to do, and that she approved rather than blamed me for my patriotic act.

In the late afternoon of one of the few days left me before joining my regiment, Mother came in from a visit to one of our neighbors with the intelligence that Miss Georgie Robbins was there, stopping over night with one of her girl friends, Eliza Travis. Mother, being a great admirer of Georgie, and knowing of my former attachment for the girl, said: "You must go over and see her, son. She looks so sweet and seems so cheerful; yet, in my heart, I felt so sorry for her. When I started home, she came with me to the gate and, asking about you, said she had just heard that you had enlisted." I called to see her that evening, and we were given the sitting room alone.

The meeting, I felt, was far from what either of us could have wished. More obvious to me than any spoken words could have conveyed the intelligence; her eyes, her manner, her very soul, in spite of all her self-restraint, proclaimed her love for me. Strange as it may appear, I appreciated and honored her love, fully; even the vision of a very happy existence with her as my wife sprang up before me; and I reasoned that it was now within my power to make my mother happy as well as the dear girl I had once promised to claim as my bride. Should I not speak? My lips were sealed. The theme so near the surface in both our hearts was not introduced; even our past friendships remained hidden away. We talked of friends, of school, and of the war. I told her of my intention to complete my course in college after the war if my life were spared.

As I think of it now, the very uncertainty of life, the long years of separation and waiting that were inevitable, must have been one of the principle factors at that time in controlling my actions. I didn't want to be bound by any engagement. Finally, in parting she, at my request, promised to correspond with me as one of her soldier friends. We kept up the correspondence for over a year; but, while my heart was like a sealed book, her letters were brimfull of the tenderest regard for me. She could not help it; she would just love to wait till the close of the war for the return of her soldier boy; she would continue her own education until I could conclude my course at Asbury. In the turn in which our correspondence was taking, I felt that I was wronging her greatly, and so decided to break away completely. I wrote my letter, kindly as I could, but frankly telling her that it would certainly be a great sin for us to become man and wife, as I realized more and more in our past year's correspondence, that I could not love her as a man should love his wife and as

she so richly deserved to be loved. I told her that I greatly appreciated her constancy and her faithful love for me, all of which I could never forget; but she must remember that while she, as she herself had said, could not help her feelings, that neither could I help mine; and finally; that, weighing all these things carefully in her mind as the sensible girl I knew her to be, ought to, she would agree with me when I say: "I ought not! I must not!! longer continue my correspondence with you. You must not waste the years of your life in any vain delusion.

Eighteen months after my last communication to Miss Georgie, I learned that she had become engaged to a young man then in the army, and who had been one of her acquaintances, Mr. Elliot by name. Shortly before her engagement, she wrote me a brief letter dated April 27, 1864. After her apologetic introduction, she said: "There are some things about which I do not know what is right or what is wrong. I have no Mother and now my Aunt is dead, and I am so sinful I can hardly trust my Heavenly Father. Sometimes all life's sweet music seems hushed and everything seems to tend only to discord, and then Heaven seems such a long, long way off. I sometimes think it would be easier if I could only tell some tried and true friend, but this I can not do unless it were to you. It is wronging one worth of all respect and confidence to even feel so, but you know I can not control my feelings. I should like to see you once more while I have the right to tell you a few things I have in my heart. Oh, Dear School-mate, I need your sympathy and your prayers in this trying hour. I <sup>try to</sup> will trust to Providence, Mr. Elliot, when at home, made me a present of a beautiful ten dollar album, but presents are a misery to one if

she does not love the giver as she should." In closing, she said: "I wish I might receive one more letter from you as a friend; but I hope you will not mention the Beautiful Past, for it is lost to me, I suppose, forever." When I read her letter, I felt sick at heart. She seemed to me like a dear friend whom I had seen laid away in her grave. I could not trust myself to write the letter she asked me for. Indeed I felt that all had been said and done that either of us could say or do. The door between us was shut and locked. Two or three years after the receipt of her letter, while in college, I learned that she was married and had one child; that they were poor, and that her husband was teaching a school in Missouri.

Logically, this chapter might end here, but as this interesting girl who played so remarkable a part in my earlier life, has again touched me since our locks have silvered with age, the following narrative may properly belong in this place. One day in the early nineties after the death of my own beloved companion, I received a letter from sister Louisa in which she said that Mrs. Georgie Elliott was living at Carrolton, Illinois; that her husband had died a year or two before; and that she was living with her son. There was in my vision a vivid picture of the old Grand-mother home and the little nine year old girl who had played with me there and had so honestly given her love to me; and there came also into my mind that later time when she, in her anguish, had written me: "Oh, Dear School-mate, I need your sympathy and your prayers." I queried in my heart if the time had not come when I could honestly and truly fulfill the vow I had taken in that long ago. I decided to write to her anyway.

It was a brief letter in which I told her that I wanted to answer

her last letter written nearly thirty years ago, and was now writing just a line to learn her address and if such a letter would be acceptable to her. I enclosed my letter in an envelope addressed to the Methodist minister of Carralton, asking him to deliver the letter to her if she were there. She received my letter and in her reply, after saying that she was much surprised and delighted to get my letter, told me in her happy way of her recent marriage to Mr. Kaiser, and of their beautiful home. She wanted me to write her a good long letter, telling her all about my children and myself; and that if it ever came within my power to do so, I must make them a visit. We wrote to each other a few times and exchanged photos. She also sent me a picture of her father, then in his eightieth year.

Of course my disappointment, whatever that was, is not to be compared to that which she had suffered, and she never knew of it; but I said to myself: "Georgie, Dear old Friend, you have been avenged. It is now a double tragedy."

"Our very lives oft take a turn of which we have not dreamed.  
 An unseen hand thrusts aside our fondest plans  
 With scant regard for what we may desire;  
 We find ourselves doing not those things which we had intended,  
 But others which we perforce cannot evade,  
 And very oft, in the final analysis, we are frank to confess  
 that it were better so."



Thus are we led, willing or rebellious, by the power that knows  
not cult, nor creed, nor tribe;  
By a designer whose plans were squared and trued  
Long ere our halting tongues were fashioned for voicing protest  
Of what was, is, or yet may be.

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## Chapter 8.

ARMY LIFE.

## In The Banks.

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## Afterward.

"God's ways are equal; storm or calm;  
 Seasons of peril and of rest,  
 The hurting dart, the healing balm,  
 Are all apportioned as is best.  
 In judgments oft misunderstood,  
 In ways mysterious and obscure,  
 He brings from evil lasting good,  
 And makes the final gladness sure.  
 While Justice takes its course with strength,  
 Love bids our faith and hope increase.  
 He'll give the chastened world at length  
 His afterward of peace.

When the dread forces of the gale  
 His sterner purposes perform,  
 And human skill can naught avail  
 Against the fury of the storm,  
 Let loving hearts trust in him still,  
 Through all the dark and devious way;  
 For who would thwart his blessed will,  
 Which leads through night to joyous day?  
 Be still beneath His tender care;

For He will make the tempest cease,  
 And bring from out the anguish here  
 An afterward of peace.

Look up, O Earth; no storm can last  
 Beyond the limits God hath set.  
 When its appointed work is past,  
 In joy thou shalt thy grief forget.  
 When sorrow's plowshare hath swept through,  
 Thy fairest flowers of life shall spring;  
 For God shall grant thee life anew,  
 And all thy wastes shall laugh and sing.  
 Hope thou in Him; His plan for thee  
 Shall end in triumph and release.  
 Fear not, for thou shalt surely see  
 His afterward of peace."

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"We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 Three hundred thousand more."

This was the answer of the shouting multitudes of new recruits as they began to go forward to the aid of the government in the late summer and fall of 1862. All hope of a short war was given up, and it was seen that many more volunteers would be called out if, indeed, the government would not be compelled to resort to the draft. Right bravely the boys tramped away, and loyally they sang the rallying song written by John S. Gibbons, a Quaker, the last four lines of which is:

"Six hundred thousand loyal men and true  
 Have gone before;

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more."

Near the close of the last chapter I stated the fact of, and some of the causes leading to my own enlistment in the army. Suffice it to say here that I, with about a third of a company got together at Shipman and vicinity and enlisted with the expectation of joining one of the Board-of-Trade regiments in Chicago. Mr. Corrington, a young man whom we all liked and expected to see made one of our commissioned officers, was the authorized agent to get our names and see us to our destination.

I am now of the opinion that I could have very honorably been excused from service; and, as I realize today the amazing sacrifice I made in yielding to my own feelings at the time and to the opinions of others, I should have been excused. But I am not one of those to mourn over a mistake. If my going to the war was the only means of keeping Brother George from going, I am satisfied that I did the right thing. I do not want it thought that I regret my army service; what I regret is the passing of those three years so full of hope and promise for me; years that I had worked hard all my previous life to reach; years, with whose passing, vanished also much of my ambition, much of my former power and will to accomplish school work, and, at the end of my college course, to be somebody and to do something.

But why indulge in vain regrets? Let us take up our narrative!

Our little band, under the leadership of young Corrington, had received transportation to Chicago, and was ready to join the regiment about the first week in August.

The Board-of-Trade regiments of Chicago were offering a bonus of one hundred dollars at this time to every recruit who would join them,

and any one living in the State could take advantage of the offer. They were doing this, not as obtaining substitutes for their own members or for anyone else but, as we understood it, purely as an act of patriotism on their part. Indeed there seemed to be no opportunity of joining a regiment in our immediate part of the country, so we believed we were justified in taking advantage of the bonus.

On the morning set for our departure, all the family at our house were up early, anxiously interested in my going. Mother, especially, had a few little keepsakes- a New Testament, a nice port-folio containing stationary, an extra pair of warm socks, etc. all contained in a neat little oilcloth sack which I was to keep carefully in one corner of my knapsack when Uncle Sam gave me one. These, with her mother love, a few last words of advice, and her good-by kiss she gave me at the front porch, and I was "off to the war."

Brother George, who for years had seemed like a father to me, accompanied me to the depot. We strode along the wide road talking gaily together till we reached the meadow when, to save time, we turned into a narrow but well-worn path running diagonally across the meadow, George in the lead. I remember, as we trudged along in this narrow way, silent and in single file, there came to me, vividly, the old Bible story of Abraham going up to Mount Moriah to offer his son Isaac as a burnt offering; and I wondered in my heart what God had in store for me. Was I to come down alive from the Mount, and should I again behold the Dear Mother from whose embrace I had just gone? It seemed to me that she had in her heart yielded completely to God's will, that if He wanted either of her boys, she would say: "Father, Thy will be done," and that God had said to the minions of war: "Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him." This



vision being sudden and very impressive, involuntarily I turned my head to look once more at the dear old home before the orchard at the edge of the meadow should hide it from me; and there, standing near the edge of the front porch, was my Mother stretching out both her arms toward Heaven and me, seeming by her very attitude to be saying: "Spare him, or take him, Father, Thy will be done." With a light heart I turned and we moved rapidly forward; and in less than an hour I was on board the train for the recruiting camps in Chicago.

Nothing remarkable occurred on this journey. I remember when we passed through Springfield, where I had my first view of our State capitol, of saying to Mr. Fink, my particular friend, that I would like to get a look at Uncle Abe's house. He said: "Wait a while and we shall probably see the old gentleman himself." We never saw him.

We arrived at Chicago at nine o'clock on the evening of the same day in which we left Shipman, August 21st. We were escorted to our boarding places in private houses for a few days. Four of us, Mr. Corrington, a friend of his, Mr. Fink, and I, stopped with a man by the name of Ross who lived quite near the Chicago River, so the next morning I had my first sight of a ship. Of course we four boys became very good friends, and we greatly enjoyed ourselves as we had nothing to do but to look at the big city and the wonderful sights in it.

Having received a written order, Mr. Corrington assembled our little force and reported us to the head-quarters of our company where we were introduced to the captain and, with the others of our number, we placed our names on the company muster-roll. This addition, we were informed, increased the size of the company to its required strength, one hundred. On Monday we visited the camp, two miles out

from the city, where four or five thousand soldiers were drilling, those already organized and equipped. While here we witnessed the departure of the first Board-of-Trade regiment for Cairo. Fifteen passenger cars were used to carry the men without their baggage. We had a fine view of Lake Michigan from the camp, and I gazed at it long and wonderingly for it was the first large body of water I had ever seen. At noon, having been invited, we took dinner with Mr. Wildman and other Shipman boys who belonged to a company in one of the organized regiments.

During the second week we moved out to Camp Douglas, and our company with two others which were to be in the same regiment, occupied one of the barracks. These were twenty feet wide and about eighty long, and were intended to accommodate two companies; you may judge we were somewhat crowded. Seven of our boys from Macoupin County slept together under the same army blankets, but we each had our warm over-coats which we drew from the quarter-master when we entered camp, so we did not suffer with the cold. We soon began drilling and took our turns at guard duty. We also began washing our own shirts, etc., and, on the sixth day of September, I helped to cook breakfast for the first time while in the service of Uncle Sam. In a letter to my Mother, I told her that I liked it all but the smoke.

Our arrangements for cooking and eating were very simple: two stakes, forked at one end and sharpened at the other were driven into the ground, two feet or more apart. In the forked ends of these was placed a third rather stout stick, green if one could be had. A fire was kindled under this simple structure, and on the horizontal stick was hung the kettles of meat, coffee, and any other food that was to be boiled. Sometimes a small stick was split at

one end and a slice of bacon or other meat placed in the split end and then held near the fire till the meat was nicely broiled. Occasionally in the South, we used to bake bread and even puddings in Dutch ovens when they could be had; but the greater part of the cooking was done by the method mentioned above; and for bread, hard-tacks were not only the common substitute, but were superior to any other sort of bread. In our recruiting camps rough board tables were used, and for seats, boxes and camp stools were mostly used.

We found plenty of exercise in cooking, washing our garments, keeping the camps clean, and in going through our daily drills; yet, not all our time was taken up in camp.

One day some of us got permission to visit the rebel prison camp. We were not of course, permitted to enter the grounds, but we could stand at the high fences of the enclosure and watch the prisoners as, under their guards, some walked about the well kept premises; some busied themselves cooking at the camp fires; others were caring for stores of provisions being delivered to them by our government. We saw a great wagon load of flour in barrels entering the prison gate, and quantities of meat, vegetables, and even fruits of various kinds being deposited in their store-house. One of the guards told us that about twenty thousand prisoners were confined in the prison at that time. We went away wishing that our boys in the Southern prisons could fare as well as these Johnnies seemed to be faring.

We spent many hours loitering along the banks of Lake Michigan, watching the steamers as they put out from the shore or, like some far away, bright spots, other craft were seen dancing on the distant waves; at first just visible but soon, by their increased size or their complete disappearance, told us the direction they were moving; and

what is more interesting than an incoming ship laden with its strangely excited crowds and its valuable cargo, the products of all lands?

Sometimes Mr. Fink and I would walk leisurely along those near lake resident streets, delighting ourselves with the bright colors and the sweet smelling odors from the yards and gardens about the magnificent homes of the rich, or viewing with amazement the grand, artistic contours of their church buildings. One Sunday evening we entered one of the finest of these, a Methodist Episcopal church. We were ushered to a seat where a few other soldiers were sitting and where we could see and hear everything to good advantage. Dr. Tiffany, a noted preacher of those days, preached well and patriotically, but I was most interested in the music. Beginning with the softest, sweetest, tones of which the instrument was capable, suddenly the great organ began to give out peal after peal of thunderous melody that seemed to shake the very foundations of the temple and, rebounding therefrom to scintillate from the four walls of the immense edifice, surcharging the air with harmonious vibrations that rose higher and higher, seeking, as my imagination pictured, egress through the vaulted roof to mingle with the music of the skies. My soul was satisfied; and when the last strains of the postlude had died away, turning to my comrade I said; "Well! I never expect to hear anything more grand and beautiful this side of Heaven."

While at Camp Douglas we mingled freely with other members of our company and made friends with many even in other companies. An aid to this good-fellowship was the daily or rather, the nightly singing of patriotic airs. There were a large number of good singers especially in our company, and we would meet together in our part of the barrack and have a real good time singing all the old as well as the

new songs—"The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Yankee Doodle," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Marching Through Georgia," "Dixie," "When This Cruel War Is Over," "Kingdom Coming" "Just Before The Battle Mother," "O, Wrap the Flag Around Me Boys," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" "The Vacant Chair," "Never Forget the Dear Ones," and "Home, Sweet Home." These songs and others were sung to the close of the war. They cheered us in camp and on the march, and nerved us for the battle. I sing them now occasionally, or get my girls to sing them.

During the third week of our stay here, having drilled in squads and companies, for ten or twelve days, and there having arrived a supply of arms, etc., the Adjutant General gave orders for the full organization of our regiment. All the companies were drawn up and marched to the parade ground; the captain of each company announced the names of all his commissioned and non-commissioned officers; the letters A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. were placed in a box and, after being shaken up carefully, each captain, beginning with the oldest, stepped up and drew out the letter which was to determine the position of his company in the regiment. The ten companies then withdrew to their own quarters to receive their countermands and prepare for their first regimental drill on the following day.

As the men who were enlisted by Mr. Corrington comprised about a third of the company, it was claimed by us and so understood by all the company, that Mr. Corrington should be named second lieutenant. Instead, the captain had given the mustering officer the name of his own son, an impudent little upstart, despised by the whole company and totally unfit for the place. We boys who went from Shipman, not including Mr. Corrington, got together, and decided to quit the company



If we could. We appointed Mr. Fink our leader, and told him to take the matter to the Adjutant General and to ask him for a transfer to a regiment then being organized at Carlinville, our own county seat. The next day, when the regiment came to the parade ground to complete its organization and take its first drill, Mr. Fink made his complaint to the officer and asked for the transfer. The order, along with transportation, was given that night for us six boys to report at once to Col. John I. Rinaker, Carlinville, Illinois. Strange as it may seem, I have no record or recollection of what became of Mr. Corrington. He was a large fine appearing man, well educated and, being a genial, forceful character, I surmise that the Adjutant General or the regimental officers found a congenial place for him higher up. Our return trip was uneventful. On our arrival at Camp Palmer, Mr. Fink presented to Col. Rinaker the order commanding us to report to him, and introduced each of us to that officer. The Colonel received us kindly and said the company from Girard lacked a few men and that we would just about fill up its quota. He himself went with us to the quarters of our new Company, "H," and introduced us to Captain Benjamin Leigh. We were enrolled as having been mustered into the company on the 4th. of September, the date when the whole regiment was mustered; "and now," said the Colonel, "the regiment has its quota of 960 enlisted men."

Lieutenants J. C. McKnight and P. L. Bristow, Orderly Sergeant W. B. Shook, whose picture I have, Sergeants J. H. Cherry, and P. Magoo Corporals James M. Lynch and J. D. Grunwell, and Private Martin Woods, John W. Brooks, J. E. Atterberry, R. M. Crump, John E. Hawks, Dave Coon, Nathan H. Coop, S. E. Fink, W. H. Lynch, J. H. Roach, Joseph Copatco, J. C. Rutherford, J. W. Webb, and Isaac Taylor, were some of the men in our company with whom I became most intimate while I

remained in the company. The Colonel became a good friend, appointing me his Head-quarter's Orderly whenever he needed one, thus relieving me of many harder camp duties; and, when I became a member of the band, he had my baggage carried in the Headquarter's wagon when we were on the march. The Chaplain and the Adjutant, H. G. Keplinger, were also very kind to me; but Dr. M. W. Seaman, our surgeon, proved himself to be my very best friend throughout the war.

While at Camp Palmer I had some pictures, ambrotypes, taken: one of which I sent to mother and one to each of my Sisters. One of these is now in a case on our mantel-piece here in Portland; while in the same case is a picture of the young girl who, years after became my wife.

Sunday, Sept. 28, our Chaplain, Rev. J. H. Austin, preached the first sermon I heard in the army; and, in the afternoon of the same day, a Sunday-School was organized in our company quarters. Our Captain who was a good Presbyterian was chosen Superintendent. The Chaplain and some other officers were present. Rev. Austin gave each member of the school a small Testament and said: "These are to be carried in your pockets and read every day." Mine was captured in a raid down in Tennessee.

We had a beautiful parade ground at Camp Palmer, and our time was well employed in drilling and in making all sorts of preparations for the coming conflict. On special days hundreds of our friends came to witness our dress-parades and have a chat with their soldier friends; and the officers were generous in granting us short furloughs. I had two visits at home before we moved south. But all good times will have an end.

One morning, the 8th. of October, the bugle call sounded much earlier than usual. We jumped out of our bunks and, quickly donning our uniforms, stepped out into the street to see the whole regiment in commotion, head-quarter's tents being pulled down and, together with the baggage and other equipage of the regimental and company officers loaded into four-horse wagons to be taken to a freight car waiting at the depot. So we knew that we were starting on our movement into the South-land, the land of our enemies. We lighted our camp-fires and, shivering as much from excitement as from the cold, we gathered around in messes to prepare our last meal in Camp Palmer and to talk of the indefinite future. We ate what we could and filled our unused haversacks with the cooked and the uncooked rations that we had on hand for our use on the road. Loaded down with our provisions and our well-filled knapsacks, our guns on our shoulders and cartridge belts buckled around our waists, we fell into line, double column, and marched to the depot. In due time, having boarded a long train of cars, we were carried to Alton where we were loaded onto a large river boat employed by the government. This boat conveyed us down the Mississippi River to Columbus, Kentucky. Here we took cars again and, passing through south-western Kentucky, traveled on south until we arrived at Trenton, the county-seat of Gibson County Tenn., Oct. 12th, 1862. Our Colonel reported to Gen. G. M. Dodge who assigned him to the command of the post and the troops there assembled, consisting of the 122d. Ill. Inf., the 7th. Tenn. Cav., the 4th. Ill. Cav., and Captain Sparstrams Battery, 2d. Ill. Artillery. Our regiment occupied some vacant houses in the town for a while, but in a few days there arrived a supply of good large tents, ten or twelve to the company. We were then ordered to go into winter quarters.

We found that Trenton was to be our headquarters, our rallying

point. Here we continued our drills, while frequent scouting parties foraged the surrounding country, or guarded some wagon train going from point to point. We found here a well-organized home company, a body of men styling themselves "The Tennessee Night-Hawks." These men were intensely patriotic, Union men and their families living in the same neighborhood, one may say, side by side with their disloyal neighbors who belonged to Mosely's guerrillas. Arrayed on opposite sides, these men hated each other and were often on the war path. I remember one evening soon after our arrival a number of the Night-Hawks came into our quarters carrying the dead bodies of two of their number and several wounded ones in a wagon. They had been in a fight with Mosely's men and had killed several of them; so they stated. From them we learned to know our friends from our enemies; in fact, they were frequently our guides in our excursions.

A few weeks after we came to Trenton, Company "C" Captain King, went out six miles from town to guard a bridge and, before it returned Company "B" Captain Bestwick, and our company, "H," were detailed to guard a wagon train of fifty teams to Corinth, a distance of ninety-five miles. Each team had a driver but the teamsters were unarmed except with revolvers; hence their long train had to be protected. On the way the wagons were loaded with corn from the well-filled cribs of that section, the owners receiving from our commanding officer a government voucher so that after the war they could obtain payment for their corn provided they could prove themselves to have been loyal to the United States at that time.

While the detail was loading the wagons, we noticed two boys on horses starting off on a gallop from one farm-house. They took different roads and seemed excited, so we surmised that, if they dared, our train would be attacked that night. The wagons were arranged to act as

a barricade and all proper precaution taken. It was my fortune with a comrade of our company, Isaac Taylor, to be placed that night on the vidette post, a position far from camp, on the road where most danger is expected, and was held all night without any relief. It was a position of honor and of danger. We took our places at the foot of a large tree but a few yards from the road. We sat very still, scarcely daring to whisper. The only interruption we had during the long, dark, night was the falling of some decayed limb from a neighboring tree and the sudden flight of some venturesome animal which, having crept cautiously up to us and, being satisfied that it was in the neighborhood of danger, sought safety in flight. Even those innocent trifles were not without influence upon our nerves. By-and-by the chickens began to crow at the farm-houses and dogs to bark; and, just as the faintest streaks of light were shooting up from the eastern horizon, what should we hear but the sound of feet on the road and, in the stillness, to our excited imaginations, we thought a troop was upon us. We hastily prepared to shoot our one volley and run for camp as per orders, but drawing rapidly nearer, we could just scan the outlines of a single footman, and so, as we were two to the enemy's one, and had the advantage of position, we decided not to arouse the camp by shouting; so we cocked our guns and called out in stentorian voice, "Halt!" "Land-a-mercy! whose dar?" was the response, and we then knew we had a contraband. We ordered him to throw up his hands and come to us, which he did. He begged very hard to let him go on. After we had learned from him that there were no Johnnies anywhere near, we let him go and returned to camp. We told the boys of our adventure, but they declared we were feigning. While we were yet talking there came from a farm house some distance from camp, on the



clear, still atmosphere, in tones the sweetest we had ever heard from the throat of man one of those quaint old southern negro songs. We listened, spell-bound, to the angelic strains, when suddenly the song ceased, and the same voice began calling his master's pigs, "Pig rooy --- pig gooy---" repeated seven times, and then a final, "piggo wip," with a quickspoken, rising, inflection on the last syllable. A second and a third time this series of calls was repeated. We told the boys that the owner of that voice was our contraband, and so it proved for as we were about to continue our march, he came into our camp and said he wanted to go with us if we would let him. "Cap" as we called him, was long a favorite in our company, no less by his singing and dancing, than for his good qualities as a cook.

As we approached Corinth, the battle-field around the forts near the town came into view. Just a few days before we started on our trip the Confederates, in a vain attempt to retake Corinth which they had recently lost, were driven back with frightful loss. Many of the Confederate dead were still partially or wholly unburied, nor were the signs of the battle wanting within the forts which we visited before our return. Here and there the wrecks of dismantled guns and demolished parapets were now silent witnesses of the fierce struggle; one particular fort, however, before which Colonel Rogers of the Texas Rangers fell, when, at the head of his brave troop, he had lead on to within twenty feet of her guns, was but slightly marred.

The next day we returned to Trenton by rail. Upon our arrival Col. Rinaker being, as I have said, in command of the post, appointed me as his orderly at headquarters, - he had already appointed his aide-camp and other staff officers. My duties were, chiefly, to carry orders and other messages to regimental headquarters. While at

Trenton I continued to sleep and eat with the company, but was relieved from guard duty etc. Until I joined the band I continued to be Headquarter's Orderly whenever the Colonel acted as Brigade Commander.

As the autumn days grew shorter, we were warned by cold winds and a storm of sleet and snow that winter was near, and every indication was that it would be severe; so most of the boys began to prepare for it as best they could. By tearing down an old shed the boys of our mess procured sufficient lumber to raise our tent three feet higher from the ground and to make four bunks on one side of the tent. These served for seats in the day-time and made good dry supports for our couches at night. We also made a small platform a few feet from the tent and directly in front of it. On this we placed a very good cook-stove which we had pressed into "service" on leaving the houses we had occupied when first we came. This stove was useful in warming the front part of our tent, but it was used mostly for a cook-stove where Cap did the cooking and washing for our mess. It is useless to say that it frequently served more than one other mess a like purpose. For our own tent we built a chimney, out of brick cut from the sod, a good quality of which was near. We attached it to the rear end of the tent, and formed a good fire-place that opened into the tent. This leads me to tell a little story on myself that goes to show the severity of that winter down in Tennessee as well as the healing qualities of our sod fire-place.

We were very fortunate in getting our quarters all completed before the severest cold spell came on. Many others had to depend altogether on an open fire of logs and sticks. We kept a big fire, but for all that while two or three of the boys were warming fingers and toes by the fire, the others were compelled to crawl under the bed

covers on their bunks to keep from freezing till it came their turn to stand before the fire-place. In the morning of perhaps the coldest day of the winter, it came my turn to be at the fire for a time. While thawing out my fingers, nose, etc., it seemed like my back and especially my heels would surely freeze, so I turned my back to the fire to get it warm. In my effort to get the most out of it, I kept hitching up a little closer till I was able to feel the heat; but alas, alas! when I went to my cot I found the heat had scorched the lower hind part of the legs of my pants to such an extent that a piece the size of my hand dropped out of each leg, and I had to patch them with an old shirt until Uncle Sam could supply me with a new suit.

We were not entirely dependent on the government for our food. In a letter to my Mother from this place, I find the following: "We have on our table fresh meat, sweet potatoes, pumpkin, etc., all pressed from the secesh. The boys of a mess get together and go out bear hunting' as they call it, but instead of bears they catch fat pigs. Four of us went out one night and brought in four large pumpkins. We went to another place and were digging sweet potatoes, when the old lady came out and, not very politely invited us to leave, and when we kept on digging, she said: "If you'ns know what is best for you, you'd better start!" As we had our haversacks about full, we concluded to obey. I think there is no harm in 'cramping' things to eat from the secesh, do you?"

In another part of the same letter, I told her about Cap and his good qualities. "We have our meals put right on the table, warm and good, and it doesn't cost us a cent. The government allows us to draw food and clothing for him. I was asking Cap today if the darkies were all ready to fight for Uncle Abe. "Yes," he said, "They would wade in blood waist deep for Massa Lincoln if necessary." He said he

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had been about the country a good deal and the darkies were wiser than the white people thought them to be.

Early in our stay at Trenton, quite a number of prisoners were sent there for safe-keeping until the government could exchange them or send them to some northern prison. So to guard these prisoners became part of the duty of the garrison. Quite a large college building and campus was used for this purpose. A large room on the second floor was allotted to them while a smaller room along side of it was used as a guard-house in which were confined for a short time our own boys guilty of some minor offence in camp. A stair-way led up into the smaller room, and one large door opened from the the small into the larger room. About ninety persons were confined in the larger room and twenty in the small one. Thirty-six men made up the detail, morning and evening. On the 12th. of November, Col. Rinaker was transferred with the right wing of his regiment to Humboldt, Tenn., and I, being on the left wing became subject to guard duty; and, on the day of which I am writing, was one of the detail for night duty from Co. H. The night was stormy, cold, and dark. Part of the detail was from our regiment and part from the 7th. Tennessee Cavalry. The sergeant in command was from the latter. We went on duty at six in the evening, thus relieving the day detail. There were six reliefs of two hours each, I, being on the third relief, my first watch was at ten o'clock. Each relief was made up of twelve guards. The corporal of the guard leading, we started on our round. A new guard was left at each post while the old one fell in behind and returned to the reserve post where all the guards off duty were getting their rest. Two guards were placed at the main entrance to the building. The others, except myself were disposed at equal distances from each other about the building

and were required to march back and forth on their beats. I was conducted to the door-way between the two rooms containing the prisoners.

All were asleep as far as I could tell, and quiet reigned, except for the heavy breathing of the sleepers and a snoring here and there. I congratulated myself on having a "soft thing," knowing the storm of wind and rain to which the other guards were subjected, while I, under the shelter, in a warm room, and quietly sitting in an easy chair placed right in the door-way for the guard's comfort, felt that I owed said corporal a debt of gratitude. My mind was busy for awhile, but some time, I know not when, during that eventful two hours, I went soundly to sleep. At midnight, the officer with his guard called around to relieve me, when they discovered the situation. Before disturbing my slumbers, the corporal took the precaution to gently take away my gun. He then touched my arm to awaken me. It had the desired effect. The feelings I experienced during the few moments after being thus awakened, can never be described-- innocent, yet guilty. I knew the disgrace and the severe penalty that might follow, yet I said not a word to shield myself, but felt a complete resignation to my fate, whatever it might be. The corporal who relieved me was a member of the Seventh Tennessee calvary, and a stranger to me. He said: "I will see you in the morning. Go to the tent and say nothing till then." We both wrapped our blankets about us and lay down before the cheerful fire, each left to his own thoughts. The next morning after the change of guards, our detail, except the corporal, the guard who had relieved me in the night, and myself, were sent back to camp. We three went in the opposite direction till we reached the site of an old mill, just in sight of the town. Here, seated on the bank of a rapid little stream, a tributary of the crooked Deer River, we three boys of the Union army, fighting for the same cause, looked into each



other's eyes and tested each other's souls; and then, each feeling that he was "his brother's keeper," took the vow that set me free and probably saved me from an ignominious death. The corporal first asked me to tell them how I came to be asleep while on duty. In reply I said that I had no thought, of course, of sleeping there, and had not the slightest idea of when or how I went to sleep; that I had no feeling of sleepiness that I remembered of. I thought I could tell them some reasons why I was overtaken with sleep. I hadn't slept well the night before I was put on duty, for one thing; then again, I had just come from the cold, blustery outside into those very warm rooms, made stuffy by the great number of sleepers; and, worst of all, I was seated in that easy chair, a chair that had no doubt served one of the professors of the college and was not in its proper place in my opinion. With all these unfavorable conditions around me, I should have nerved myself to keep awake; but I didn't think. "That's just it," he said; "a soldier must be ready for any emergency; he ought to think." The other comrade pleaded for me. He said that with all the warning he had, it was difficult for him to keep himself awake; that he would arouse only to find himself directly becoming drowsy again; that he would not sit in the chair, and honestly believed that if I had been warned against its seductive influence, I would have stood up in so dangerous a place, and the caution of the corporal would have put me on my guard. He thought the chair was a death trap to any poor boy who had to be on guard there. The young officer winced a bit and said to him: "Yes, some body else didn't think either as they should have, did they?" Then turning to me he said: "I suppose you know the consequences of sleeping on one's post, especially in a case where the guarding of prisoners is involved? not only might the prisoners have made their escape, but in their escape, your own life and scores of

lives were jeopardized." I told him that I knew the result, that I could not help it now, and that I stood ready to meet my fate. Tears were in the eyes of both those brave soldiers. The corporal took my hand and said: "We two boys want to save you, comrade; but do you know the fearful penalty we should suffer if it became known that we failed to report you?" Then and there we bound ourselves in a solemn covenant that, while the war lasted, no word should pass from any of us concerning that most unhappy event, to me the most hazardous nap in which I ever indulged. A few days later the Seventh Tennessee was sent to the front and another regiment took its place in our brigade; since which time, I have never seen nor heard a word from the young corporal who so truly proved himself my friend. Even his name is lost to me.

After Col. Rinaker went to Humboldt, the left wing of our regiment remained at Trenton doing guard duty under Lieutenant Col. Drish. Col. Fry commanded the post, while his regiment took the place of the 7th. Tennessee in the brigade.

On the 18th. of December the two wings of our regiment were again united, and we moved out from Trenton to Jackson, Tenn. to aid in the defense of that place against an impending attack thereon by heavy forces of cavalry under Forest. We camped at Jackson, and on the next day, in company with the 43d. and 61st. Illinois Inft., moved out and had a skirmish with the enemy, after which our force moved on to Lexington, Tennessee. Meeting no opposition, we returned to Jackson on the 21st. of December, and on to Trenton, the 23d. When we reached Trenton it was late at night, and although we had been on a long, weary march for several days and had seen but little rest, yet, on the same night, in obedience to orders, we marched back to a point near Humboldt to protect a force repairing the Ohio and Mobile railroad which had just been destroyed by rebel cavalry. To add to our distress, most

of our nice winter quarters at Trenton had been burned, some of our blankets and extra clothing, and most of our knapsacks with the trinkets and the more useful articles in them had been taken away by the enemy. While our regiment had been about Jackson their cavalry had made a dash into Trenton, making prisoners of the sick in the hospital and the guards on duty, thus releasing all the rebel prisoners confined there. Col. Frye, commander of the post, Major Chapman, Regimental Quartermaster Freeman, Captain Cowen, and 80 enlisted men, of our regiment, were also taken prisoners and parolled. We had no time for repairs or for mourning over our losses as yet, for the Johnnie's were busy in every direction making it as hot for us as possible.

With a force of about 1540 men and three pieces of artillery, all under Col. Cyrus L. Dunham, we marched out from Trenton on the 27th. of December to head off some cavalry forces then moving back from near Columbus, Ky. toward the Tennessee River. We moved by way of Huntington and, on the 30th. day of December a skirmish occurred with the enemy; and on the 31st., at about 11 A.M. our little army engaged in a battle with their force numbering over 6000 men with 18 pieces of artillery. The fight continued for about three hours when the enemy fell back, leaving the field in our possession. Our trophies were 8 pieces of artillery and 500 prisoners; among them Major Strange Forest's adjutant general. The losses of the 122d. were, in killed, 22 enlisted men and Lieutenant Bristow of our Company; in wounded, 58 enlisted men and two officers, Col. Rinaker and Capt. Dugger. one man was missing, making a total of 80 men. One of the boys of our company was struck on the leg with a spent ball which went through his pants but scarcely bruised the flesh. He captured the ball which he sent home as a souvenir. Others had bullet holes through their clothing.

one losing a lock of hair. This was our first real battle, and all were very proud of our victory. It was known as the Battle of Parker's Cross Roads.

The regiment returned to Trenton on the 3d. of January, 1863 and remained there on duty until February 17th. The Government furnished us with new tents, the little "dog tents," as they were called, being just large enough for two; so we never rebuilt our big tent-house with a chimney.

We left Trenton for Corinth and were there assigned to the 1st. Brigade, Col. Mersey commanding; the 2d. Division, commanded by Gen. Sweeney, and the Left Wing of the 16th. Army Corps, under command of Gen. G. M. Dodge. Our brigade was composed of the 9th., 12th., 66th., 122d., Illinois, and 81st. Ohio Inf.

Of the time we spent at Corinth, Feb. 17th., to Apr. 15th., I have but slight remembrance. I think it was during this period that I obtained a furlough of twenty days to spend at home. Of course this was an event of great pleasure and relaxation for me, and the few short days with the Dear Home Folks were gone all too soon, and I returned in good time to take part in the next expedition. Of that trip home, I want to give one little incident that, at the time, deeply stirred my soul. On my way home, I had arrived at Memphis late in the afternoon and gone directly to the steamer that was to convey me up the broad bosom of the mighty Mississippi. The sun was just setting and, all being ready, the boat pulled off from the shore. I, with many other passengers, some of them soldier boys probably on their way home like myself, were standing on the upper deck watching the fast receding city as the lights began to twinkle in its streets and from the windows of its numerous houses. All seemed more interested in the land we were leaving than of our far away homes, when all unexpectedly, there came

to our ears the melodious notes of a song, new to me up to that moment. The tune was being played, as I afterward learned, upon a calliope on the steam-boat Glendale which happened just at that time to be steaming up to her landing place in the city. The rather mournful tune yet with notes clear, full and distinct, as they came floating to me over the smooth surface of the water, together with all the attending circumstances, - the gathering of the evening shadows over all the land, the gentle lapping of the water against the sides of the boat, the quiet city we were rapidly leaving behind us, the eager looking forward of the heart to the time now so near when we should clasp the hands and embrace the forms of the loved ones at home and, above all else, the sentiment, the words of the beautiful tune now flooding the space all about us, words, although not yet known to me, must, I felt, in some way be a melody of love for us and our cause-- all these things conspired to make that hour one of the most sacred hours of my life. At the first opportunity I procured the piece of music, whose title is, "When This Cruel War Is Over." The first verse and chorus follows:

Dearest love do you remember,  
 When we last did meet,  
 How you told me that you lov'd me,  
 Kneeling at my feet?  
 Oh! how proud you stood before me  
 In your suit of blue,  
 When you vow'd to me and country  
 Ever to be true.

Chorus.

Weeping, sad, and lonely,  
 Hopes and fears how vain!



Yet praying,

When this cruel war is over,

Praying that we meet again.

While at home one of my duties was to deliver the money, about \$6000, entrusted to me by members of our regiment for their families at home. This I brought in a money belt, loaned me by our Colonel. The disbursement of this sum, mostly in small quantities, was quite a task, necessitating a trip to Carlinville. At the end of the twenty days furlough, I returned to the regiment by the same route I had gone home and found it at Corinth.

From April 11th. to the 25th. we took part in an expedition to Tuscumbia and TownCreek, Ala. We marched very hard on the way out and before we reached Tuscumbia, I was stricken with the piles. Was unable to walk for days and of course missed being in the skirmishes at those places. Some of the officers wanted to leave me behind with the severely wounded, but my good friend Dr. Seaman, found a place for me in an ambulance, and I returned with the regiment.

The 9th. Illinois Infantry, Colonel Mersey's own regiment, were mounted men, and, for that reason I suppose, our brigade did much scouting and guarding of important points. Finally, on the 25th. of June, the whole First Brigade was put in charge of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad from Corinth to Grand Junction. The 122nd. was assigned to that part extending from Middleton to Grand Junction, with head quarters at Saulsbury, Tenn. During the ensuing months until the 30th. of October, the men were constantly on duty and often engaged in skirmishes with the cavalry forces of the enemy threatening the railroad. Col. Rinaker was in command of the post at Saulsbury and of the forces on duty from there to Grand Junction, consisting of his own regiment, the 11th. Inft. Illinois cavalry and another

cavalry regiment. The companies of our regiment, being infantry, were scattered along the line at different points to help out the cavalry, I suppose, when they were needed.

While my place as orderly was at headquarters with the Colonel, yet he used me as a sort of secondary aid-de-camp. I was on the go along the line of rail-road a great deal. In one of these trips to Porter's Creek the train was delayed by the presence of guerillas ahead of us in an attempt to tear up the track, and the train did not reach the place till near dark. I had to stay there all night as trains seldom moved in the dark. Two companies of our regiment, C. and D, were stationed there; and as I had become acquainted with a young fellow in Company D. by the name of Lamring, I stayed with him while there. After the evening meal and while many in the company were stretched out on the grass about the company quarters one of the boys told me the following story: "When we first came here we began making excursions out through the country, sometimes hunting guerillas and sometimes foraging. These trips brought the boys in contact with the native women, a large proportion of whom claimed to be widows. A friendly acquaintance sprang up between some of them and, on the approach of the Fourth of July, the boys sent out invitations to the citizens to come into the post and celebrate the day with a big dinner and dance. They came, seemed patriotic enough, and danced a plenty. The day ended with an invitation from some of the women that the boys come out and visit them. So on Sunday morning a party of about ten asked for a pass to go foraging. It was granted, and the boys departed in gay spirits. About noon a negro boy, panting and out of breath, brought the news that the boys had scattered to different houses, and that the "grillers was gitten 'em." We lost no time in starting a relief expedition, but it was a little too late in arriving

on the scene. Five of the boys had been captured and taken south." Toward the close of the war, my friend told me that one returned to the company and reported: "The other four died in prison."

When we had gone into the comfortable quarters of the mess that my friend bunked with and had retired to bed, I asked him where they got their log cabin, and he told this: "Up to about two weeks ago, we had been using an open wood-shed for our quarters, but the cold days came on; and as the talk was that we might stay here all winter, we concluded we should seek more comfortable quarters; so we were all on the lookout. Two of our mess had discovered a vacant log-house about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from camp while scouting with a small detachment; so we asked permission of the captain commanding to bring that house in and convert it to military uses. He gave it. We pressed a yoke of cattle and wagon and started out on our mission. We tore the cabin down, loaded the wagon, and started it to camp. We were waiting its return when one of our party, who was on the watch reported a company of cavalry approaching and about a mile and a half distant. As they came nearer, we discovered that they were the "gray" and were about 100 in number. There were eight of us, and the question was, shall we retreat or fight? We were in a field of weeds as high as our heads and, near at hand was timber, so we thought we could skirmish back to camp if necessary. When they came within 300 yards, we opened fire. One platoon threw down the fence and started toward us on a gallop. We worked our old muskets fast and furious. The platoon wheeled and went out of that field faster than they came in and "tuck to the brash," and so did all the rest. Some of the conscripts they had with them got away. We learned the next day that two of the rebs were wounded. We hauled the cabin in, put it up, daubed it with mud, built a stick chimney, put up bunks and gun-racks, and expect to remain in possession all winter or as long as we stay here."

**I relate these stories that you may have some idea of what camp life in the army was. But the real tragedy was not in the things we gained, the marches we made, or even the victories we won. The tragic with us came when we suffered defeat, when our long weary marches proved fruitless, when our little, personal, belongings, for the possession of which we had toiled so hard and often risked our lives to obtain, must be left behind. It was so in this case, for scarcely had my comrade finished his story, when the Orderly came to the door and shouted: "Prepare to move in the morning."**

On the 30th. of October we began our movement, bringing all the companies together at Middleton. We left Middleton by rail at 10'clock on the night of the 1st. of November and arrived at Corinth at daylight of the 2d. Left Corinth at 9 A. M. ~~the~~ and got to Inka at 3 P. M. of the same day. A large force was encamped a mile from the town, but on our arrival, Col. Rinaker was put in command of the post, and the 122d. was retained as head-quarter's guard camping in the town. We were here, however, but a few days. On the 5th. our regiment with the rest of the 16th. Corps, marched north to the Tennessee River and crossed it near Eastport Mississippi on the same day and encamped near its banks, for the night. It rained very hard all night, which down-pour, with the almost constant rains of the past week, made the roads well nigh impassable and turned the small streams into rushing rivers. The following day the sky cleared, and we marched for Eastport. Bear Creek, which had to be forded, was between us and our goal. Many troops passed over before it came our turn, but after waiting several hours, we came to the bank of the stream to find it a mighty torrent, swift and turbulent. A large rope had been stretched from one side of the creek to the other and attached

to trees. Along the lower side of this rope and holding to it with one hand, a continuous line of men were wading the deep water, which, with most of them, came up to their necks. Each man carried his gun on his shoulder and to each gun was fastened its bayonet, and tied to each bayonet was the soldier's knapsack containing his clothes and other belongings. Two or three hundred yards below this ford the banks widened out and there the water was not so deep nor so swift, and a few men, who found it necessary to take over a second bundle, were swimming or wading back at this lower ford to get their second packages. As I was, at this time, the cook for our mess, and wanted to bring over a few extra dishes of my own getting, I concluded to make the two trips. I made the first one all right, but in returning, I found the water deeper and swifter than I had reckoned it to be, and out in mid-stream I found a mass of shifting sand. The conditions became so bad that in every step I tried to make forward, I was being forced down stream; and all along the bank before me, below the place of landing the water near the shore looked still and deep, with rocks and high, steep banks to climb. I had never learned to swim, and unless I got help, I feared I should be drowned. I was making a desperate effort to get farther up the stream, when I heard a friendly call and, looking back, I saw my friend from Company D. swimming rapidly toward me. "Stand right still and I'll take you out," he called to me. He soon came up, took my hand, and in a few minutes landed me safe on "terra firma." Never did human voice sound so inviting. It was so much easier and safer to "stand right still" when real help was near, than to flounder about alone and in despair, with almost certain death staring me in the face. Often as the memory of that event has occurred to me, have I shuddered at the thought of my utter helplessness and tried to reckon up what



**I would have willingly given at that hour of danger for a good knowledge of the swimming art; and yet, I think I have known of more deaths by the drowning of those who were good swimmers than of those ignorant of the art.**

Once over Bear Creek, we parted company with Gen. Dodge's command; our regiment being left in charge of Eastport while the left wing of the 16th. Corps moved on toward the front. A depot of supplies was established, and Col. Rinaker was assigned to the command of the post and of the troops there. The boys used to joke to each other sometimes about the Colonel always having a safe, easy, place as commander of some post while other regiments were pushed on to the front and received their share in the real glory of the war; and I am quite sure some of the officers shared in this opinion, and even twitted the Colonel about it. I always thought that they misjudged him, and I think so yet. I think the commanding general of the district found Colonel Rinaker so honest and so capable an officer that he <sup>was</sup> selected out of the multitude as one of those in whom he could depend for the performance of the arduous and delicate duties at that particular locality. Desiring to defend my old Colonel and to exonerate him, in my own mind at least, I have consulted the U. S. Adjutant General's Report of Military Operations of the Sixteenth Army Corp for 1863; and find among General G. M. Dodge's reports, the following:

"Headquarters, Left Wing, 16th. Army Corps,

Pulaski, Tenn., Jan. 22, 1864.

Major General W. T. Sherman, Commanding the Department and Army of the Tennessee, Memphis, Tennessee.

General,

I have received a very urgent letter from Col. John I. Rinaker, 122d. Ill. Inft. desiring to join the command. He says

he saw you. When the requirements of the service will permit, I trust you will see proper to let him join his brigade. His whole regiment, he says is very anxious to do so.

G. M. Dodge,

Brigadier General."

From the same records, I take the following found among the reports of General Braman about the commands under his care. His report was addressed to the Adjutant General of the United States and dated May 2, 1864.

Col. John I. Kinaker of the 122d. Regt., Ill. Inf., now commanding the post of Cairo, is a gallant and meritorious officer, vigilant in the performance of duty, and wise and just in administration.

Braman.

Commanding Cairo District.

After the rains, the weather became much colder, and our shelter being just the small dog tents, we were much concerned as to our winter quarters, provided we were there for the winter; so I asked the Colonel one day, if we were to get better tents. He thought we would shortly, "But," he said, "you boys are good at building winter quarters; I think we are in for a long stay at this place; why not build yourselves a little shanty?" So encouraged, four of us cronies put up a shanty 6 by 9 ft. and high enough to stand up straight under the roof. We built it of boards, doing all the work in one day. Two of our mess brought in a large<sup>\*</sup> bake-oven, common in the South, which, with the utensils I lugged across Bear Creek, enabled me to furnish from the excellent provisions drawn from the government, some very good meals; and I did it easily and with pleasure. In a letter to Mother of Nov. 15th., 1863, I find these words: "We draw half rations of light-bread and half of hard-tack; half of fresh beef and

half of pork; also potatoes, rice, beans, molasses, pepper, salt, coffee, sugar, tea, candles, soap, and sometimes other things. In fact we are living better than ever before since entering the army. We also have apple-sauce, sweet potatoes, corn-bread, and sometimes milk, which things the other boys of the mess bring in from foraging.

The country about Eastport is hilly, and the bluffs along the river are high, making the place easy of defense even by a small force; yet we were not left alone long. By some rather unusual arrangement, the 1st. New Jersey Cavalry, the 34th. and 35th. New Jersey Inft., and the 17th. and 178th. New York Inft. were sent to Eastport. Their Eastern ways were not at all like ours. Both officers and men were always at longerheads with us. One incident will illustrate. One day a great commotion was started in our camp when a detail of half a dozen men and two officers of one of the New York regiments came rushing into our camp, pushing and dragging two of our boys who, they said, had been interfering with their police methods of punishing their own law-breakers. An investigation was had when it was learned that the two boys had slipped up and cut the withes that bound the hands of two of their boys to the limb of a tree, and left in that position as a punishment. Our Colonel told the officers that he would see that the offense was not repeated; but they were not satisfied with his statement, but insisted that the offenders should be subjected to like punishment. The Colonel very properly informed them that while he was ready to grant them the right to use their own methods of correction, in their own camp, he proposed to use those methods that suited him with his own men in his own camp. They seemed to be satisfied and withdrew. That evening the company officers explained to their men that, although the method of punishment used by their Eastern neighbors of tying up their culprits in this fashion seemed and perhaps was cruel, it had often been used in the regular

army and was lawful as far as they knew; besides that, the good intentions of our boys in cutting them down would result only in added punishment to the poor fellows, and engender strife between them and us; we, therefore, were expected to think right about these things and curb our emotions. I never heard of any punishment being administered to our two fellows for their generous but unlucky adventure. I think the kind old Colonel satisfied his military conscience by a little talk the next morning. The cruel punishment continued, however,, in those Eastern camps as I, with others of our boys, witnessed. The offender was tied with a strong leather thong around the thumb of each hand and the other ends of those thongs were tied to posts set in the ground or to the limb of a tree just high enough that when the arms were stretched to full length with straightened body and limbs, he could bear a part of his weight on his toes. Left in this position long, the suffering becomes intense. After witnessing such a scene of cruelty, we boys vowed to each other that if our officers ever resorted to such punishments, we would kill them the first opportunity.

While still at Eastport, I was offered a place in the Signal Corps by a friend, a lieutenant in that arm of the service. I had written home about it, and was quite favorably inclined to try for it when, on the 5th. of December, orders came for us to move. I had not consulted any of my officers about the change, and in the hurry and excitement of breaking camp, I concluded to wait for a better opportunity. I conjectured it would be difficult to get the consent of Captain Leigh to my transfer. He had proved himself a very unpopular officer with his company, and up to this time had lost three men by desertion, eight had transferred to other regiments, while nineteen had transferred to other companies in our own regiment.

Thus, with the losses by discharge and death, the company loss had reached nearly one half of the original number, and he stood in danger of losing his company organization. Of course no one blamed him for trying to keep the company intact.

A letter from home shortly before we left Eastport informed me that Sister Lucy who had been making quite an extended visit at the old home, had returned with her husband and children to California. She sent me a good picture of her husband just returned from England on a business trip.

On Saturday, the 5th. of December, 1863, all the forces at Eastport were ordered to cook three day's rations and be ready at any moment to leave. The next day twenty-seven boats were loaded, and at 6 P. M. we bade adieu to our comfortable quarters which we had occupied just one month and a day, and, taking with us our little, old, dog tents, we steamed down the crooked Tennessee, to what port we knew not, but on Thursday about noon, we went into camp at Paducah, Ky. The eastern regiments, I understood, went on by boat to Texas.

On the 12th. it was raining and had been, off and on for over a week; and being crowded in our small tents we were very uncomfortable. There seemed to be no help for it until seven companies of the regiment moved to Cairo about the 19th. of January, 1864. Our company with companies E. and K., remained at Paducah and the next day moved into Fort Anderson, near the river and half a mile from our old camp. The quarters in the fort were very dirty, but we soon had them fitted up neat and comfortable.

Our company had a great surprise on New Year's Day of this year by the arrival of a large box containing many good things for those who came from Girard, and a fine dinner for us all. The dinner was prepared by the ladies of Girard and brought down by the boys' fathers



and some of their mothers. We had every thing common to a good Christmas dinner at home. Considerable chicken and fruit left over was divided among all. The Colonel and the Chaplain of the regiment were present to partake of the feast; and we all were thankful when the latter closed his brief prayer and thanksgiving to God with these words: "And may the great Ruler of Nations bless our Country, our beloved State, and the homes of our soldier boys." There certainly was a feeling of pride in our hearts as we turned our eyes toward the shore just across the river.

Just at the beginning of the new year, my old friend, S. B. Fin was transferred and promoted to be second Lieutenant of Company A., 3d. Alabama, colored, regiment. In a letter to me afterward, he said he was glad to be released from Co. H.

Since coming to Paducah, our mess took our rations to a lady not far away, who cooked them, and we boarded with the family giving her the rations and a dollar a week apiece; but when we moved to the fort, they were so far away we did our own cooking again.

A few days before the seven companies went to Cairo, the officers started out to organize a regimental band. They had selected several men from the different companies, and Col. Binaker was anxious for me to become a member from our company. He thought it would be much better for me to join the band than to change to the Signal Corp, and said if I would go with the boys I should have all my baggage carried in the head-quarter's wagon. That meant a big lift, and I had about made up my mind to follow his advice when, on account of the removal to Cairo the move for a band was checked and being unorganized, I had to stay at Paducah and wait developments. In the mean time I had informed the Colonel that I would go. On the last day of January the order came to Capt. Leigh detailing me for duty at Cairo. With it came a request from the Adjutant to send me

on as quickly as possible. The order came from our Colonel, against whom Captain Leigh held a grudge. He showed me the order and gave me to understand that I could not go, not now at least; and saying: "I shall put Colonel Rinaker to as much trouble as possible." When I found the Captain was so obstinate and was working against my interests chiefly to gratify his passion against another officer I immediately wrote to Col. Rinaker, telling him all about it. I wrote the same day to one of the band boys answering a letter in which he said that they had organized and had secured a good teacher; that I ought to come at once if I wished to belong. I also wrote to the Adjutant a few days later. Another week passed when, to my great surprise; whether through the exercise of some magic art I know not; I never asked any questions, but, smiling as he knew how to smile when something was going his way, my Captain drew me into his office, and there he said that he had learned that I wanted to belong to the band that was being organized at Cairo. I said that I did. "Well," he said, "I shall be glad to help you all I can. It is all right to have Co. H. represented. You may get ready and go on today's boat." So that is the way I joined the band.

## Chapter 9.

### Army Life.

#### As a Musician.

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The principal reason I had in changing my gun for a musical instrument was this: I was always very fond of music and wanted, in some way, the opportunity to develop the gift I had by means of some sort of musical instrument such as a regimental band would afford me; while I was, to say the least, thoroughly tired of my old army musket. I never was fond of hunting; never wanted a gun. While the gun was a very useful instrument in battle, both of offence and defence, I sometimes think I should be glad if I knew I had never killed or wounded a fellow creature with mine. The band, of course, was a powerful weapon in the army, a "boost" to the boys, as it were, nerving them to great exertion; but one might truthfully say that this sort of force, while it aided in the destruction of the enemy, was far more effective in saving the lives and the limbs of our own men.

Other reasons had much to do also with the change; the most important, perhaps, being the question of health. During my stay at Paducah I had rather poor health; dysentery and piles troubled me much; for two weeks I was unable for duty of any kind. In a letter to Mother dated Feb. 8th., I find these words: "I am living on boiled milk and light-bread. Standing guard is very severe on me this cold weather. I always catch cold. If I get in the band I shall be free from this duty and have a chance to get well." And so it proved. At Cairo I had much better food and, being relieved of the burdens and exposures of camp life, I gained rapidly in health and energy.

On reaching Cairo, I went to head-quarters and found Col. Kinaker who, as usual, was commander of the post. We talked a little and then he sent his orderly with me to find the band leader, Mr. E. P. Penn. We came upon him and the teacher too at the band hall. I was introduced to them, and they were very glad to welcome me as the member from Co. H. The band, consisting of twenty-six players, was now full. Our teacher, Mr. Wittig, was a German, and his English was good, though a little broken. Mr. Penn was a very kind, pleasant man and a good musician. In time he came to excel even his teacher as a performer on the cornet. All the band boys had been detailed from the different companies of the regiment, Mr. Penn coming from Co. A.

My instrument was an E<sup>b</sup> Alto Solo, and my part in the few pieces so far composed had been put on music ruled paper, and I was expected to copy them into a small music book, one of which each member of the band received with his instrument. This book is one of my mementos of the war. I was anxious to be at my task, so Mr. Wittig showed me how to use the instrument, played over my first lesson, and left with me the musical scale, prepared with letters, signs, etc. all of which he carefully explained, having first tested me as to my musical knowledge.

That I might overtake the other boys, I put in many earnest hours work every day at the hall. To show how well I succeeded, I copy a paragraph from a letter written home dated Feb. 29th., 1864, barely two weeks after my arrival in Cairo: "I think I am doing pretty well with my music. A gentleman who used to live at Mattoon and belonged to a band there several years, but is now in business here, heard me practicing and called at the hall one evening while the other boys were out at the theater. I told him how I came in late and was trying to catch up with the others. He gave me great encouragement. Said I was doing

well; that if I kept steadily at it, I would directly surprise my teacher and the other boys. He stayed an hour and played several nice pieces for me."

Soon after coming to Cairo, I visited the Christian Commission rooms, and through the kindness of the manager, I was given the privilege of using one of their rooms at any hours of the day I desired. The room was supplied with a table, chairs, and material for writing; also news-papers, magazines and books. I had about four hours a day free from other duties which I spent here with pleasure and profit. I also greatly enjoyed the Sunday services at the M. L. Church, Rev. Heit pastor. Feb. 28th, the first Sunday I was able to attend, he used as his text, the 89th. Psalm, 15th. and 16th. verses. He preached an excellent sermon, and I was so hungry to hear a sermon, from one of my own denomination, that I went up and introduced myself to him after the service. He wanted to know if I belonged to that great family of preachers up there by that name. I told him I did. He said that was password enough for him.

I had been playing with the band at guard mounting at head quarters about a week when the leader wanted me to play with them at a funeral the next day. So on the 3d. of March I marched and played my part of a dead march. As it happened, that piece of music was one I had been drilling on for several days, and I could play it about as well as the other boys. Mr. Penn said I did so well I might consider myself booked for St. Patrick's Day, as the band had been employed for that occasion. I practiced especially on the music they expected to use, and when we marched through the streets I kept up my part for hours. From that time on, no question arose as to my ability. We received \$100 for these two day's work. While we remained at Cairo, and at other places we were frequently called to play at various entertainments, but I thir



we made the most money in playing for dances. At one big dance we made \$500. On this occasion, we stayed all night. The "Flowing Bowl" made lively the dance, and the most expensive wines were passed back and forth to the band boys, so that, at the break up, the sober members had to help the tipsy ones home. You can imagine the condition of many of the dancers.

Some months after we left Cairo I learned to beat the drum and cymbals when our bass drummer was sick, and the last two or three months, I played the tuba, the regular bass-horn player having been discharged on account of sickness. The reason I was chosen to fill these places was, the E<sup>b</sup> Alto would be less missed from the harmony in most of our music than any other instrument.

News came to us on the day following the dance that on the 24th. of March quite a force of Rebel cavalry under Forest had attacked the fort and the forces at Paducah; that they had been repulsed in the three assaults they had made; and that the three companies, E, H, and K. of our regiment, left there, had done valiant service in defending the fort. I cannot say that my absence from the fight was a cause of regret to me.

The next three months of our stay at Cairo was a period devoid of anything notable. Our three companies at Paducah rejoined the regiment the latter part of April, and a large force assembled there preparing for a forward move. Along about this time Cairo was drenched with heavy rains, lasting a week or more. That burg was thus rendered a most unpleasant place, and all seemed anxious to get away.

On the night of April 23d., I was awakened by some one calling my name. Although it was midnight, I got up and went downstairs to learn who could come through the drenching rain to see me at such a time. I found Nelson Darr, one of my old school-mates, the brother of

Matt Barr, whose ~~and~~ misfortune I mentioned in a former chapter. I gave him the best bed I had and a good warm breakfast. He had lost his knapsack and gun and had just arrived on a boat from Memphis to rejoin his regiment, the 14th. Ill. Inft.

June 26, 1864, the regiment, after the defeat of Gen. Sturgis at Guntown, Miss., was ordered to join the command of Gen. A. J. Smith then at Lagrange, Tenn. Smith's command at this time was the right wing of the 16th. Army Corp. The regiment proceeded on the steamer Majestic to Memphis where we were assigned to the 1st. Brigade, 2d. Division.

The next day, July 4th., the command started on the march for Okalona, Miss. for the purpose of attacking the force then concentrating at that place under command of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Confederate. The march was long and toilsome, the weather exceedingly hot, and the roads dusty. On the second day out several of the boys of our regiment suffered sun-stroke. They fell to the ground as if shot. Near the close of the day I became overheated and fell out of ranks, but Dr. Hoaman loaned me his horse and himself marched in my place with the band till we came into camp. Calvary skirmishing took place every day. We could hear the fracas, but could never get near enough to take part in it. On the 11th. we reached Pontotoc, Miss. and remained there till the 13th; then marched to Tupelo and thus turned the right flank of the fortified position of the rebels in front of Okalona, compelling them to come out and attack us at Tupelo.

About 9 A. M. on the 14th. of July the enemy under S. D. Lee came forward in fine style and fiercely engaged our men, posted in the rear of a crest of a ridge fronted by an open field, across which the rebels had to come. The 122d. was stationed with its right just covering the road leading into Tupelo. As the enemy advanced across the open plain covered by a heavy artillery fire, the 122d. and the rest of

the brigade moved forward from the opposite side and met the enemy just at the crest of the ridge and opened a destructive fire upon them with such effect that their ranks were shattered, and the whole force driven back with heavy loss in men and officers. Three times the assault was repeated and repulsed with equally disastrous results to the rebel force. At about 2 P. M. the enemy, discomfited, withdrew, leaving the union forces masters of the field and in possession of their dead and wounded. Our regiment lost 10 killed and 33 wounded, as many as all the rest of the brigade, as the number of casualties will show.

My place during this battle was with the other band boys about a hundred yards in the rear of the regiment and some of the time with the surgeons at the hospital. We carried the wounded from the field on stretchers. Two of us were on our way with one whose leg was broken and while putting him in an ambulance both horses attached to the ambulance were shot through with a canon ball. The cry of those poor animals seemed almost human. We had gone but a few steps on our return when a shell came shrieking over our heads and killed a man just a little behind us, tearing away a part of his head. As one said: "It seemed like a furious storm in sunshine." The hospital, as well as the battle field, was a sickening sight. Human arms and legs were lying scattered and in heaps as plentiful as shoulders and hams of animals at a meat market.

Having avenged the defeat of Sturgis, we set out on our return trip to Memphis, reaching the city on the 23d. of July.

Again, on the 4th. of August, A. J. Smith's command was on the march, this time to Holly Springs and then on to Oxford, Miss. We remained a few days at Holly Springs, which town I remember to have been a delightful place. The beautiful groves of holly and the numerous springs bubbling up out of the level ground and the cold water running

off along the road-side, made everything about look so cool and refreshing to us just off our weary march. As we passed through Abbyville on our way to Oxford, we were attacked by a force of rebel cavalry with whom we had a skirmish but without serious loss to our forces.

The next day we reached Oxford, only to find that the enemy had fallen back still farther. Rumor said that Forest had captured Memphis: so, whether for this or for that, we were sure A. J. Smith had some good reason for his action, and we about-faced and made direct for Memphis. Three P. M. of the last day of August saw us on its streets again.

On this raid, as on the previous one I enjoyed excellent health. The only bother I had was a boil on my right wrist. We sometimes went hungry, for our rations were very scarce. We drew no meat at all; and I was informed the intention was for the army to live off the country, but forage was scarce at times.

While at Holly Springs I received a letter from Mother, in which she complained, and justly too, of the long delays in getting word from her boys in the army. In her anxiety she had gone to Mrs. Seaman, Dr. Seaman's wife. To her question Mrs. Seaman replied: "Yes, I had a letter yesterday from the Doctor, but he wrote nothing about your boy." Then, among the bushels of letters for the regiment on its return from Oxford, I received another from her. It seems she still had received no letter from me and her anxiety had increased to a real fear that I might be dead or wounded and left somewhere to suffer and to die. Being almost sick with worry, she said she could neither eat nor sleep; but one night when she did fall into a troubled slumber, she had a most horrible dream. In the dream, her Brother, Wm. P. Arnold of Lexington, Ky., whose son, Lycourgas, had been captured and had died in a Northern prison stood beside her bed and taunted her with cruel words: "While my boy had to suffer and die away from home and his

loved ones, you think your boys will return safe to you, but they will not. You will see! His death will be avenged." She awoke, sobbing and almost heart-broken. She arose and kneeling beside her bed, prayed that God would relieve her of her heavy burden. "The Bible" was suggested to her; and the voice said: "My Word shall give thee light. She thanked God, went to bed and had a good refreshing sleep. In the morning she opened her bible to these words of the Psalmist: "I wait for the Lord, my soul waiteth, and in his word do I hope." Not yet satisfied, she closed the bible and then opened it at random. Whether by chance or through a divine influence, it matters not. The place was at the 31st. chapter of Jeremiah. She glanced at the title of the chapter and read "God's restoration of Israel. Rachael mourning is comforted." Putting her finger on the verses she ran her eyes down to the 16th. verse which reads: "Thus saith the Lord: refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy." She said in her letter: "The fear has all gone out of my heart. Why should I have forgotten how I dedicated you and Charley to our country's cause and trusted you in the hands of the Lord when you went away? God forgive me! He will do right, my son." The day after our arrival at Memphis I wrote her a long letter answering both letters mentioned above. I also sent her a holly leaf which I brought from Holly Springs.

In looking for items about the war I came across this letter; and as the soldier's morale has much to do with his success and happiness, I feel constrained to copy two or three paragraphs from it as showing the way I looked upon the affairs of life at that time. As one has said: "I think it is the finest art of living to see things as they are and make the best of them." The part of the letter I desire to



use here follows: "Mother dear, I am sorry you were so troubled about your boys in the army. That dream was enough to make you feel bad, but I think you were very sensible to ignore it and let the good Spirit lead you into a better way of thinking. I do not believe in bad dreams. Remember we do not live in a world of chance. God directs our ways. He will take care of us, fear not. The letter I received from you yesterday has greatly cheered my heart and encouraged me to do my best to serve my country faithfully; I mean the one in which you related your dream. I feel it was truly the finger of God that pointed out to your anxious heart those consoling words, and I feel, too, that the prayers <sup>of</sup> our pious loving mother will finally bring all of us safely through these troublous times. If all the boys had mothers as good as my mother is, I don't believe they would be so wicked.

Dr. Seaman is quite well and in his place as he always is. I believe he has never missed a march nor a battle. Whether on the march or in camp, the tents of the band boys are always in sight of the hospital headquarters, and the doctor and I see each other so often that I suppose neither of us always think to mention the other in our letters, especially when we are well. Is it not generally true when writing to a mutual friend, we are apt to forget the one associated with us every day, thinking that because we know their circumstances so well, everyone else does also?

Ma, when I send this letter to you, I shall have just three and a third cents left; and we may not get our pay for a month or more, so if you will please send me a few stamps, I shall be able to send you the letters I may write you during the next few weeks. You may wonder how I came to have three and a third cents. That is the cost of a stamp down here. I hand the P. M. ten cents. He hands me three

stamps for it and pockets the one cent above their value. He won't sell fifteen or thirty cents worth; that would be even change, and he would lose his toll. Stamps sent from home are often lost. The P. M. knows that and hence the little trick. I suppose, we must make the best of it." A dollar's worth of stamps came in the next letter from home.

After our last march into Mississippi we returned to Memphis under orders to report to Sherman in Georgia, but movements of Price made it necessary to reinforce Rosecrans at St. Louis. Accordingly we took boats for Cairo on the 8th. of September, our headquarters being on the steamer Monsoon; thence to Benton Barracks, Mo. Here we stayed till the 26th. when the first and the third brigades went as far as De Soto on the Iron Mountain Railroad to meet a rebel force under Gen. Sterling Price who was expected to be at Ironton; but the foxy old fellow turned aside, and we returned to Benton Barracks. While on this trip we went over a low mountain of almost pure iron ore.

Our next move was the beginning of our long march into western Missouri in the vain attempt to meet the same rebel force. This march, the longest single one we ever made, covered the distance of 700 miles, going and coming, to and from the vicinity of Kansas City. The weather, much of the time during the march, was cold, and the ground rough and frozen; the shoes of the men were worn out, and much severe suffering was endured. All bridges having been destroyed before us, we forded rivers on all occasions, which, fortunately were low for lack of rains; yet this was no pleasant experience in October.

Before reaching the Osage River we marched two or three days over the Ozark Highlands and water was very scarce. In the morning before starting out, we made strong coffee which is better to assuage thirst than water, and filled our canteens with it. This was all we had to

quench our thirst until we reached camp at night- the camping places were, of course, known to our leaders before we started.

I well remember a particular day when we started very early with our stomachs as well as our canteens full of coffee, for the sergeant had said it was a long march to water. We traveled a good thirty mile along that ridgy plateau, when just at sunset we went into camp where only a small spring of water broke out of the hill-side and, running a few yards, emptied into the vats of an unused tannery. But few at a time could drink or get water for cooking from the spring, so famished were the crowds that many quenched their thirst from the vats and the running stream below the tannery. Many times on this trip, the wells along the roads we traveled were left dry long before the rear columns came up.

About the 22d. of October, after a long, hard, day's march, we came into camp late at night, made our fires, and had just time to drink our coffee and eat a hard-tack when the order came, "Fall in!" and we marched all night, passing through Independence at the break of day; and, hastening on, we reached the Big Blue, too late, however, to be of any use. A great battle had been raging. Like the roll of thunder after the storm has passed, so we could hear the booming of the guns, but the shots were fired at a discomfited and fast retreating enemy.

Pursuing no farther, and in obedience to orders, we soon began our movement back to St. Louis. The rebels were badly beaten at the battle of the Big Blue and, pursued by our gallant cavalry under Generals Pleasanton, Sanborn, and Curtis, we got word of their retreat clear to the Arkansas border. Defeated in five great battles, his forces shattered and scattered as they were literally "booted" over the southern boundary of Missouri, Price was little to be feared now.

Conscious of a work well done and having heard of Gen. Sherman's victorious advance in Georgia, we set out with glad hearts on our return.

Our present move and the haste which was to attend it was, in fact, at the request of Gen. Sherman, followed by orders from the General in Chief; and, though our boys knew it not, Gen. Rosecrans had ordered A. J. Smith to move his command by the most expeditious rout to the Mississippi in the vicinity of St. Louis, and finally report to Gen. Thomas at Nashville.

The activities of our band during the long Missouri trip were many and varied, though rather monotonous. We usually played a march at the head of the brigade at the start on each day's march, and always in passing through cities and towns, at the head of the regiment or brigade, marched in quickstep time and played one or more lively airs; sometimes when we came into camp off the march we enlivened the whole brigade playing at head-quarters.

Once when we were at Sedalia where we spent the 18th. and 19th. of October, with a number of officers we visited, by invitation, a prominent Union man and his family at their home on a farm near the city. Several of their good neighbors had also been invited. We were royally entertained, first, with a bountiful supper to which we did full justice. A very entertaining program of music, vocal and instrumental, and patriotic speeches and declamations followed. The young ladies present lead off with the music and some of us young fellows who could sing, joined in with them when they played our patriotic airs or other music with which we were familiar. Their negroes, all of whom had been freed by their master near the beginning of the war, but were still with them, also sang and played on their instruments and even joined with the white people in some of their music; and, of course, we played our finest music, occupying the

verandah or seats arranged under the trees near by. These men, like many Union men in Tennessee, literally slept with their rifles in their hands, and the stories they related were often recitals of their narrow escapes from death, or of their own acts of righteous retribution.

Jefferson City was one of the objective points in Price's invasion of Missouri; and, indeed, our leaders were confident that he would make a desperate effort at its capture about the middle of October; hence all kinds of troops were rapidly concentrated there, and all kinds of orders were flying thick and fast to nearly all points of the compass. Among these I select one of Gen. Rosecrans's orders to the commanding general of the City at that time. You will get from it an idea of the practical nature of many of the field orders of our commanders. It is from the middle of his report and is as follows:

"Husband your ammunition and give very careful instructions to your men to fire only when they see a fair chance to hit. Don't let anything but a skirmish fire be made until the enemy are near enough to see their heels, then to fire at their shins. You can make a line of cover against cavalry by two strings of logs laid parallel with your crest and cover with a layer of rails put cross-wise; have these and tangles of brush always under close fire from your line of fire, say fifty to seventy-five yards. If you cover the rails spoken of, cavalry may charge without discovering it, and you understand what will be the result. Be careful not to get cut off from water- remember Lexington!"

W. S. Rosecrans,

Major General.

At Pleasant Hill the brigade was mustered for pay on October 30th., just the day before beginning our return march. From Pleasant Hill we moved eastward, crossed the Missouri River at Glasgow and arrived at Fayette on the 7th. of November. Here we stayed two days where, on



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the 8th of November, under very peculiar circumstances, I cast my second vote for Abraham Lincoln. We next went through Columbia, then Mexico, and on to St. Charles. Here we again crossed the Missouri River and in one day made the trip to St. Louis a distance of thirty-two miles, arriving there by 3 P. M. on Friday, Nov. 18th.

The many days of almost continued travel, and especially the last few days of long marches wore out our shoes and other clothing but at the same time toughened our muscles and gave us sure confidence in ourselves, and we felt tingling in our veins the blood of real veterans.

We remained in the city a few days that we might clean up and draw a fresh supply of clothing in preparation for our move to the defense of Nashville. My brothers George and Charley came down to the city and I secured a pass so they were out to the camp every day while they remained so that we were together most of the time. I copy here a few lines to Mother written on board the steamer Thomas Tuttle and dated Nov. 20, 1864.

"Although brother George left me but the other day, and you have heard from me better than I can pen my words, yet you might wish to know where I am and how I am. We are again on our way to Dixie, twenty-five miles from Cairo where I expect to mail this letter. I left St. Louis rather reluctantly, but am quite well and feeling much improved every way, by the rest we had for the body, and by the influence and presence of my kind Brothers for the mind. I was glad to meet George and Charley at St. Louis. It was, indeed a great treat. I parted from Charley on the boat on the evening before we left, and as I watched him enter the crowded city, my heart was filled with gratitude to God for sparing my noble Brother through the hardships and dangers of the war, and for the dear good Mother at home through whose influence her children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, have perfect love for

and confidence in each other. Charley is the same jolly boy of other years; George looked very natural but some older. He has been a dear good brother to Charley and me. Dr. Seaman gave me the socks and needle case yesterday. It was the first time I have seen him since he was at home. Your gifts are all so nice. The socks will last me all the winter. The needle case is the first gift of the kind I have had since I left home; thanks to the donor. Tell Miss Nancy her present is very acceptable, and that I think her a patriotic young lady of the right stripe. The cake was good and made me think of home.

"We band boys have all the privileges on this boat we could desire. It is our brigade Headquarters and our Colonel is in command."

While at St. Louis the command of A. J. Smith was increased to three full divisions of infantry and was called the Detachment Army of the Tennessee. This whole command embarked on steamers the 24th. of November, using the whole day and a good part of the night getting men and equipment aboard.

The different commands who took part in the Missouri campaign were mentioned and more or less eulogized by Gen Rosecrans in general orders issued at St. Louis Dec. 8th., 1864. The part which refers to the Army of the Tennessee follows:

"The General commanding tenders his thanks to Major General A. J. Smith and his command for the grit and energy with which they performed all the duties devolving upon them in the campaign which brought to naught Price's formidable raid and defeated the schemes of the rebels and traitors in Missouri and elsewhere against the State and the Nation."

On the morning of the 25th., our boat and others steamed away from the hospitable city of St. Louis with prows once more toward the South. Our boat, the Thomas Tuttle, reached Cairo on the 27th. and

was there but a few hours coaling. We then moved on up the Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland where we found a little town, Smithland. At its landing we stopped but a few minutes and were off again. We steamed up to Nashville late in the afternoon of Nov. 30th., and the following day disembarked and moved into line of battle on a range of hills two miles southwest of town. Our Division immediately threw up earth-works behind which we lay till we moved out for battle. There was more or less skirmishing every day, and our gunboats kept up a constant fire, especially at night, to prevent any attempt of the enemy at crossing the river. From an adjoining hill we could see the curling smoke from the enemy guns as they fired at us.

By the middle of the month, Gen. Thomas deemed himself in readiness for any event-- attack or defense-- and early on the morning of the 15th., under a dense fog, his army quietly left the fortifications and marched in double column through the opening facing the enemy and deployed to right and left outside its own breast-works and facing the rifle-pits of the Confederates. Skirmishing began almost immediately and continued till about mid-day when the attack became more general and was answered by the enemy from their defences. Night put an end to the conflict, both armies remaining on the field, the enemy having been driven about three miles back.

Early in the day our band had been sent back a way with some reserve troops. Our position was behind a low level ridge which separated us from the battlefield. In the vicinity of our post was quite a pond of water which furnished drinking water for all soldiers near it. We were near enough to the fight to get a shot now and then from the enemy. While some of us were filling our canteens, a stray ball came bounding over the ridge and fell in the pond in front of us. We had several such visits while we remained there. Some of the solid

spent balls came bounding along so slowly that one was tempted to put out his foot to stop it, but none of us tried it.

About three o'clock an order came from our commander to join our brigade which had been moved from its former position. We hastened to the designated point, found our brigade, and learned what was wanted of us. A large force of the rebel army were intrenched behind a long stone wall or fence. Gen. Thomas, learning of this and seeing his opportunity determined to make a charge on them and capture their position. Two brigades of the 16th. Corps, <sup>one of</sup> which was ours, were placed as a charging force just behind a ridge out of the enemy's sight. A cavalry force had also maneuvered off to the rebel left flank, while an infantry force with artillery was approaching them on their right flank.

All being in readiness, at about 4 o'clock the last named force opened a cannonade upon the confederate position thus attracting their attention and engaging their artillery. Just over the ridge which hid our charging party from the rebels, our band was stationed on a little knoll, with instructions to begin playing as soon as we caught sight of the advance of the charging force. We were in plain view of the stone wall, but I think the rebs had not caught sight of us. We had been in our place but a few minutes when the charge began; the men, with a great yell, came rushing on, while we played "Hail Columbia" with the greatest burst of energy of which we were capable. That charging column was not long in reaching the stone wall and many hands were soon pulling it down. Other cheering columns of infantry were approaching at double-quick from other angles. A whole battery of artillery came at full speed thundering down a lane from somewhere and unlimbered into position, ready to do its part if needed. All this, like a panorama spread out before us, seemed to have taken place in less time than it takes to tell it. We could see the rebel hosts

throwing up their hands in surrender without firing a gun. In a moment more, like a great swarm of bees, the cavalry came into view over the hills in the rear of the enemy's position, literally herding them into droves like cattle, and thus preventing their escape. This last act formed a fitting back-ground for our grand panorama. The magnificent charge was one of the grandest, most inspiring scenes I ever saw, or expect to see in this life. As suddenly as it began, the play ended, and all was now quiet for the day.

After the charge we moved back a half mile to a place where the battle had raged; here was a farm with a small house on it and a good well. Just we band boys were permitted to occupy the house which, by its battered condition showed what a storm of battle must have raged about it, but now all was quiet save the groans of the wounded and the queries of passing stragglers in search of their commands. In the large room was a fire-place, and in another room a pile of wood, some cooking utensils, and quite a lot of food; so we soon had a comfortable fire and a nice warm supper. While eating we talked about the unusual conditions surrounding us there: how in the midst of horrible suffering and death, we were enjoying a night far better than the average night in a soldier's life, - joking, telling stories, and singing our patriotic music. I thought: "How wonderful the mind of man in its adaptation to circumstance!" As Milton puts it in the mouth of His Satanic Majesty:

'The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.'

I can conceive of no reason why Hood remained to give battle another day. He must have been convinced that it meant only defeat and the destruction of his army. He surely lost his military sense and followed the dictates of passion. The drubbing he received the first day may have made him mad; and you know, 'Whom the gods would destroy.



they first make mad." One thing is sure, he had a very erroneous conception of "Pap" Thomas and his army.

What really happened the second day is briefly told in a little memorandum which I wrote at the time in a blank page of my music book: "The next day we used him up worse than ever, capturing, in both days, as reported, over 12,000 prisoners and 62 guns."

The band boys remained in the rear on the second day of the battle caring for some of our wounded, but early in the morning of that day we were attracted by a large body of prisoners which a number of our men were guarding as in a corral. We took a position near the line where we could talk with them. While we were near them, one of our splendidly equipped batteries passed by going to the front. Everything about the men and animals was superb; the large well kept, well fed, horses, wearing their blankets in the sharp cold air were prancing along the road as if eager for the battle. The rebs became interested at once. Every eye was turned eagerly toward this imposing array of death dealing machines, of which we were so proud. Evidently they were greatly excited, talking and gesticulating to each other."

"How do you like our Yankee battery, Johnny?" enquired one of our boys of the prisoner standing nearest. "You'ns have lets better horses and guns than we'uns. Ef we'uns had guns and horses like them fellers, yǔ cudent uh tuck us prisoners, nowow." "You'ns ought to thought about that before you'ns began the war, Johnnie," said our young philosopher.

At the close of the second day, our Division went into camp among the hills about 12 miles from where the rebels made their stand. As, without fear, the camp-fires were kindled and preparation of the evening meal went on; our band boys took their station on a little knoll near brigade headquarters and began playing our patriotic tunes. When we started on "America" the whole brigade began to cheer. Other

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bands joined in with us in playing the National melody and many more thousands of victorious cheers rent the air until, seemingly, the whole Union army had united in the glad shout of victory. It was, indeed, a thrilling moment as we stood there on that mound looking and listening. In full view the bivouac fires were blazing from scores of hill-sides to right and left, lighting up the trees and tingeing red the dark sky for miles; while the crash and blare of human voices rolling by in ever increasing volume, rivaled the clamor of the battle itself.

After a good night's rest, we arose early, expecting to follow rapidly after Hood's retreating army. We took the Franklin Pike and, making but 8 miles, camped for the night at an excellent place. There were good reasons, no doubt, for the short march, but most of us were ignorant of it. Some said the camping place was so good the commander couldn't resist the temptation to camp there; others said that Hood's army was so scattered that no one had been able to find its whereabouts all day.

On the 18th., the division moved two miles beyond Franklin and camped. The 19th. <sup>it moved</sup> one and one-half miles beyond Spring-Hill, another fine camping ground. From the 20th. to the 25th., we were on the road to Columbia, reaching Columbia about noon of the 25th. The next day we made 11 miles, passing through Lynn and toward Pulaski which town we reached on the 27th. Remained here the 28th., doing our washing and cooking.

The 29th. and 30th. found us on the road to Laurensburg, and the last day of the year we passed through that burg and camped on the Clifton road. January 1st., 1865 was cold with two inches of snow, but a fine day for travel and we found ourselves 16 miles nearer Clifton before sun-down. The 2d. was also a good day and we marched to Clifton, 17 miles.

We remained at Clifton, a town on the Tennessee River, till the 4th. when the division embarked on transports and moved up the river to Waterloo, Ala., making the trip, 80 miles, in two days. On the 7th., we moved down to East-port, our old camp-ground of over a year ago.

In a few days we received orders to go into winter quarters, and our mess of four put up a little log shanty, 8 by 10 ft. and occupied it on Jan. 17th. We were glad to rest here awhile, the place was so healthful and the water so good. We, of the band, especially, passed the time here very pleasantly. We had new suits with stripes and sleeve and collar bands and caps of the same style, after the fashion of brigade bands. So, at the general inspection on the 22d. of Jan., we played for our own regiment and at brigade head-quarters, receiving the commendation of our officers and the cheers of the men, drawn up in long lines for the inspection.

Just a few days after this, we were called to play the solemn funeral march at the burial of a comrade, Dannie Casey of Co. C. of our own regiment. When a death occurred in camp the funeral was attended with considerable ceremony. Generally the special friends of the departed comrade, and sometimes the whole company, marching with arms reversed, followed the corpse to the grave, the corpse being carried in the ambulance or borne by pall-bearers. The firing squad preceded the corpse, and the band headed the whole procession. All moved with slow and solemn steps, the band playing, with muffled drums, the "Dead" march as they went. Flowers and other tokens of love were laid on the coffin, followed by a few fitting words by the chaplain. After the grave was filled, the firing squad, one half on each side of the grave, loaded and fired three volleys as a military salute to the departed.

One of the regular duties of the band after it became a brigade

band was to play at brigade guard-mounting every morning at nine o'clock.

On the first day of February some of us went into a store in the town and were weighed. My weight was 160 lbs., a greater weight than I had attained for five years. The increased weight of the other boys also indicated good times and good health since coming to East-port.

The First and Third Divisions of the Corps began to embark on transports the 8th., followed by the Second Division on the 8th. In the afternoon of the 8th., the band was taken aboard the steamer Peerless and given cabin passage. This was brigade head-quarter's boat. All our baggage was carried with the officer's baggage and we fared almost equal to them. Our boat left East-port the 9th. at ten A. M., and arrived at Paducah at day-light of the 10th., where we remained there three hours coaling.

Our next step was at Cairo where we landed the same day at five P. M. Got a pass for the band and went ashore. At night we played a few numbers at the entrance of a theater and were admitted to witness the performance. After leaving the theater, we had a good time serenading some of our old friends whom we knew when here before. We went to our boat and to bed about two o'clock.

While here I sent home, by express, a new blanket and a pair of soldier's pants which I had just obtained from the government; also a cavalry sword and a nice pair of pants which I had taken in a trade with a cavalryman in exchange for a watch; and some little trinkets I wanted to keep as souvenirs.

The Peerless remained at Cairo all the next day coaling and taking on forage. We left on the eleventh at nine P. M., Colonel Rinaker commanding the brigade. At nine P. M. the next day we arrived at Memphis, making the trip from Cairo in exactly twenty-four hours.

The thirteenth we started on down the river at day-light. I copied two new pieces of music which Mr. Wittig, our old teacher gave us just before he left us at Cairo recently, one, a quick-step, the other, Elsworth's Lament. Our spare time was occupied in learning these pieces, and in general practice, which Mr. Penn, our new leader carefully kept up.

We passed Hellena in the late afternoon and delighted the ears of its rebellious inhabitants with a few of our patriotic numbers, "John Brown," etc. In a storm of rain we came to Vicksburg late in the day of the fourteenth, and the next day unloaded, marched up through the town, playing some of our national airs, and went into camp about four miles from the landing. At night we band-boys returned to our boat and slept in our rooms.

On the sixteenth we repaired to brigade head-quarters, a beautiful place where the grass and trees were green, and lovely walks led out through the stately grounds. The face of the country about the city, as far as we saw it, was exceedingly rough, presenting a natural and an almost impregnable defence against any attack, yet it succumbed to the skill and patience of our generals and engineers. As we returned to the boat, we entered some of the rooms made by the unhappy citizens for a safer shelter from the shells of the Union army during the great seige. On either side of the road which ran within a deep cut through a hill were many of these excavations. Some of the rooms were quite large and convenient. When our sight-seeing was over, we returned to the steamer, reloaded, and moved on the next morning toward the sea. The fleet passed Naches at noon and, sometime in the night, Baton Rouge.

At two P. M. we arrived at New Orleans. Between Naches and New Orleans we saw many fine plantations on both sides of the river, but only small parts of any of them were under cultivation. Quite a



different aspect of nature is found this far south. The evergreen oak, the long tangles of gray moss, hanging from the trees almost to the ground, the beautiful magnolia, the fig, the orange, and the hundred other various specimens of plant and animal life, living there which could not exist in the colder climate, give interest to the new incomer. We feasted on the ripe figs and oranges, sent some of the magnolias and other magnificent tropical flowers to our mothers and sweet-hearts, and gathered our arms full of the hanging mosses to make soft our beds at night. Most of the army disembarked the same day of arrival and encamped four miles below the city, but the 122d. camped one mile from the landing while head quarters and the band remained on the boat; nor were we sorry for just after nightfall there came one of the severest storms of wind and rain I ever saw.

We were awakened on the morning of the twenty-second by the booming cannon in celebration of Washington's birthday. After breakfast on the boat, we went to the camp of the 122d., which became brigade headquarters for our brigade. Near us was the old battlefield of New Orleans and the monument perpetuating its memory. Some of the boys were on the top of the monument and stood under the historic tree where General Jackson had his headquarters. Sunday, the twenty-sixth was a beautiful day and we were glad to see it, for rain, mud, and storm had been well-nigh continuous since our arrival into the city.

The news reached us on the twenty-seventh that Charleston, South Carolina had fallen, and the return of the Stars and Stripes to Fort Sumpter was celebrated at noon in the city by the booming of big guns. We remained in New Orleans until the sixth of March, where, especially in the last weeks, I greatly enjoyed my privileges at the big tent of the Christian Commission. I there read Macauley's "History of England" and acquired a taste for history that has stayed with me all these years.

The day before leaving I happened to meet my brother's brother-in-law, Lieutenant W. F. Warren of the Signal Corps, my one time school-mate at Greencastle.

While at New Orleans, other troops were added to A. J. Smith's command and it became thenceforth the 16th. Corps, Army of the Tennessee; and, just before our departure, the 122d. Illinois, the 119th. Ill., the 21st. Missouri, and the 80th Indiana, constituting the 1st. Brigade, 2d. Division of this corp, together with the 53th. Illinois were placed under the command of Col John I. Rinkner. Then all being ready, we broke camp on the sixth of March, and by one P. M. were on our way down the river aboard the large steamer Adriatic. Again we saw many fine plantations and beautiful scenery all along the river banks; but soon, the river being very high, one received the impression of moving along a channel cut in a ridge quite above the vast stretch of country on either side. Oranges and rice seemed to be the chief products of this low lying land. About dark we passed Fort Philips and a little later, Jackson. Near midnight we came to South Pass which on the following morning we found to be in sight of the gulf. We remained all day and night of the seventh, waiting for a ship. A light stood off to our right and a narrow point of land at our left jutted out into the gulf. We disembarked on plank which seemed to be floating among the grass. Wild seeds and flags abounded, and pestiferous insects very annoying to us were plentiful. Some of the boys gathered up a few crabs which they declared were good to eat. Toward evening the mosquitoes became so numerous that we were glad to get to our quarters on the boat. That night a severe storm from the north-west passed over us but no harm came to us as we were safely moored in the harbor.

In the afternoon of the next day, the "E. H. Fairchild," a half-sea

going vessel carried us over the bar into the gulf and brought us along side the steam-ship "Guiding Star." All were soon aboard our good ship and at dark we moved off through a calm sea. At 9 A. M. on the 9th., we arrived at the entrance to Mobile Bay, but on account of a dense fog it was late in the afternoon when a small government boat arrived and started with us to Fort Gaines. Meanwhile a storm arose and sent the little steamer bounding over the waves, but soon a safe landing was made on the island and, every man for himself, we hustled off to a camping place a half mile or so from the landing.

That first night we slept on the sand drift, without tents, while the rain poured down in torrents, most of the night. The sand was a hard bed and we slept but little. By daylight the storm abated, the sun rose clear, and soon we were drying our wet garments, drinking hot coffee, and making ready, generally, for a move into better quarters. The place selected was well over the dunes nearer the center of the island. Our tents were pitched in a beautiful pine grove with good water near. We found many lizards of various sizes and colors; we found them even in our beds, but they seemed harmless. We were delighted with our camping ground, all the boys voting it the best we ever had; but the thing most to our liking were the oysters, an abundance of which delicate food we obtained by wading out a few steps into the bay.

On the evening of Sunday, the 12th., a number of us went to a religious service. We listened to an excellent practical sermon by Mr. Lowe, a private in the 119th. Illinois. His text was in the second chapter of Philippians, ninth to the eleventh verses inclusive. Quite a number of soldiers from various regiments held daily religious meetings, having organized themselves into a society.

On the 20th. our regiment with head-quarters and the band boarded

the steamer Starlight, crossed over to Fort Morgan and within an hour, moved up the bay and, passing through Week's Bay in a north-easterly direction, we, preceded and followed by the rest of the fleet, entered the mouth of Fish River early in the afternoon. We followed up its winding way for ten miles when we camped. This stream is very narrow but deep. From the upper deck, we could touch the tree branches on either side; and so crooked was it, parts of the fleet could be seen, both above and below us at the same time moving in the opposite course from our own, in the form of the letter S. At one point the bung in a large tank of turpentine had been pulled out, and a three inch stream of the liquid was shooting across the river. The whole country is generally flat and was covered with pitch pine which the inhabitants tapped for its rich sap. Our camp was on the east side of the river which place we reached at eight P.M. under a heavy rain. On the second day of our camp here, I attended a service at the river bank when twenty young men were baptised, while, at the same hour, heavy cannonading was heard off toward Mobile.

We broke camp early on the twenty-fifth and marched six or eight miles through a beautiful pine forest, over a level country, camping again at three P. M. We were coming nearer the enemy as evidenced by the breast works thrown up by our army at these camps. The next day we moved at sun-rise, traveling north and going about eight miles, where we camped at one P. M. Heard firing in front. On the twenty-seventh, we had gone a mile or so when our brigade was detailed to guard the wagon train of provisions etc. Reports were that Fort Spanish was surrounded and an attack might be expected at any time.

This last day of March was employed in making sand baskets to be used in the construction of our defences. It was said ten thousand of them were needed. Willows and vines were used in making them, and

when finished they were about the size of a flour barrel. At noon of April third, we left camp and, going four or five miles, threw out skirmishers. With General Steel's forces we were now investing the rebel works at Fort Blakely, our troops resting at the extreme left on the bay.

For five consecutive days, our skirmishers continued to advance our lines by regular approaches. After dark, details, some with guns, others armed with picks and shovels, would advance twenty or thirty yards and dig rifle pits; just before day, fresh details fully armed, were advanced to relieve the first details. These second details continued on duty till dark, when two more sets of details were sent forward, some as sharpshooters in the finished pits and others to dig new pits in advance, all under cover of the darkness.

On the fourth, I with others of our band, was detailed at division head quarter's hospital which was in a fine grove some distance to the rear. On the seventh, my time came to go with the ambulance to the skirmish line. The ambulance stopped back a way, while my comrade and I took the stretcher and went forward to our rifle-pits. During the previous night, our position had been advanced farther than usual, which, when the rebs discovered, turned loose their big guns on us for half an hour and threatened an attack on our whole line, but they accomplished nothing; our positions were secure; they could not drive us from them. Five men in our neighborhood were wounded, two fatally. These we carried to the ambulance after the fusillade had ceased.

The next day we two were out again on the skirmish line. Early in the morning we were carrying a large iron bucket of coffee hung on a pole between us. We had almost reached the pit for which it was intended, when a shell burst just over our heads; we dropped to the



ground as quickly as possible. I looked around and just where we had walked a moment before, a large smoking piece of the shell lay. One of the boys in the pit jokingly called out: "Give us that coffee quick, boys, before the Johnnies get you!" It was evident that the Johnnies had got sight of us, for the bullets, big and little, were whizzing by us every instant. I tell you we were not long in scrambling into safer quarters, bringing our precious coffee with us. The next day, April the ninth, was the day of the battle, the same day, you will observe as that in which Lee surrendered to Grant.

Instead of trying to describe this, one of the last battles of the war, which I, being closely confined at the hospital, did not witness, I wish to give you, verbatim, the report of General John I. Rinkler, my beloved old commander, who was in the thickest of the fight and saw about all there was to see. This report will give you an idea of the immense volume of reports made by army officers during the Civil War.

Majr's. First Brig., Second Div., 16th. Army Corps,  
Blakely, Ala., Apr. 11, 1865.

At noon on the 3d. inst., in obedience to orders, the First Brigade broke camp three miles east of Spanish Fort and marched out on Blakely road about three miles and a half, and halted on the high hill overlooking the rebel works around Blakely, on the left of Gen. Steel's command, then investing the place, and on the left of the Blakely road. As soon as the ground in our front permitted, and by sunset the same day, skirmishers were advanced and a line was established within 800 yards of the enemy's works in front of the First Brigade, which rested on the Blakely road on the right of the Second Division, 16th. Corps. The skirmishers and reserves were covered with light

works under fire of the enemy's musketry and artillery. I caused the line to be advanced continuously and strengthened each day and night until the afternoon of the 5th., being then within 600 yards of the rebel fortifications in our front, our line connecting with the Second Brigade on the left and with the 13th. Corps on the right. On the afternoon of the 5th. inst., in obedience to orders from Division Commander, the First Brigade skirmish line was withdrawn from the right of the Division and established on its left, being the extreme left of our line fronting Blakely. My line was then and there established within 350 yards of the rebel works and beyond the creek, the left resting on a swamp and the right connecting with the 3d. Brigade, 2d. Div., 16th. Corps. This line was established under heavy fire of artillery from the enemy's works, provoked by driving his skirmishers into the Fort when our line was first advanced. This line was advanced and strengthened each day and night with suitable works on the skirmish and the reserve lines until the afternoon of the 9th. inst., it then being within 300 yards of the enemy's works and under cross-fire from three different points. A few casualties had occurred during these operations. On the 9th., about 3 P. M., the general commanding, ordered the brigade to be moved into position to support the advance of a strong skirmish line, which was to feel of the enemy's strength of forces and works, and to move the skirmishers forward at 5:30 P. M. I thereupon ordered T. J. Kinney, 119th. Ill. Inft., to be ready to move his regiment forward to the skirmish line, relieving the skirmishers then on duty, and to put the whole of his regiment into the advance rifle-pits.

After he had examined the ground, his regiment was put into

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the advance line about 5 P. M. The relieved skirmishers were ordered to join their regiments, and ammunition was brought forward to the advanced reserve line for distribution. As Col. Kinney's regiment moved into the rifle-pits beyond the creek, the 89th. Ind., under Lieut. Col. Harvey Craam, and the 21st. Mo. Veteran Vol. Inft., under Capt. Charles W. Tracy, were moved forward in line of battle just in Kinney's rear to the creek, which is about 3 yards in rear of the rifle-pits; on the left, not so far. The 122d. Ill. Vol., under Lieut. Col. James F. Drish, was formed in reserve, opposite to and about 100 yards in the rear of the center. Anticipating that it was necessary, in order to save my skirmish line in the advance (as the two supporting regiments must gradually separate in supporting the wings of the skirmish line), as soon as Col. Kinney's line was ready, I ordered the 122d. and the 58th. Ill. Inft. to move forward and overlap the 89th. Ind. and 21st. Mo., as these two regiments separated to the right and left, the 89th. connecting with Col. Harris and the 21st. Mo., supporting the extreme left of the skirmish line. This line was formed tolerably well under cover and within 350 yards of the rebel works. I then went forward to the rifle-pits to see if Col. Kinney was ready to start and to superintend the general movement of my command. Col. Kinney was on the extreme right of his skirmishers. I was, at this time notified by Major Healy, of Gen. Garrard's staff, that all was ready and waiting for me to start. About the same time an artillery officer, Captain Ginn, reported to me that he had some guns with which he was to report to me, but had not found me till that moment. He told me where his guns were, and I asked him what he could do with them there; could he do execution with them? He replied that he could. I told him to open on the enemy's works to my left, which he did promptly; and, I am happy to state, with effect. In a moment the whole skirmish line commenced running. Col. Kinney started his

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line rapidly forward; his reserves were ordered out to support his skirmishers, and the buglers sounded "Forward!" I, at once put the whole line out on double quick, knowing that under the artillery fire of grape and canister which was opened on my skirmish line, it must either be destroyed, or go into the Fort; and, from that moment, the whole brigade was, with a shout, going over the fallen, tangled, vines and brush, and through the swamp, at a full run; and that under a severe and rapid fire from artillery and musketry. In from five to ten minutes from the advance of the skirmish line, the enemy's works were carried, and the national flag waved over them. The regiments were reformed in the fort as soon as possible after entering it, and the wounded which belonged to the command looked after and cared for.

Among the trophies were four rebel battle-flags, three of which were captured by the 119th. Ill. Inf., and one by the 122d. Ill. Inf. Ten pieces of artillery and two mortars, a great many small arms and much ammunition, and some wagons and mules fell into our hands when we entered the works. We captured 520 prisoners, 483 of whom were enlisted men and 37 commissioned officers, 2 of whom were brigadier generals, viz., Gen. Thomas and Gen. Liddell, the latter being in command of the fort and the rebel forces.

The casualties in the brigade during the charge were 60 in all, 14 killed and 46 wounded. During the whole siege and assault, 16 were killed and 54 wounded.

Too much praise cannot be given Col. Thomas J. Kinney for the gallant, able and efficient manner in which he did his whole duty in the charge with his skirmish line over the rebel works on the 9th. inst., which kept as well in advance as their physical strength permitted them to do. Each of the regimental commanders did well their whole duty, as also did the line officers and men of the several regiments. All rushed forward and entered the works almost simultane-

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ously with the skirmishers. Lieutenant Col. Drish, 122d. Ill. fell seriously wounded just before reaching the first line of abatis, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Maj. J. F. Chapman who gallantly led it on. I also take pleasure in stating that my staff officers did their respective duties well. Licut. McLean who was immediately with me in starting the troops forward from the rifle pits, behaved with great bravery. But to particularize where all did their duty well, were invidious, and to enumerate would be too tedious. I hereby return my thanks to each of the officers of the brigade for their able, zealous, and gallant assistance in attaining a result at once beneficial to our cause and glorious for our arms.

With congratulations to all of them and to our able division commander, I have the honor, Major, to be very respectfully, your obedient servant,

John I. Rinaker,

Colonel 122d. Ill. Inft., commanding brigade.

Major J. B. Sample,

Assist. Adj't. Gen. 2d. Div. 16th. Army Corps.

I find these remarks in a small memorandum book which I kept for 1865. Parts of these I am inserting along with other material, chiefly because of their brevity.

Apr. 9.- I was out on the battle field till two o'clock last night looking for the wounded and helping them to the ambulance that they might be taken to the hospital.

10.- Nursing the wounded today. The poor fellows stand it bravely.

11.- The wounded were sent north, and I, with other attendants, was discharged from the hospital, and returned to my own quarters. Mobile surrendered the day following our victory, and we hear of the crumbling of the Confederacy all about us.

12.- Official. "We occupy Richmond. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan have



destroyed Lee's army capturing several generals, many thousand prisoners, and lots of artillery. This news is glorious.

13.- We broke camp about 10 A.M. and started on our march to Montgomery. At first we moved by easy stages and camped early.

15.- Passed through heavy timber, over which we knew a tornado had recently preceded us by the many fresh uprooted trees that impeded our progress. Late in the day a heavy rain fell for an hour causing the road to become a rushing torrent of water. Marched 10 miles.

16.- Our regiment were train guards and, being in the rear, we found the roads well-nigh impassible, yet we made 15 miles.

17.- Started early and marched 18 miles. Crossed Canby River on pontoons and forded another small stream. This was a hard day's travel.

18.- Nearly noon when we decamped, and we went but 10 miles. White flags were displayed at most of the houses, on one of which was inscribed: "The Union Forever!" This sentiment suited us. Some of the boys said: "The late news has changed his mind;" but we took the more charitable view and pronounced him "a brave Union man." The country seemed more settled, and oak timber was taking the place of the everlasting southern pine which we found almost everywhere in the far South.

19.- At about 2 P.M. while all were resting a few moments by the roadside, from the weary march, suddenly we heard yelling and firing of musketry at the front. We were instantly on our feet, and lines of skirmishers were ordered out, right and left. Col. Rinaker, thinking our advance had been attacked rode on ahead to see what was "up." He soon returned, looking very much pleased. When near us, standing up in his stirrups and shaking a piece of paper in his hand, he said he had just received the following dispatch from Gen. A. J. Smith: "The whole Rebel army has surrendered. The President has issued an amnesty

proclamation, and terms of peace are about to be made." The travel-weary boys were almost wild with joy and excitement. Caps were thrown into the air, guns were fired and other means of showing their pleasure were indulged for the moment; and then, at the command, "Forward!" stepping proudly to the music of the "Grand March" as it was played by the band at the head of the brigade, the march forward was resumed. That night when the camp fires were lighting up the surrounding hills, we played, as we never had before, the soul-inspiring tune, "Home, Sweet Home."

20.-Marched from 7 A. M. till sunset, making fifteen miles over fair roads although delayed three hours at noon while a bridge was being built.

21.- Another severe storm continued nearly all day. Went six miles over a road devoid of interest except for wading sloughs.

22.- Reached Greenville, traveling eight miles between 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. The news of peace being confirmed, two hundred guns were fired in honor of the great event.

23.- We passed the small village of Sandy-Ridge going sixteen miles. The roads are much improved, the weather more settled, and the people are friendly, selling us plenty of forage. From here on to Montgomery we lived fine, having an abundance of honey, chickens, turkeys, hams, flour, meal, molasses, and other nice things.

24.- This day we heard of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It came as a great shock to us as it did to the Nation. Gen. A. J. Smith was met at head-quarters by Gov. Watts who surrendered to him the State of Alabama.

25.- We remained in camp all forenoon; marched a few miles and camped on the banks of a small stream.

26.- Head-quarters and a part of the brigade went into Montgomery late today.

27.- We made our camp two miles north of the city in a pretty pine grove.

May 1.- An official announcement was made of the assassination of President Lincoln. Half-hour guns were fired from sun-rise to sun-set and minut guns from twelve to one P. M. as a token of regard for the Nation's loss. In spite of the sadness in my heart, I wrote in my journal:

"On this beautiful May Day I welcome you, sweet month of May. Thy days are always lovely and often pass too quickly by; but now I would they were moments to hasten our steps to the loved ones of our hearts."

14.- This blessed Sabbath is one of the sweetest and most serene of my life. I can say, 'I am truly happy today.' How charming to the ear, the sweet tones of the church bells of the nearby city, calling the people to the place of worship.

15.- For days, rebel soldiers whose homes are about here have been coming from Lee's army and elsewhere. They agree with us that the rebellion has collapsed.

16.-Received an official announcement of the capture of Jeff. Davis.

20.- A young man in Co. H, 122d. was drowned yesterday while crossing the river. We played the funeral march at his burial. His name was Wilson.

28.- Our brigade was reviewed at 8 A. M. by Gen. Garrard. The days here in camp are long; having no money and little to read, they seem almost misspent.

30.- At 8 A. M. , Gen. Gilbert, commanding 2d. brigade, reviewed our division. At our head quarters, it was said that the review was fine, the troops making a good appearance. Are expecting soon, a general review and then we may leave.

31.- Sure enough, the bugles summoned the divisions of the 16th. corps to form in line for a general review. Gen. A. J. Smith. A "Captain"

in battle was no less a master of parades. He, and all the other boys, appeared at their best. Before retiring, marching orders to move at 5 the next morning were passed throughout the whole army; such orders were never more welcome.

June 4.- After four days of marching, the weather being very warm, we came to Providence, a landing on the Alabama River.

5.- At day-break, our Brigade head quarters, the band, and the 21st. Missouri Regiment boarded the steamer W. H. Osborn. Soon we were steaming down the river at a good pace, but when darkness came, the boat got aground and the troops had to be unloaded before she floated. Soon she floated and we got on board and were off again.

6.- We arrived at Mobile about noon, left the boats at once, and went into camp a mile west of the city. We played some of our "Quick-steps" on our march through the streets.

8.- The 21st. Mo. Reg't., veterans, were detailed on guard duty at different points.

9.- Our band attended dress parade and headed a march through some of the streets. Received some applause from the citizens.

18.- Received a letter from Brother John who had just returned home from Texas. He had a hard time trying to keep out of the Confederate army. His brother-in-law, Claudius Buster, was captain of Co. A., Elmore Reg't., Texas Vol. Inft. Through his influence, Bro. John enlisted in Co. C., of the same reg't., and then was permitted to hire a substitute, as the following statement, the original of which is found on pages 168-169 of my written Reminiscences.

"Houston, Apr. 4th, 1863.

Private, John A. Randle, of Co. C., Elmore Reg't. has put in a substitute in the person of Emerson Blood who is forty-seven years of age, consequently not liable to conscription.

Claudius Muster, Cap't.

Commanding Co. A. Elmore Reg't. Texas Vol."

His wife's family were strong for the Confederate cause, but they respected his Union sentiments, and for a few months he was exempt from service; but the South was getting desperate and, learning that he could no longer escape service in the southern army, John, through his brother-in-law, I suppose, was appointed captain, and made quartermaster of a cavalry regiment. The following is a copy of the original which may be seen on the same pages of my written Reminiscences as his substitute permit.

"Pay Bureau, Q. M. Department, Galveston,  
Sept. 3, 1864.

I certify that I have this day paid Cap't. John A. Randle, a Q. M. 3d. Cavalry troupe., from Mar. 1st., 1864, to Aug. 31st., 1864, 6 months, at \$104, \$ 840.

Thompson Harrison,

Maj. and Q. M.

My brother finally made his way to Matamoras, Mexico, and there took ship and, coming by way of New York, arrived at Shipman in time to witness the collapse of the Confederacy. John was a strong Union man; and years afterward, served in Texas as United States Marshal.

On the same day that I received my brother's letter, our Pay Master, <sup>Maj.</sup> Clifford, made a visit to our camp and paid us each, \$84., this being four months back pay.

30.- Our new instruments, the gift of the boys of our regiment, came today. They have been quite a while on the road.

July 1.- We serenaded the different companies of the regiment during the evening.

2.- Went to a church in the city.



- 4.- Used our new instruments at a masquerade ball, given by our officers, but attended by many fine (?) ladies. We stayed the whole night until the sun rose the next morning. Drunkenness and debauchery prevailed, and some of us, at least, felt ashamed at being there.
- 5.- Eight of us, band boys, began boarding with a private family. Were treated very nicely, and we enjoyed the change.
- 6.- A young man, a creole, a member of a fire company, was buried, and we received \$200 for playing at his funeral. During all our time in this city, as in New Orleans and Montgomery we were often called on to play, so that we had become quite an expert band.
- 13.- Through neglect, probably, when I was transferred from Chicago to the 122d., I was not mustered into the U. S. army; and though my service was now about to end, I could not be mustered out when my company's rolls did not show that I had ever been mustered in; so today, Lieut. Burdick performed that duty for me, the date being set back to Sept. 4th., 1862, the date the rest were mustered.
- 15.- Was mustered out of the service about noon. The regiment turned over most of the United States property, yet, individuals were permitted to buy their guns or anything else at government prices, if they so desired.
- 18.- Went aboard the Alice Vivian, and left Mobile at 4 P. M., and came to Fort Gaines in the night.
- 19.- Left the Fort at sun-rise and arrived at Lakeport after a long day's trip among the islands off the coast, once or twice seeming to almost squeeze between them, so narrow were the channels.
- 20.- Here we changed from boat to cars and arrived at New Orleans about noon. Before leaving the boat, I was suddenly taken ill with a high fever, accompanied with diarrhea. With the help of my comrades, however, I was enabled to make the changes and, under the doctor's care, I traveled quite comfortably. The doctor pronounced it a slight

attack of yellow fever. We were immediately transferred to the small steamer Argosy; and, this time going north, left New Orleans at 10 P.M.

23.- Reached Vicksburg at 10 A. M., coaled and left in four hours.

My fever had abated and my appetite was gaining.

28.- At 4 A.M. we tied up to the pier at Cairo once more. We had no time to visit in the town, but we played a few of the old tunes that we so often used when we were here so long learning to "test our horns;" and some of the people must have recognized us if they heard the music. We soon boarded a long, Central Illinois train, and at 11 A. M. pushed on north, every hour bringing us nearer home.

29.- At day-light we arrived at Decatur, and changed cars to the Great Western, moving off for Springfield at 8 A. M. We reached Camp Butler just in time for dinner. This was the last meal we ate together in our messes in camp life. In the afternoon we were paid the balance due us from Uncle Sam, rehabilitated as citizens, and dispersed to our several homes, rejoicing at the outcome of the war, as well as the safe "out-come" of ourselves.

Before closing this war chapter, I desire to write a few lines about one phase of the "Great Conflict" that always touched a deep chord of sympathy in my heart. I refer to the relief of the wounded and dying soldier by his comrades, and to the universal bravery, and patriotic devotion shown by the boys in that last hour of life, to the nation. I do not feel that this part of my reminiscences is complete without a brief recital of those events which often had so much to do with my army life, by reason of my membership in the band. Of the many poor fellows I tried to help, I shall tell of just a few.

Early in the battle of Tupelo, Miss., one of the boys in our regiment was severely wounded, having his right arm shot out of its socket. From my position a few rods in the rear of the fighting line

I saw the boy so severely wounded, drop out of line and, with the assistance of a comrade, was able to walk back to where I was getting the stretcher ready for him. One of us at each end of the stretcher started with him back to the ambulance. We had gone but a short distance when the wounded boy stopped us, saying, "Leave me here; I am weak and bleeding, as you see; go back, boys, and do your duty yonder," meaning at the fighting line. And indeed, the poor boy was bleeding to death. At every pulse-beat the blood gushed from his wound, and there was no way to stop its flow. We laid him gently on the grass beside the road, and his comrade said, "good-bye, Charley," and raced back to his place in the ranks. I pulled up some grass and put it under his head for a pillow and gave him a drink from my canteen. "You are kind," he whispered. "You are a brave boy, Charley," I said, "your country will honor you." "Our flag," he whispered again, and was gone. As I returned to my post, I said to myself: "Thousands of brave boys, like Charley, are shedding their blood for the honor and defense of the flag." We old soldiers know this was literally true, and that is why we honor the flag today and will not see it desecrated. It is for us a sacred emblem which we have in trust so long as we shall live.

Late in the evening of this same day of the Tupelo battle, I was assisting the surgeons at the hospital tent; and, as I passed between two rows of wounded men, I heard my name called by some one. I paused a moment, and my attention was directed to a badly wounded corporal of another company who knew me because I was in the band, but I had not known him. He showed me his wound and said he hoped the surgeon would soon be ready to dress it; that the bullet had gone clear through his body; and that he was very tired trying to lie quiet, as one of the assistants had told him he must do, so as not to lose blood. I saw very

little blood had escaped, but told the surgeon of his case and he was soon brought into the operating tent and placed on the surgeon's table. I had the anaesthetic all ready to administer and another attendant had carefully bared the body below the wound and while the fellow groaned, the surgeon turned to examine the wound. "Oh!" he cried, "you are a lucky dog. The bullet struck the sternum at an angle and went around the body under the skin. You are not much hurt." We were all amazed, the wounded man himself, the most of all, for he had honestly believed himself to have been suffering for hours from a very severe and dangerous wound, and was looking forward to weeks in the hospital and possibly death. So elated was the wounded man that, in spite of his wound which really needed dressing, sat up, and would have been on his feet in a moment but for the surgeon who told him to lie down a little while he "fixed him up a bit." One of his comrades afterward twitted him about his wound: "Why Tom, we thought the Johnnies had got you sure. You fooled us good and plenty." "Too bad," said Tom, "that you were so easily fooled. I was fooled a lot worse than you were and I am mighty glad of it."

I told our Doctor Seaman of the case afterward, and he said such cases were common; that he had known men to die on the battlefield from very slight causes, believing themselves to have been mortally wounded.

In one of the early days of our approach on the Rebel works at Fort Blakely, when helping to put the general hospital tent in readiness for use at the expected battle, there was borne into the tent a stretcher, and on the stretcher was the form of John E. Hawks, a young man who had been one of my mess, and a particular friend in the company before I joined the band. We had talked together of the possibilities of being wounded in battle, and that, should the worst come to either of us, we had vowed that the other would seek out and care for the

wounded one as best he could. The poor boy's leg had been shattered by a shell and was amputated near the trunk. After the operation he begged the doctor to let me care for him. I was very glad to do so and stayed with him all I could, dressing his wound when it was impossible for the surgeon or nurse to do it, and helping in every possible way I could. Early on the morning of the battle I dressed his wound when it seemed to me the conditions were looking bad for him, and he seemed discouraged. We had a little talk and he promised to be brave. When I told him that I had been detailed to attend the ambulance for the day, he said: "Thank you, Sam, for your faithful help. If I die, it shall be for my country. Remember me, Sam." It was two o'clock that night when I returned to the tent. Johnnie appeared to be asleep and, weary and sleepy, I fell asleep without removing my clothes. Again the next morning, I was detailed to attend the ambulance and to bring in the wounded. In the hurry, I went without seeing my friend, and when I returned about noon to the hospital, all the early wounded had been sent to New Orleans, among whom was my wounded comrade. I afterward learned from the report of the steward in charge, that Johnnie Hawks had died on the way, and that they made his grave in the deep waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

After the battle of Blakely which was a complete victory for the Union cause, a detail was sent out at once with a number of ambulances having instructions to bring in the wounded of both armies. I was one of that detail. Quite a number of those who stood any chance of getting well had been carefully placed in the ambulances and conveyed to the hospital. While the ambulances were gone, we were busy looking after others more seriously wounded. Well off to the right and pretty well back, in the late twilight, I discovered a young confederate soldier who spoke to me as I came near. I told him I was looking for



the wounded, and that an ambulance would be along directly and he should go with others to our hospital. He looked at me so pitifully while he said: "Do not bother with me for I can't live much longer." I examined him and found a ghastly wound through his bowels. I procured a piece of stake and put it under his head and gave him a drink from one of my canteens. He looked so young, not over seventeen, and exhibited so much suffering in his features that my heart was drawn out to him in sympathy. I drew my hand gently over his delicate face, and my fingers traced his tangled curls. Tears filled his eyes, and he said: "My poor Mother!" A thought came to me then that I might be of some use to him and I said: "If you wish, I will write to your mother and tell her about you." For a time he brightened up. He gave me her name and address and said: "Tell her that my last thought was of her." At his request, I opened his shirt and took from his bosom a small locket which contained the picture of a beautiful girl. I asked no question about it. He simply said: "Send it with your letter to Mother. "Now," he said, "turn my head so I can see the old flag," meaning the Stars and Stripes, which was then floating over the conquered Fort. "Leave me now, my good friend," said he; "others need you; God bless you!" After kissing his cheek, I turned to go down the hill to the nearest ambulance, and there came to me through the still night air, from somewhere not far away, the sweet and cheering notes of the Southern nightingale.

When I arrived at the hospital the next day and found my old mess-mate gone and learned of his sad ending, I mourned equally for my faithful John and for my "Little Rebel" who loved the "Old Flag." Ever since that last of my war experiences, I am looking forward to a land where no war ever comes, but I shall surely be welcomed with equal joy by the one who, in the earthly conflict, wore the blue, and the other who wore the gray.

## Chap. 10.

### Pursuing an Ambition.

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In the preceding chapter I gave a brief account of my trip from Mobile, Alabama, where we had been mustered out of the service, to the arrival at Shipman on the twenty-ninth of July, 1865. With three other comrades whose people lived at The Plasaw, a village a few miles west of Shipman, I was met at the depot by my dear old Mother, Brother George, and several of our loyal town's people, who gave us a hearty reception. A carriage was in waiting for my three comrades and, after a hearty good-by to them, I was joined by my brother who assured me that a bountiful supper and a good easy chair were awaiting me at home. There I soon realized for myself that the whole family were honoring me as their hero. I was certainly given a royal welcome home. Several neighbors, notably the Matlocks, came in during the evening, and I was kept busy telling war stories and relating the events of my journey home.

The next morning Mother and I walked over to the old farm-house which had recently been sold, but George had reserved a room for mother's use until I should come home. Here, she explained, "I often bring my meals during the warm summer time and stay all day; and night too, if I wish, away from the noise of the children. Sometimes I bring my Knitting, and here I write most of my letters." Her bedding, some of her clothing and other belongings were stowed away in this room.

We had much to think of and to talk about this day. We were planning for the future. Although twenty-six years old and in poor health, I remembered my promise and was still intent on completing

my course of study at Asbury, and I found my mother was still possessed of her old ambition to see me through with it at any cost. So we soon dismissed from our minds all other projects and sought out the best way to the attainment of that supreme object.

While in the army I had saved about three hundred dollars, but that small sum would serve only to cleverly get us started at Greencastle where Charley and I desired to enter the University and to have our Mother keep house for us while we attended the school. When he left the army, Charley had given up college, taken a business course at a commercial school in St. Louis; and now, having nothing else in view, we greatly desired to have him go with us to Greencastle but his savings having been exhausted, he could not do so.

The only help for us seemed to rest with Brother George. He had sold the farm, including Mother's forty acres for, as I understood it, four thousand dollars; one thousand at time of sale and the rest in three equal annual payments. In consultation with him a few days later, we found that the first payment had been necessarily used in the construction of his new house in town. Brother George tried to borrow some on Mother's part, using the notes as collateral security but found he could not. Then Mother decided to remain at home and send me off to school alone.

During the few weeks that remained to the opening day at Asbury, September 12th., I, with Mother's help, prepared as well as I could for the trip and for the life I was to live at college. I had a whole new suit of army clothing and an overcoat that I had bought of Uncle Sam at the close of my service. This was to do me a long time for common. The suit I was wearing, nearly new, was one I had when I entered the army, was to be my school suit. And now, to complete the line of wearing apparel, I must buy a suit for Sunday wear including hat and shoes, costing about thirty-five dollars. I would

need some bedding above what Mother could spare me and some underwear costing about twenty-five dollars more, so that on my arrival at Greencastle, I would have but little more than two hundred dollars.

On Tuesday, September the 4th., Mother and I left Shipman and our relatives and friends there. Besides Bro. George and family, Brother John who had not yet returned to his home since his escape from the Southern army, and Bro. Charley who was there for a brief time from his work at Mason City.

Mother went with me as far as Pana where she spent a few weeks visiting sister Louisa and family. I greatly enjoyed the few days spent in her hospitable home and would gladly have extended the time of my visit, but felt it necessary to be on hand at the opening day of the college year, September 12th.

Saturday morning I bade them all good-by and, after a very pleasant trip over the old familiar road, a part of which now ran through a widely extended coal field, I arrived safely at the glorious old College town just a little after dark. I stayed all night and the next day and night with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard. Of course I greatly enjoyed myself at the church services on Sunday where I met quite a number of old acquaintances of the city. Few of the students whom I had known prior to the war were there, but I was introduced to a number of new ones, among them a lovable young man, William Smith of Logansport, Indiana. He was a fine student and, after graduation became a minister in the Indiana Conference. In talking with this young fellow, I found that he, like myself, was possessed of small means and had made no plans for backing, a manner of living most of us poor boys had to adopt in those days. We quite spontaneously agreed to join our forces in some plan that would reduce our living expenses to the lowest figure possible.

I told him of my friend, Mr. Hubbard, and we agreed to consult him about a room.

I was out with Mr. Hubbard in his little garden Sunday afternoon when a brand-new idea came to my mind. Just beyond the garden was a lot which formally had been used as a cow-pen. The cow-shed on it had been burned, and the lot was now vacant. With a few dollars Willie and I could build a very comfortable shack of our own if we could get the loan of the lot. I thought it all over during the night, and the next morning consulted Mr. Hubbard about the project. I found that he himself owned the lot and that he would allow us the use of the lot, free of cost, as long as we were in college. The next thing was to see Willie Smith and if he was agreeable to the plan, to commence work on our new room at once. I found him at the college campus making friends with other new comers. He readily agreed to the plans I had made and, after arranging further for a room ten by fourteen feet, we went to a lumber dealer and, before night had all our lumber on the spot. With saw, hatchet, and nails we were early on the ground Tuesday morning busily getting things in shape.

This was the opening day of the school year, and in a short time the faithful old bell was summoning the boys, old and new, to the duties of the day. My roommate responding to the new excitement, was among the first to answer the call, but knowing that the first days were mostly for enrollment and getting ready for work, I put in the day on the new house. By working out of school hours we completed our job by Saturday night, and were snugly sheltered beneath our own roof. When the frost was well out of the ground, we set out a large patch of tomato plants in the rich soil all around the shack and we had bushels of the beautiful red fruit to sell and to give away



during the summer.

On Wednesday morning of this first week I, with my new friend, answering the "come! come!" of the bell, was soon in the presence of the enrolling officer who took our names and our initiation fees and sent us to the president's office where we were to be tested and classified. While waiting here an hour or more, I thought of my previous attempts and failures at securing a course in college training; and I questioned in my mind if this third effort was to result in a better ending. During the short time I was here in the fall of 1858, I called to mind Dr. Cyrus Nutt as the most prominent person of my acquaintance in that untimely venture. He was vice-president and, for the time, acting president of the University.

When again I entered the school in the fall of 1859, Dr. Nutt was still the vice-president although Dr. Thomas Bowman had been inaugurated president at the previous commencement. Dr. Nutt was the only professor I knew when I entered college the second time, and he was very kind to me when I made myself known to him. He continued in the same relation to the school for another year when he was chosen president of the Indiana State University and left forever the school which he had served so faithfully and so efficiently for twenty three years.

The struggles of my second effort, from the fall of 1859 to the close of the school year in June, 1862 and the good degree of success that I was having when I was called into the war, have been fully described in the seventh chapter.

The very unfortunate giving up of my college course just when the future was looking so bright and promising, for three long, dull, years of war, was about the greatest disaster that could have befallen me. I refer to it now only to explain, if I can, the reason of my set-back in the course of study I had chosen and to show why my

progress for so long a time was so slow.

I had no text books in the army life the review of which would have kept alive in me the desire of mental attainment which had been so happily aroused during the last few years. While in the ranks, only marching and incessant drilling from day to day together with the cravings of hunger and of rest from the fatiguing drill occupied the entire twenty-four hours; no time was left for, no thought was given to Greek and Latin or higher mathematics; and, when at last I joined our regimental band, I became wholly absorbed in the study of music and the manipulation of my new instrument. To be able to play on any of the band instruments and to become master of my own, was the all absorbing desire of my heart. The College and its tasks were forgotten, completely forgotten.

When all this was changed and I was about to resume my college work, I had no thought but that I could go right along in the grade with little trouble where I had left off three years before: so, with my newly bought books under my arm, I entered the present Sophomore class, having been assigned to that class without examination; and without realizing in any way the actual condition of my mental powers.

After floundering about in deep water for two or three weeks, Prof. John A. Renbelt, the teacher of Latin, a blunt old German, called me to one side and said I would have to drop back and study up the grammar before I undertook to translate Caesar's orations. I found like difficulties in the other studies of the grade. I had indeed forgotten and, as the professor said, needed to study up the underlying principles in all the branches. I had no opportunity for this while trying to keep up with the class, for they were forging ahead rapidly.

I saw that I must take the professor's advice or quit the school. To quit after so much had been done for me, to back out completely

was too humiliating. I would not do it. Although disappointed, sick at heart, and not well in body, I resolved to begin further back in the course. I took the catalogue containing the course of study, and there I found that the preparation I needed was not in the Freshman year. The Freshman contained studies a little less difficult perhaps, than the Sophomore, but they too, depended on the same "underlying principles" that I had forgotten; and, if I started in here, I would gain nothing. What I did was to enter the Second Preparatory class. Five long years were now ahead of me to graduation day. Some of my friends in the school began to sneer at me and called me a "purp," a sportive name for prep, which is the abbreviation for preparatory. I did not mind that much, but I did revolt at the prospect of becoming a middle-aged man before I could enter upon life's duties. Week after week I became more disheartened. Near the end of the first term I was on the point of quitting college forever. I wrote to my people how that I was sick and discouraged. I told them of an offer made me of learning photography at Hill's Photographic and Fine Arts Gallery. They sympathized with me, and all of them, I believe, would have yielded to my desire to quit school. My oldest sister, in a letter from Pana dated Dec. 24. 1895, said: "Dear Brother, I am sorry you feel so lonesome sometimes. I am afraid you do not have good health, and have not told us about it. Brother, I would not sacrifice my health for an education----- You, yourself know whether a life of activity is best for you. I think you are old enough to be your own judge. I do not think Ma would object if she thought it best for you to quit school and learn a trade. Cousin Ben Hargrave says that the trade you speak of is a first rate one and that it is a good offer, in his judgment. You would not be exposed to bad weather and your work would be regular.

I assure you, Brother, that you will have our warmest sympathy."

My health had really been slowly improving for several weeks, and when my Sister's letter and others like it came in answer to my own, each expressive of so much love and sympathy, mingled with their regrets, I felt that I had over-stated the facts; that I had, indeed, shown the white feather when I should have bravely stood my ground like a true soldier.

I was in this state of mind when the last night of the old year arrived. On that, to me, memorable night, I lay for hours in my bed, awake, and thinking very seriously of myself and of my precarious situation in the school. I was grieved at my lack of faith in myself. Was I acting in line with all my youthful hopes and aspirations? Could I honestly justify my conduct in giving up my whole college career in the face of a few difficulties? Could I ever explain such a cowardly proceeding to my Mother or retain the esteem of my dearest friends? These and other pertinent questions continued to press themselves upon my awakened conscience. With shame, I realized that I had worked with little zeal at my studies; that I had given way to the same spirit of lethargy that pervaded my mind while in the army. I resolved to make a better use of my time, to wake up my mental powers. With this purpose in my heart, I enrolled my name the next morning- the first day of our second term for 1865-6.

From this time on, I studied earnestly in the hope of finishing the year's work successfully. I made my studies the first care, working day and night, trying to maintain a fair grade in my classes. The final tests of the year's work in June show up quite well but, with all the good, honest, work that I did, I never was able to regain anything near the keen zest in class work that I enjoyed before the war. I think now that it would have been far better had I given up the languages when I entered the College after the war and taken

the shorter, the scientific course. I had planned on entering the ministry or, at least, filling a professorship in some of our colleges and, in that case, would have needed a classical education. Could I have foreseen what my life work was to be, and had taken the course preparing me for that work, I could have saved three year's time and made my stay in college much happier.

During Christmas week, I received a box of good things, mostly eatables, from my sister at Pana. A pair of warm yarn socks, the gift of my Mother was among the other gifts. She knit them while on her recent visit to Pana. I was lovingly remembered by each member of the family. My room-mate also received a large package on the day before Christmas. His mother sent him a nice large blanket and a table cover besides quite a supply of provisions. A note hidden away in one corner of the box said: "All for my boys at College." We had extras for a week or more.

Soon after entering college at the beginning of this year, I had a small photograph taken at Hill's studio. I wore my soldier uniform at this sitting as will be seen in the copy which appears on the next page. The photographic art has been greatly improved in later years: but, at that time, Hill's Photographic and Fine Art Gallery, occupying the second floor of a beautiful building on the east side of the Public Square, was one of the best in the State. Mr. Hill was an elderly man and a natural born artist. Born and reared in the home of an artist, he early learned his work and loved it all his life. He attracted the custom of the very best people of the city and enjoyed, practically, the entire patronage of the College. Retouching was an art practiced by few in those days but, when desired, Mr. Hill could finish up pictures, not only worked over by the retoucher's pencil, but further ornamented by finishing



them in india ink, water, or oil colors. His store-rooms and galleries showed a large and beautiful assortment of frames, albums, chromos and other pictures of many kinds and sizes. Beautiful mouldings, nature designs and many other decorations of his own invention, were hung or placed here and there to lend charm to the whole exhibit.

I was greatly interested and spent much of my time, altogether too much, watching and often helping him at his work. He liked me and persuaded me to study his art with him, offering to board and clothe me the first year: and after that, for two years, to pay me a good wage; then, if I wished, I might share a partnership with him. He had no children; he and his wife were getting old, and wanted me to take his place in the business after a few years and give him a rest. It was a great opportunity, I thought, and I probably would have accepted his offer if it had not been for that eventful night, the last night of 1865, already described.

My first term grade cards flattered me, I am sure, but I suppose the professors wanted to encourage me and so graded me above what I deserved. When I fully gave myself up to my school work, I easily kept along with the best students and, in June, 1866, passed a successful examination and was admitted to the freshman class. Evidence of the hard work I did this first year after the war, especially in the Latin grammar, is manifested even now at the age of eighty-four, in my ability to repeat the four conjugations of the Latin verb, in all its modes and tenses. My girls know this is so.

In April of this year I received a letter from Sister Lucy, mailed at Nevada City. She was there for the health of her daughter Mary. The City is surrounded by mountains, and she tells how they walked all around Sugar Loaf Mountain and watched the miners digging gold, some of them, from the same mine where her husband used to work when he first came to the country. It had been raining steadily

for three weeks, and the creeks, gulches and canyons were full of water which came roaring down with a noise like thunder. Eva and George wrote to them every day or so and were very busy preparing for examination day when they both expected to get a diploma, and Eva would go into the Grammar School and George in the Intermediate.

Then, in another letter from Sacramento, dated July 22d., '66, she tells of a trip to Alta, Cal., to which place as the terminus of the road at that time, the Company sent free invitations to the stockholders and their families. In the four hours travel from Sacramento to Alta, they saw some of the grandest scenery one could imagine- lofty mountains covered with tall pines standing on either side as the long train crept its slow pace along the ever curving depression; sometimes the train, dashing through a tunnel, left them in total darkness with a momentary feeling of entombment under untold millions of tons of earth; at other times, the cars winding around a mountain on a mere shelf thousands of feet above a stream, one could see from the car windows men, like pigmies, at work in the gold mines.

On reaching Alta, Sister says they found, to their delight, long tables spread with as sumptuous a dinner as one would see at the grandest hotel. She then names some of the dishes served and says: "Every body got his fill. Then came the speeches and toasts after which, at half-past two, the whistle blew and we all started for home."

Many other eventful affairs have come to this sister and her family and to all my sisters and brothers since they left the parental home but interesting as the narration might be time and space will not allow it here. Through all the correspondence of the older children with Charley and me, only the kindest words of encouragement and advice were written. The latter were not always adopted nor

properly appreciated by us. Most of this is omitted as being purely personal. Then there are the clever sayings and doings of their young children, the relation of which always delighted me, for I have ever been, and am now a dear lover of children; so, at the risk of being thought childish myself, I have, here and there, detailed some of their shrewd ways of talking and acting; and as father and grand-father, I expect to record some of the childish pranks of my descendents.

The latter part of the year 1865-6 was uneventful. Mother had finished her visit to Pana and returned home early in October, and was spending much of her time visiting among relatives. Early in the spring, Charley followed John to Texas where he had gone a few months earlier. At the close of the college year, I received fairly good grades and was promoted to the Freshman class. I had made many good friends in the school and in the beautiful little city. Of course commencement week, as always at Asbury, passed off splendidly to all concerned. It was the custom in those days for all the members of the graduating class, no matter what its size, to deliver formal speeches, and when a large class came on, commencement day occupied the better part of two days. The present class, being under the average in number, occupied but one day. Of the twelve young men who went out this year, all, so far as I know, are dead, except Siler B. Towne of Greencastle. He is now seventy-seven years old and has passed a useful and an eventful life. He and his father, were very kind to me. As for me, I felt that I had "made good," and on leaving for my home, received the smiles and congratulations of classmates, professors, and others, not least of whom was my old friend of the Art Gallery.

Commencement week over I returned to my home at Shipman in the possession of good health and spirits. Charley had come back from

Texas and was at Shipman a few days before me. Our Mother broke off her visit at Uncle George's and joined us the first week.

After a careful consideration of our financial situation, present and prospective, we found that I should have to return to Greencastle alone for another year. Taking our kind Brother George's promise to do the best he could for us, we could only hope for better times. We both went to work, with a purpose of paying for our keep and of earning a few dollars for the future.

These were hard times for everybody. Coin was very scarce and the paper money which was current in one state was often worthless in another. While at College, I remember that George sent me a five dollar bill, the product of some bank in Illinois, which I had to return as worthless in Indiana. The Greenback was the only good money in sight, and that had but a small circulation as yet.

While at home this summer, I received a nice letter from my Aunt Moriah Randle who lived at Litchfield, Illinois. She said that a very intelligent and worthy young lady, Miss Mary McKee of Edwardsville and her mother had been there on a visit; that the girl's mother and my mother were old acquaintances, and that I ought to seek her acquaintance. I was not in a mood to visit her then, but after writing my thanks to my Aunt, and promising to follow up her advice, I wrote to Miss McKee a few weeks before my return to school, asking the privilege of a correspondence. She agreed to my proposal and a short correspondence followed but, not having had the opportunity of seeing her, and, feeling that I was in honor bound to complete my course of study before thinking of marriage, I concluded to discontinue the correspondence for her sake as well as for my own. I felt that if I spent my time with her, supposing we suited each other, I, at my age, would want to be engaged, but I thought it would be expecting too much

to ask a girl, probably twenty-five or more, to wait five or six years for me. Then there was my sweet-heart of the war-time, Bettie Locke, who was living there in Greencastle and for whom I still entertained a deep regard. I could not quite throw her overboard. Her father, Dr. John W. Locke, our Professor of Mathematics, had informed me that his daughter, among other girls, was intending to enter the University in the fall if the plan of the trustees for admitting ladies was successful, and she would be in my class; why should I discard so promising a girl for a stranger? These were some of my latest schemes just prior to my return to Greencastle.

I left Shipman this year a week before the opening day at Asbury; stopped two days at Pana making a short visit with my sister's family. I then completed the journey, arriving at Greencastle on Thursday evening.

My old friend and room-mate, Willie Smith, having made new acquaintances with other boys of higher grades, failed to join me this year, and so I took up my abode in the Hubbard shanty all alone. At times during this year, I was lonesome, especially at meals. Often did I find myself standing near the table by my chair, a slice of bread and butter in one hand and a glass of water in the other, watching myself eat as I faced a good sized looking-glass that hung from a nail in the wall at my left. However, I was not always alone, even at meals. Other students, classmates especially, were frequent visitors. One of them I well remember was Will Calvert, a fast friend of mine; well we were cronies in those school days.

On my entry to College, September 17, I found that the ladies had not yet been admitted to the Institution. Such action by the trustees had been deferred to their next annual meeting, June 26, 1867.

During the years of my student life at Asbury there occurred some noted escapades and tricks by the students, a few of which I will



relate here. These unlawful acts against the University will exhibit one phase common to the Higher grades of the schools of sixty years ago and my story would not be complete were they omitted. Needless to say: the faculty were greatly annoyed by frequent complaints brought to them by farmers and other citizens, of the pranks of the boys, and many ways were sought to discover the perpetrators.

One night when a crowd of students got together for a little fun, Dr. Bowman, the president, disguised himself as one of their number and went along with them, quietly taking their names. At last he said: "Well boys, I guess it is time to go home," and all knew well what they might expect the next morning.

Another time as a number of us, coming to chapel exercises, got in sight of the building, we discovered a full sized wagon, minus its bed, set astraddle the roof. Dr. Bassett, a former student and professor of the College, and whose visit to Portland in 1922 will be remembered, gives a good account of this affair in his reminiscences of the University.

"Hazing was never indulged in to any extent in Asbury, but occasionally, the boys used to have a little "innocent fun. In the good old times our streets were sometimes impassible, or nearly so, and men, to avoid wiring down on College Avenue, used to drive through the campus- that of West College being the only one, as the single, four-story barn-like, structure was our only building. Late one night a teamster, with a load of lumber, got his wagon against a tree and, as he had no lantern to aid him, he could not extricate his load; so he unhitched his team and left the load till morning. The boys finding it there, indignantly threw off his load, took the wagon apart and, procuring a long rope, proceeded to draw the vehicle to the college roof, they having climbed to that eminence by means of the lightning rod. 'Pater Gracchus,' as the boys lovingly called

Dr. Wiley, lived where L. P. Chapin now has his home. Being a light sleeper, he heard the fun and, going round to the other professors, roused them and brought them to the rescue. Thus, just as the boys had the last wheel nearly up, they were surprised and surrounded by the enemy. Then the battle began in earnest, faculty and officers trying to capture the boys, and the latter trying just as hard not to be captured. One started hand under hand down the lightning rod. Just as he was at the second story window, he heard the cheery voice of Professor Rogers exclaim, 'I have you now, young man.' What was to be done? Retreat was impossible and escape cut off. Taking in the situation at once, he replied, 'You have, eh? Well, look out for me then, for I'm coming fast' and, letting go his hold, he fell fifteen feet to the ground, barely escaping lighting on the professor's silk hat. Magister Romanus jumped and fell, and the youth escaped in the darkness. President- afterward Bishop Bowman, with a lantern, searched dilligently, like Diogenes, 'for an honest man; and he found him. Most of the boys had descended through the bell tower into the building and were hidden in the halls and recesses. As the president was about to leave the roof it occurred to him to look under the bell, where he imagined he saw a protruding pair of boots. Turning up the edge of the bell with one hand, with the other he flashed his lantern into the face of his favorite senior and, in astonishment exclaimed, 'Well, well, Mr. Downey, I'm very sorry to see you here.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'and I'm very sorry to see you here, doctor.' An hour later, when all was still, a young man, Charles Hunt, crept down the stairs and out of the front door, which fortunately had been left open. As he was passing out a hand grabbed his shoulder- it was the hand of the president. A quick spring and president and student were measuring their length on the stone platform. The boy was up first and ran for the depot, caught a passing

train, and did not return to college for three years. The College paper, "Mirage" of 1894, referring to this event, says: "The faculty passed an order that the boys must publicly take down the wagon and pay the owner for the damage or leave college. They accepted the former alternative, and on the next day two thousand people assembled to watch the performance. Several hours were consumed in the operation as, when the boys got on the roof, it occurred to them that each of them must make a speech to that audience, which they proceeded to do. Finally the wheels were lowered; and when the boys came down, the crowd placed them upon the three wheeled chariot and drew them to town in a triumphal procession."

Analagous to this and more spectacular is what was known as the Lightning-Rod story. Dow McLain of the class of 1874 was the principal actor. What I shall write here is taken from a letter written by Mr. McLain himself to Irving F. Brown of Greencastle. In explanation he says:

"I am glad to have the true story told, as that act gave me a notoriety and some blame to which I am not entitled."

"Zeiner, the janitor, fixed the clock so that the bell (the bell that was hung on March 12, 1842, the famous in song and story in old Asbury) would toll, and save him the trouble of ringing it. The tolling was not as loud as the ringing, and we were late to chapel several mornings on that account. I told O. W. Ayer that I would climb the rod and break the patent that Zeiner had installed, if he would go with me. We left home about 9-30 P.M., and I climbed the rod; and, as the clock was striking ten, I was pulling out the springs and braces of the toller. The night was dark and a slight rain was falling. When the clock made the last stroke of ten, I discovered the tall form of Zeiner looming up at my side. I turned to make my escape via roof and rod, when Zeiner grabbed me around my shoulders. I shot to make him

let go, and he came near jumping off the tower on the front side. I hardly struck the roof before he opened fire. He shot at me three times before I got over the eave, and he continued to shoot until he had emptied his pistol; then he began to ring the bell and kept it up until the town marshal got there and stopped him. My middle finger still shows two scars as a result of that climb. It is useless to state that I went down quicker than I went up. The bell was still ringing when my brother woke me up and asked me what in the world was the matter, and why was the college bell ringing. When I jumped to the roof, I lost my pistol which was the property of Frank Carson. The pistol was found and turned over to the marshal who recognized it as mine, and the story was well known the next day. I boarded the Vandalia train from the blind side about 8-30 that evening, found a twin of my pistol in an Indianapolis pawn shop, and was sound asleep in Greencastle the next morning before day. The story of the pistol was rife, and I became indignant and called on the marshal for an explanation and showed him my pistol. He was profuse with his apologies and regrets. I had a perfect alibi and, as soon as it was known that my pistol had never been out of my possession, suspicion drifted off in another direction. Zeiner insisted that he had killed a man and he had rolled off the roof. There was a pool of blood at the foot of the lightning rod, which Dr. Tingly analyzed and showed that it was venetian red.

As I was one of the very few boys who could climb the lightning rod and get on over the eave, President Andrus, who had seen me climb it and get into the society hall by means of a rope attached to the chimney, and get down by the same route, asked Zeiner, the night of the escapade, if the man he killed was about the size of Dow McLain, but when he became satisfied that I had nothing to do with it, he sent me an apology for what he had said.

The matter was not attempted as a college joke nor to destroy property, but to do a thing that ought to be done in the easiest way. I afterwards told President Andrus all about it. We were over two hours discussing that and other things, and when I told him that I could climb that lightning rod as easy as he could go up the stairs, he said, with that bland, bountiful, smile of his which no one could imitate, 'Mr. McLain, I believe you.'

At another time the professors and students outside the secret cabal of mischief makers were greatly shocked on finding a horse tied to the doorknob of Professor Wiley's room, on the third floor. Moved, I suppose, by the same, or similar, impulses that hoisted the wagon to the roof of the building, this band of fun-loving boys thought it not too serious a job to pull or push a poor, timid, old, horse up two flights of stairs, thus bringing down upon themselves the condemnation of the decent majority of the school and running the risk of capture, just to have an adventure. The four-footed animal could not be persuaded to go down the stairs either forward or backward; and not until authorities procured lumber and laid a temporary floor over the steps, did they succeed. A good half day was wasted, and the hall and stairways had to be scrubbed.

I am not informed if the perpetrators of this really nasty trick were ever discovered; but it was, I think, the last of that sort of fun indulged in by the well-meaning students of Asbury. Everybody, - students and citizens alike - condemned it severely.

My studies this year were: English, Composition, University Algebra, Greek and Latin. My reports for the three terms all showed good grades. What I had learned before the war seemed to recur to my mind as I progressed and I had no trouble at all in keeping up with my class. The fact was, I had too little to do, and I grew somewhat



careless; with little or no excuse, missing a day now and then from recitations. This was a bad habit for a student to form as I had reason to know the next year. But I was tired of school. I was corresponding with Mother and Charley about building a new house in Greencastle, and my thoughts ran on that proposition more than they should. However I received 100's in all my studies at the final examinations in June and, encouraged by my teachers and home folks, I was resolved to continue in my school work. I found work to do in the city and did not return home in the summer of 1867.

As was expected, the trustees at their meeting in June, authorize the faculty to admit young ladies to any and all classes of the University. The young men of the School were quite excited over this innovation. Many of them declaring that the old standards would be lowered and the stamina of the School would suffer greatly by the admission of women. In June of the following year quite a body of students petitioned the trustees against coeducation, but their petition was denied, and the last act of the governing body was final. The student body divided on the woman question. In addition to the broad question of equal rights for men and women, boys and girls, many of us argued that the presence and influence of the gentler sex in the school would greatly modify the rougher characteristics that were getting so common and that were so obnoxious; and that, instead of the standards being lowered, the presence of the girls in the classes would be a spur to greater effort and to higher attainments on the part of the boys. This question was debated in the literary societies and from the College rostrum, at home and on the streets. As a sample of the interest manifested, even by the under grades, I copy here a brief extract from a letter written to me by

a fellow classmate, Will Calvert. The letter was dated at his home on the 20th. of August, 1867. "What is your opinion with reference to the admission of young ladies to the classes this fall? I think it is all right. We need the refining influences of the tender little dears to make smooth the rough places and to cause the waste places to blossom as the rose."

The first young lady to become an Asbury "Co-ed" was Miss Laura Beswick, her name appearing as No. 171 in the registration of that fall. Four girls were qualified and had the courage to face the interested crowd and enroll their names in the Freshman class. The other three were, Alice Olive Allen, Mary E. Simmons, and Betty McReynolds Locke. This class of young ladies all "made good" and graduated in the summer of 1871. I may say that Asbury was one of the pioneer institutions of like grade in the west, to admit women on equal terms with the men; and that from this important step, the University has more than doubled its usefulness and its prosperity. The summer vacation of 1867 passed rapidly, and I kept no record of its events.

At last the realization of our hopes was near. Charley was coming in the early fall to enter college, and we were expecting Mother later. Their presence was the one absorbing wish of my life. With them I should be more contented.

On or about the 9th. of September Charley arrived in Greencastle and we entered our names on the opening day of the term, September 16th. I registered in the Sophomore class; he went in to complete some English work before being admitted to a regular course. The little shack I had occupied for two years was sold and moved away during vacation time, and I moved into a small house of Mr. Hubbard's, a lean-to, I think, of two rooms. Here was where Charley and I

were living when Mother came, much to our delight. She brought \$750 with her, which amount Brother George had obtained for her. With this money we were to build us a home. If we had followed Mother's advice, we would have deferred that job until the next long vacation. Charley and I were both fairly good carpenters and we all knew that if we did build a house with that amount of money, Charley and I would have to do the work. Though we might have known the demoralizing effect such action would have on our year's work in College, we thought we could make up the lost time with little effort, and we put it that way to Mother; so, at last, somewhat against Mother's wish and advice, we gave up school very soon after her coming. I must admit that we both were very glad to exchange school duties for such a job.

The first thing we did was to find a suitable location. We had not long to hunt. For two hundred dollars we bought a fine lot about one half mile south of town on the main road leading to Putnamville and Cloverdale. It was at the top of a gentle rise in the land and just across the road from a large and well-kept fruit and flower garden, formerly the property of Professor W. C. Larrabe.

Books were now laid aside and College forgotten in our eagerness to advance the new enterprise. After the purchase of tools and the necessary building material, the first task was the erection of a small shed in which to work and which shed would afterward become our wood-house. Then we soon had the frame ready for raising. The plan was for a six room story and a half house; the outside measurement being twenty-two by twenty-eight feet. Approximately, the hall was eight<sup>by</sup> fourteen feet, the living room, which was at the side of the hall, was fourteen by fourteen feet. Off the back end of the hall was the dining room, twelve by fourteen feet, and at its side in

the rear of the living room, was a bed-room, ten by fourteen feet. In the hall was the stair-way which landed so as to lead to both bed-rooms on the second floor. These bedrooms were of good size, each accommodating two beds. Doors and closets occupied one end of the rooms and windows the other end. A chimney in the center of the house served all the rooms. The rooms were all plastered, and the building painted one coat within and without. Provision was made for a lean-to kitchen in the rear. A nice picket-fence protected the property, and a well supplied us with excellent water. We all congratulated ourselves that we had accomplished a good piece of work and done it marvelously cheap. Now, the last and usually, the most fascinating task of all remained to be done, viz., to procure our house-hold furnishings and move in. Mother found she was left with very little money, so we bought a few necessities and along with what we already had, moved into our new home. It was a strange experience for us. The very joy of it paid us for all our toil and expense.

The first college term had passed and the bell was calling us to the duties of another term almost before we were ready. We thought it just possible that two or three students might be induced to board with us at a little lower rate than was charged nearer the school, and so I entered the first day and made our wish known to the president who promised to do what he could for us. I enrolled in the Sophomore class subject to examinations. These examinations were made up during the first weeks of the term. We were disappointed about the boarders. I suppose the students preferred boarding places nearer college. Weeks passed and no boarders appeared. Meanwhile Charley had become better acquainted with my old friend, Mr. Hubbard who was a grocer and variety merchant, and had formed a partnership with him. Thus, through Charley's good-will and self-denial, we were able to procure the necessities of life.

Near the close of the year 1867, there occurred a violent wind storm at Greencastle. It was Friday evening and the literary societies had assembled in their halls when the building was shaken by the force of the storm and the hot stoves poured out their flame and smoke into the rooms. With others I hurried out into the long hall and found the west window blown to the other end of the hall while the hail and rain was dashing wildly through the whole length of the hall. Remembering that Mother was alone in the new house, and that the windows had been just slightly tacked into their places, I started for home almost before the tornado had passed. In the campus I found trees uprooted or twisted off their trunks, obstructing the path. Fearing Mother had suffered by the storm, I hurried on. With anxious heart, I pushed open the front doors and there she was, sitting at the table in the front room, quietly reading. She had not been aware of the near approach of danger. That part of the city had entirely escaped. The next morning revealed its ravages in other parts. Confined to a narrow strip, in its path trees and gardens had suffered much, fences and out-buildings were blown down, and the roofs of some houses had been lifted and carried long distances. No lives were lost and no one was hurt. The old college building being in the center of the sweep, suffered severely. The wall on the north side of the building was cracked from top to bottom; most of the large, tall, chimneys were blown off at the roof; and the roof itself was lifted sufficiently for the wooden partition walls of the upper story to become loosened and fall to the floor.

As the cold winter weather increased our circumstances grew more critical. Charley found the walk between home and the store a long one. We all felt that he ought to get a boarding place nearer his work. My second term's college entrance fee and some new text books had cost considerable; the taxes on our home were due; and the coal



bin was about empty. Now, if Charley changed his boarding place, we should be, not only without money, but without any visible means of support. The capital he had invested was small, and of course his profits were correspondingly small. He could not afford to supply our table and he pay his board bill elsewhere. We all realized that our little boat had run aground, as it were, and that something must be done to set us afloat.

As so often happens in this world, a kind Providence opened the way when all seemed so dark to our human eyes. John W. Webb, a young minister and a member of my own class, and who had been married about a year, was very anxious to quit boarding and rent a little place for himself and wife. He came to thinking I might know of something that would suit them. The result was that we rented the house to them and I boarded with them for the rent. Charley secured board with a fine old family from Kentucky by the name of Blakely. The chief thing I remember of the Blakely's was of the old gentleman himself, a portly old man with long bountiful locks of gray hair, and possessed of a stentorian voice. He had a bad attack of the influenza or some like malady, and for an hour, more or less, after arising in the morning, his expectorations could be heard blocks away.

Our Mother, dear, faithful, old Mother! was the one to make the supreme sacrifice. With bitter tears, yet trustful, ever trustful that God doeth all things well, she bade farewell to her beautiful home and made ready to start on her journey to Illinois. We accompanied her to the depot and saw her safely aboard the train. It does seem too bad, almost cruel, that the few hundred dollars obtained by Mother with so much patient waiting and used by us with so much confidence that we were building with it a home that would enable us to live together happily and make our stay in Greencastle sure to the

completion of our college work, should result in such a disappointment. The conclusion, I think, that both Charley and I must reach, is, that we used our zeal and energy all right, but were sadly lacking in forethought. We honestly believed that if we owned a good little home of our own, with Mother there to preside over it and cook our meals, we could easily work out a living; in other words, "The rest would take care of itself." The "rest" proved a boomerang. If I remember rightly, Charley, or his agent, sold the place a year or two after Mother left, for about eleven hundred dollars, and that Mother returned the seven hundred and fifty loan to Brother George.

Among the letters I received while boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Webb, was one of interest from George Hansbrow, a nephew, then a lad attending the public schools of Sacramento. After telling me of his school and that he was using his spare time in helping his father who had been sick all the winter with paralysis in his side, he gave a glowing account of their large Sunday School, speaking his admiration of the various classes and of several young ladies in particular when a bright thought struck him as he finished this part of his letter: "And say, Uncle Sam, you must come out here and see if there is any lady that will suit you."

Poor lad! in less than five months from the date of his letter to me, his good Father, whom he loved to help in his spare moments, was taken away by death from the bosom of his family and amid the grief of his numerous friends among whom he had lived so many years. The State Capital Reporter of September the first, 1868, says: "Mr. Hansbrow's death occurred yesterday;" that "He was a man of more than ordinary note;" that "His life has been a most useful one to society;" and that "He leaves a family and a multitude of friends to mourn his death."

I was also corresponding with a niece, Emma Andrews, of Pana,

Illinois. In one of her confidential letters, she revealed, with ill concealed joy, the fact that she was to be married. She gave Charley and me each a pressing invitation to visit them in the fall and be present on a certain occasion. (You can guess what I mean). Then, eulogizing her sweetheart, she explained that he was very busy with his crops of wheat, corn, oats, etc., and could not come to see her until he had laid by his corn; when, as if she had already said too much, she exclaimed: "Now, Uncle, I expect you will laugh at me, and I had better quit."

About the middle of the school year an event happened that explained to me the motive that induced my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, to give up boarding for a more private life. I was in my room worrying over some difficult problems in geometry when I heard the wail of an infant from the room below and, in due time, learned from the proud father that a wee bit of a son had come to share their heart's love; but the bud, just in its blooming, was transferred from its earthly garden to be one of the flowers of Paradise.

Charley continued in business with Mr. Hubbard till late in the fall of 1870 when he sold out his stock and returned to Illinois. I continued at my post a few months after Mother went back to George's but, unaccountable as it seems at the present time, school and school work grew more irksome every day. It appeared to me that my time was being wasted. I wanted to be engaged in something at which I could make money instead of spending it all the time. At last I yielded to my heart's insistent desire and made arrangements to quit college, forever as I then believed.

I had a friend attending the College at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and, as it cost very little more to reach Shipman by that route, and hoping that I should find something to do there, I resolved to go that way. I left everything in Charley's care and, having said good-by to him

and a few of my special friends, I left Greencastle, crossed the state of Illinois and reached Burlington early the next morning. Here I ate breakfast at a restaurant and taking the first train west, arrived at Mount Pleasant in time for dinner. My friend, whose name I have strangely forgotten, entertained me royally. For a week I was his guest at his boarding place. I looked about but found no work that suited me. Of course I visited the College and listened to a very excellent entertainment one evening given by the Literary Societies of the school. I was surprised at the large number of negroes in the city reminding me of the war times in some of the southern cities: but that which made the deepest impression on my memory about Iowa and especially Mount Pleasant, was the high winds that prevailed day and night while I was there. My friend and I slept in a room of a building in the business part of the city, and precious little sleep I had the first night or so because of the constant flapping of the numerous sign-boards that were hung on hinges, and of other noises made by the wind.

Being anxious to see my home folks, I started for Shipman early on the Tuesday morning following my visit. On reaching the river I took passage on a small steamer that was about to go down stream. Again I was reminded of my army life, when at its close as well as its beginning, I made long voyages on the waters of the majestic Mississippi. It is not so majestic up in the north-land as in its lower course; yet, even as we left the small up-river boat and boarded the train of cars which was to convey us past the twenty miles of rapids to a larger steamer, I realized that we were traveling on the same long river which stretches out its snake-like course past the cities of St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and finally mingling its turbid flood with the tinted waters of the Gulf.

The woods and the cultivated lands touching the stream on either side were varied, and the scenery beautiful. The towns and villages were numerous, and some of them were attractive as, covering the hills on which they were built, or tucked away in some cozy valley, the more prominent buildings took to themselves that enchantment which distance lends to the view. They certainly looked inviting to us as we stood out on the upper deck; but I must acknowledge that, being a little home-sick, nothing looked so attractive to me as the modest steeples of my own native city when they came into view as the boat rounded a bend in the river a mile or so above. Having eaten a hearty meal while on the boat, I was all ready to land when she touched the wharf. A couple of hours run on the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis railroad landed me at Shipman.

I have no record of the events of the summer of 1869. I am sure, however, that I spent most of my time at the home of my brother and worked for him in his furniture business. He had a large stock of furniture stored in the front room below and on the second floor of his building and he carried on a repair shop in a large room at the rear of his store. I found plenty of work with him through the warm season to pay my board-bill.

I had my second experience this summer in being in the path of a mighty hurricane. Like the one at Greencastle in the fall of 1867, it came from the west. It struck the town near the noon hour while George was at lunch and I was alone in the store. I heard the noise of its coming and, stepping to the front door looked up the street toward the depot whence the wailing sound of the rushing wind came. I noticed the rapid whirl of the wind-mill above the great water-tank near the depot, and the next moment it collapsed and was gone. A moment more and one of the large timbers of the depot itself came



whirling through the air and, dashing to the ground with mighty force, burrowed a hole deep in the mud of the street where, for days it stood, a monument to the storm king. I ran into the room to close the windows, but instantly the swirl and roar of the wind without, and the creaking timbers, and swaying of the building with its top-heavy burden of furniture, warned me of my danger and I hastened to escape. As I reached the front door, a glance showed me that the building had been moved three or four feet off its foundations and careened over considerably to one side. I did not stop to consider the fate of the building or its contents; but, bare-headed as I was, darted across the street, thinking I might find shelter and safety in a store there, but it was locked and I turned my steps eastward in the direction of home. When I had gone four or five blocks down the street, I saw several men who had taken refuge in a new house not yet occupied. One of the men beckoned to me to go over. I did so, but didn't have long to wait for the wind had spent its force, and the rain and hail had ceased.

At some time early in the fall I applied for and was chosen as the teacher of the school at "Merriweather's school-house," afterward known as the Locust Grove School. I felt it to be an honor as well as an inspiration that my first school should be conducted in the same building where, years ago, I was an humble pupil under the efficient Ingraham.

I obtained a second grade certificate upon an examination by the County School Superintendent at Carlinville, and was then ready and eager for the opening day. I spent the preceding Saturday at the school-house getting it ready for our reception. All the broken window lights were replaced with new ones. The lower parts of the front windows were shaded with curtains, and they, with the seats, walls, and floors, were, with the help of two of the near neighbor girls, scrubbed clean.

On Monday morning, October 3d., 1869, I met an enthusiastic crowd of boys and girls who received me very kindly and were ready for work. The late opening of the school gave opportunity for the older pupils in the district to come in at once and be classified. Some of these whose names and personalities I remember best were: John and Sarah Boswell, Fannie Brown, Thomas and Leonora Luffy, Americus and Jennie Quick, Willie Secor, James, Joseph, and Mary Taggart and Edward White. A few of the younger ones were: Annie and Lizzie Boswell, Wesley Brown, Lucy Lovette, Eddie and Elmer Merriweather, Adam, Ellen, and Nettie Taggart. Three Uncles and one Aunt of the two Merriweather boys were some of my first school mates in the old Brooklyn school; all the others were strangers to me when I opened the school. I have mentioned their names here as being the first of a long list of worthy boys and girls who for forty years came under my influence in a relation that I regard as next to that of parent and child. Then, from the list I have given, I had the honor of choosing one for my future wife.

During the first few days the number of pupils increased to sixty-four. All the seats were occupied and some of the late pupils had to provide tables and chairs for themselves and find room in the aisles. The teacher's desk was crowded into one corner of the room, and the stove stood in the center. The pupils were organized into as few classes as possible, and two of the smaller ones, composed of the older pupils, recited out of school hours.

The school was to be classed in three grades according to each pupil's scholarship and deportment, irrespective of his age or classification. The First grade was known as excellent; the Second grade medium; Third grade, poor. The reports were made out monthly and

printed, respectively, on red, blue, and yellow, cards. By this device the whole body of pupils could see at a glance in what grade each pupil was placed. Only a few, the worst cases, those whom the whole school condemned, were given yellow cards. In a large school of medium age and scholarship, such as this one, the plan worked well.

At the close of the first month, one pupil, about fifteen years of age, who had received a yellow card, tore it up and threw it away on his way home. On being informed by other pupils who saw his act, I visited his home the next evening on my way from school, had a friendly talk with him and his parents, and, in their presence, gave him another card, a copy of the one he had destroyed, I explained to his parents. It was a good lesson to him and to the whole school who knew what had transpired. All saw that I was to have good order and at least fairly good lessons. Very few yellow cards became necessary after that.

In November I had a very pleasant visit from the County School Superintendent. Coming early, he remained the rest of the day. During the various recitations he frequently questioned the pupils on subjects pertaining to their school work, and just before the close of the day, he spoke a few words to the school, complimenting all for their good behavior during the day as well as the great interest they had shown in their lessons. After the pupils had gone, he sat down and filled out a first grade teacher's certificate and gave it to me, saying: "Your answer to the last question, 'What experience have you had in teaching?' has been given to-day to my entire satisfaction. You are certainly entitled to a First Grade." I was very agreeably surprised.

As the time drew near for the close of the term, many of the pupils expressed a desire to have some sort of closing exercises to which they might invite their parents and friends; so a little time

was used during the last few days in preparation for the closing event which occurred on the evening of December the 24th. The evening's entertainment consisted chiefly of declamations, recitals, and song. The whole program was greatly enjoyed, but that which received the greatest acclaim was the recital of Whittier's poem, "Barbara Frietchie" by Ellen Taggart, and was the last number before the Good-night song. Intensely patriotic herself, the girl had learned the poem thoroughly; and, exhibiting a marvelous insight into the author's meaning, she spoke it with great earnestness. Barely had she uttered the last word, when a great cheer seemed to come spontaneously from the whole audience, and several silver dollars with many smaller coins fell jingling at her feet.

The day following the entertainment was Christmas day, and the people of our Sunday School were busy preparing a Christmas tree. During the afternoon we had a visit from Ellen Taggart. She came especially to see my niece, Abbie Randle who had been at the entertainment and made her acquaintance there. At Abby's pressing invitation, she went with her to the Christmas festival, and the next day, Sunday, she and her brother Jimmie came to the Sunday School, and became members. A few weeks after this, at a revival meeting, they both gave themselves to Christ and joined the church. From this time on, Abby and Ellen became fast friends and remained so till the death of the former out here in Oregon.

After a week's vacation, the second term was begun, January 3d., 1870., and came to an end March the 25th. I found my work growing in interest all the while, and was tempted to give up all other ambitions and settle down to be a country pedagogue. Sometimes something would happen to arouse in me the old feeling that I must complete my college education. In one of my visits to the Taggart home we were

talking about Greencastle and the college there. Both James and Ellen were much interested and expressed a wish that they might go to such an institution. They both were heirs to a small amount of land left them by their father, which they would gladly sell to obtain the necessary means. I expressed my pleasure at their wish for a higher education and said that if all went well with me, I might yet return to Greencastle and complete my course of study. They begged me to go, for if I would go, the probability of their going would be greatly increased. They would have a friend with them who knew all about the new things they would have to meet. This was near the close of my second term at Locust Grove. I had become quite well acquainted with the Taggarts, and felt sure that Ellen, especially, possessed a superior mind and an ambition to move forward out of her present surroundings. So far, her life had been that of a simple farmer's daughter, with little prospect of rising above the ordinary recluse life of a farmer's wife. I thought she deserved something better. "Give the bird a chance to try her wings," I said to myself.

This term also closed with a public entertainment. Miss Fannie Brown made the closing address: "Our School Term." It was a very good and appropriate.

Before leaving Shipman, I had also written to my Uncle George at Mason City, Illinois; and, with his help, had secured a summer school at what was known as the Douglas District. My Locust Grove School closed March the 25th., and the summer school was to begin the 18th. of April following. On the 14th. I went to my Uncle's and opened the school at the appointed time. The school house was a very neat, small frame, near the Douglas home, three miles in the country from Mason City. Twelve pupils greeted me the first day. A few more came in later, but the attendance was so small compared with that of the Locust Grove school that I grew lonesome sometimes. It was, in fact, the smallest school, both in number and in average size of pupils, that I



ever had. I boarded with the director, Mr. Douglas, an excellent man and good citizen. His wife was a German lady and a good cook. I remember that I liked her griddle cakes and buttermilk; and it was here I learned to like sauer-kraut. Their two little girls, May and Ida, thirteen and six respectively, were my special friends both at school and at home. Their childish artlessness: their unlimited confidence in me as their teacher and friend; and their happy beautiful lives, due to the ideal treatment they received from their parents, made many an hour seem worth while to me, which without their presence would have been dull indeed. After the girls had gone to bed, I usually spent an hour reading; and, if the weather permitted, I would find change and recreation in a trip to town on Saturdays, remaining at my Uncle's overnight, and returning to my boarding place Sunday afternoons. I wrote frequent letters, the first one to my young friend, Ellen Taggart, of date July fourth, I described one of these trips, the one made on the preceding Saturday; how that May had loaned me her pony for the trip; that I had been to the book-store and bought some writing charts and singing books for our use at Locust Grove School next term; that after Sunday-School and church, my Cousin Lucy, with some of her friends were trying some of the new music in the books I had bought: she playing on her organ and the rest of us singing the pretty songs with great glee; so greatly interested were we that we failed to note the lateness of the hour, till suddenly the sky darkened and a splash of snow dashed against the window panes and reminded me of the journey yet before me; and how that, just as the dark night set in, I led the faithful pony to her stall, after a ride of three miles, facing a storm of snow, sleet, and wind.

On July 15th., I finished my work in the Douglas district and returned to Shipman, living again with my Brother George and helping

in his shop. Mother was also at Shipman. During this vacation, I received a very kind letter from Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, expressing their gratitude to me for the interest I had taken in their school and declaring they would always remember with pleasure my stay at their "humble home."

The vacation passed very pleasantly. Besides Mother and my Brother's family, we had our share of social parties as well as other company. Abby and Ellen, especially, were much in each others company

amid all these pleasures, however, sorrow filled all our hearts one day. It was on the tenth day of September, 1870, when, surrounded by all her children but William, who was in Kentucky, and many of her grand-children, Grand Ma, Louisa M. Arnold, now old in years but still vigorous in her mental and spiritual life, passed on to the Spirit Land. Even now, memory brings to me her fine features, her simple but always appropriate attire, and her splendid personality, as they manifested themselves to me through all the years of my childhood and young manhood. A little poem by Fred Clarke Baldwin, which I found in one of our magazines, vividly portrays the virtues of my own Grand Mother as I remember her today.

The poem follows:

"My Mother's Mother."

Against the flickering firelight's trembling screen

I see her now as oft in olden days

'Twas mine in silent reverence to gaze

Upon a form so splendidly serene:

The same old tender shadows lurk between

My wistful orbs and her prophetic face;

They catch the charm of her consummate grace

And wed their warmth to all the hallowed scene.

What high thoughts nestle 'neath that snowy cap  
 So sweetly kindred to its clasping crown!  
 The book of heaven lies open on her lap,  
 Toward its great depths her eyes are bended down;  
 Through tear-stained windows framed in shining gold,  
 The gates of pearl those patient eyes behold!

Three or four years after Grand-Ma's death, Uncle Edwin, her youngest son, wrote me the following facts concerning her death. "Your Grand-Ma died at my house in Shipman, Illinois, on the tenth of September, 1870. In five more days she would have been just ninety years old. Her children had all, except William who lived in Kentucky, made arrangements to meet with her at your Uncle George's on the anniversary of her ninetieth birthday, and one week before her death she was elated with that idea. She was to have started on Monday the ninth; she was buried on the twelfth. Peace be to her ashes!"

Monday, September the thirtieth, my third term at Locust Grove began. The attendance was not so large as it was the preceding fall. A few families had moved away, and some of the older pupils had completed their school days. The plan and organized classes were about the same. A class in Algebra was put in, especially for the benefit of James Taggart who had fully decided to enter Asbury University the coming fall. He had succeeded in selling his land at a very good price, and now was eager to do for himself. Ellen, too, was ambitious about her studies. During this six months of school she completed all her eighth grade work and was ready for the high school. It was a question with her and her folks what she should do. She wanted to go with her brother to Greencastle but could not for want of the means. The close of the year's school came on the 31st. of March, 1871. A very careful examination of all the grades above the second was held

during the last week, and a really fine public entertainment occurred on the evening of the last day.

I was now left with no definite plans for the future. A number of friends wanted me to apply for the school at Shipman, but I was half inclined to take up my studies again at Asbury. Of the \$840 I had made during the two years of teaching, I had saved about half; and I figured that if I completed my course of study, I would be much better prepared for life's work, whatever that work might be; and then I had really fallen in love with my young friend, Ellen Taggart; and, if by any means she could realize her ambition for a higher mental training, I would gladly wait two or three years more until she should reach a marriageable age, and how could I better spend that interval of time than by accompanying her, and acquiring a better mental training myself and thus become more worthy of her hand? I had five months before the fall term at Asbury would begin in which to determine the course I should pursue and make plans for it.

Sometime in October, 1870, Charley sold his store interest in Greencastle and returned to Shipman, but being anxious to join his brother John, then at Brenham, Texas, he and Mother and Uncle Edwin Arnold set out on their journey thither, late in November. They went by way of the Gulf. In a letter from Mother soon after their arrival, she said she suffered no sea-sickness on her trip. She wrote often to us, yet, strange as it may seem, I do not know the time of her return.

As for me, I continued a few weeks longer with George, working for him in his shop for my board. I had been there a few days when I had a visit from James Taggart who came to make further inquiries about the College at Greencastle and to get me to send for a catalogue of the school. I told him that if he had really decided to go, I would go with him, but before I promised positively, I wanted to see his

mother and have a talk with Ellen; so the very next day I went over to see them. The day was warm, so Ellen and I went out to the orchard that we might be alone. I found that she was still anxious to go with her brother to school if there was any opportunity. I told her of the agreement James and I had made but that I was anxious for her to go too. Then I told her that I had a plan which I believed would enable her to go, if her mother was willing to aid me in it. She said she was sure her mother would. Then I told her that she had a good deal to say about my going and that I had come over especially to talk with her about it. "Do you really mean that you can go to school with Jimmie?" she asked. "Yes," I said; and, calling her Nellie for the first time and drawing her closer to my side, "Nellie Dear, you know that I think a lot of you. I love you, and want you for my wife some day! I then told her that if she could love me and would promise to be my wife in two or three years, I would go with Jimmie and complete my course of study at college, and that I would try my best to find a way for her to go with us. She stood up before me; then, sitting on my knee, with my arms about her, she said, very earnestly: "Oh, I'm so glad! I love you now with all my heart!" Our vows of constancy were then and there pledged to each other for life.

Through the written request of Nellie's mother, I obtained an order from the county court a few days later for the transfer of the guardianship of my sweetheart from her former guardian to myself; then I obtained all requisite and lawful powers of attorney to sell her property for her education as a minor. In this way she was able to pay all her expenses at school for the time she went, September, 1871 to June, 1874.

All this settled, we now began our preparations for the move to Greencastle. I wrote to Professor Rogers, the secretary of the University, of our coming, and requested him to secure a scholarship



for me if possible. I received notice from him the eleventh of July that he had obtained the use of one for me from Colonel Ray of Indianapolis. There seemed little probability of any sale of Nellie's land at present so I left it in the hands of Brother George who would advertise and make a sale of it as soon as he could. Jimmie and I together paid her expenses until she received her own money.

Having made my decision, I was rather anxious to be back at Greencastle. As Mother and Charley were away and as I had completed my arrangements at Shipman, I concluded to spend a week or two with my sister at Pana before going on to undertake another and last effort to finish up a task I had begun twelve years before. Bidding adieu to my friends in and about Shipman, I started on my journey the seventh of August, going by wagon to Bunkerhill and by rail from there to Pana. On my arrival at the station I was met by Mr. Hargrave and was soon at the home of my sister. As always, I was royally entertained by all the family, none of whom I had seen for over two years. While here I received the information that Sister Lucy and her children were expected out from California soon for a long visit with us. After a talk with Sister Louisa, I concluded to go on to Greencastle and enter the school, and when the Hansbrows came to see her, I would come back for a few days visit with them.

About the twenty-third of August, I was again in Greencastle. I had written to my old friend, Mr. Hubbard, explaining to him about what kind of rooms I wanted and that I would be greatly pleased if I could rent them of him for a while at least. Besides his store and just behind it he had quite a large and convenient house, though old-fashioned. The main part of the lower floor consisted of two good-sized rooms and separated by a double door. One of these, the east room, was little used, for they were just two old people living there alone. I rented this for our living room. They also let me have two

small rooms up stairs for bed-rooms. All the rooms were furnished. I bought and placed a few dishes and cooking utensils on some shelves in a curtained-off corner of the room. Everything, as Mrs. Hubbard said, looked comfortable and home-like.

Our young friends arrived late in the day of September the second; and, leaving most of their baggage at the depot, we walked up to our new home, only a few blocks away. In a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard came in and, after an introduction, they surprised us by inviting us out to a very enjoyable supper, and the evening was spent in their nice old fashioned parlor in getting acquainted. These people seemed to like Nellie from the start and were always doing something for us. We had no cook-stove of our own, so we arranged with Mrs. Hubbard to do what little cooking we found necessary on her stove. We bought bread, butter and milk (we used no coffee or tea), also quite a bit of fruit and canned goods, and occasionally cookies or crackers for a change. We got but little meat but kept on hand a supply of eggs, potatoes, and a few other vegetables. The dishes we wanted warm at meals, we cooked or warmed over on her stove, such things as meat, eggs, potatoes, soups and toasts; but often and often, when we were at school and Mrs. Hubbard had need of a fire for herself, she would cook for us, bread, pies, and even sweet-cakes, and sometimes just as we would sit down to the table she would bring in a plate heaped up with hot griddle cakes. In other respects, she was a kind, good, mother to Nellie.

The college term was to begin on the fifteenth, and as Jimmie was a new student he had to pass some examinations in the preceding week and then enter the first preparatory. We found out that there was a Female College in town under the care of the Presbyterian church and that they were giving a shorter course to graduation. This suited Nellie for she wanted to get through as soon as possible after

I did; so we got her into the Female College of Indiana, of which Rev. E. W. Fisk, D.D., was president, and W. W. Ayers was principal. Nellie entered her school a week before Jimmie and I entered Asbury. They both got along fine in their work.

Near the middle of October I received letters from Illinois and Texas containing some interesting news: first, Sister Lucy and her children had arrived from California and, after a visit to Mason City were, October 22, at Brother George's; her two older children were attending the Shipman schools; second, Charley had put in \$1300.00 as partner in business with John, and he, John, was planning to go to Nashville, Tenn. to educate his children, leaving his business in Charley's care; third, that Uncle Smith had lately moved to Texas with his family, and Uncle Edwin was expecting his family to join him in Texas soon; fourth, that Brother George had moved into his new house; mother was there now with them but was intending to make a visit with Lucy and her daughter Mary to Pana about the middle of November. This indicated the spirit of restlessness in human kind: how we seek to better ourselves by changes in time and place: but to me it meant a leave of absence from school to visit my sister before she returned to California.

In the meantime we all finished up our first term's work. I was proud of Nellie when, on the 14th. of November she brought home her first card of credits averaging nearly 100%. She liked her school, as I knew she would.

In a letter from my sisters, of Nov. 20th., I learned that the California visitors and mother had arrived at Pana; so, leaving my school just at the close of the first term, I made the trip to Pana the next day and surprised them while they were yet at their evening meal. My niece, Emma Prentice, was there also with her first baby,

Johnnie. The Prentices were living on a farm near Pana, so they left us after a short stay. I was glad to meet them all, for I had not seen most of them for years. We had good long talks about everything and everybody that interested us. On a Sunday evening during my visit, a young fellow, came to see my niece, Lucy Hargrave, and wanted her to attend a dance with him. She informed him that she never attended dances especially on Sundays. Telling her mother about it, she said: "He got up and left in a great huff, and I'm glad!" She was a very sweet-tempered girl but had strong convictions of right and wrong, and was not afraid to express them when occasion required.

At the end of a very pleasant visit of over two weeks, I returned to Greencastle and took up my school work again without difficulty.

The winter months passed rapidly and pleasantly with little happening beyond the ordinary worth the mention here. When the Christmas time came and we were released from school duties, every day of the holiday week was one of joy and merry-making at home or at the church and Sunday-School. Our usual Christmas tree and accompanying entertainment was, of course, the crowning event. But this was soon over and we were again at our studies.

Just before the close of the old year, I learned that the place of sexton in our church was vacant, so I applied for and was appointed sexton for the year. The pay was \$3 a week and the use of a small room on the first floor. I moved my bed, books, etc. to the new quarters and at once began work. I had two large rooms, one above the other, and two small class rooms, to sweep and dust every week, a large furnace in the lower room to care for, and thirty-six kerosene lamps to keep in order. Most of this work was done on Saturdays and Sundays and thus the greater part of my home days, days devoted to rest, writing letters, etc., had to be given up. Many other occasions

during the week also required my attendance, so that my time for study was limited; but I knew that if I was to complete my course to graduation, I should need all I could make on the outside added to a strict economy in the use of what I already had.

On the 24th. of March we three, with many others of our Sunday School, took the following pledge: "I do hereby agree that I will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, nor traffic in them: that I will not provide them as articles of entertainment, nor for persons in my employment, and that in all suitable ways I will discountenance their use throughout the community. Pledge against the use of tobacco. I hereby agree that I will abstain from the use of tobacco in all its forms. Pledge against profanity: I hereby agree that I will refrain from all profanity. These pledges are copied that those who read my Reminiscences may see how we tried to suppress some of the evils of fifty years ago by moral suasion. Now that the glorious era of prohibition has come in, we have little use for the pledge.

A letter from Charley, date June fourth, informed me that he had come up from Texas especially to see Sister Lucy and family while they were yet in Illinois; that John and family would probably be there, and that I must come too if I could. I was greatly tempted to go, but I had already made my sisters and mother a visit at Pana a few months before, and John's visit was uncertain, so I concluded I ought not to spend the money that would be needed on such a trip.

It was July the second when I received Nellie's first annual report and admittance card to the Sophomore class in her school. She and her brother had gone home a few days before; and, although I had found work, I was lonesome, and wrote Nellie a long letter and sent her card to her. The studies on which she passed at this time with the per cents, follow: Mathematics 81; Geography, 97; History, 92; Reading, 99; Average, 91. I now brought our dishes and other things



to my room at the church and bached there through the long vacation. I obtained work- mostly sawing wood and gardening for the Professors and others- saving up about fifty dollars above my expenses.

About the middle of July a letter from Brother John brought the intelligence that he and his family had, sure enough, arrived at Shipman, that in a few days they would go on to visit a week with our sister at Pana, and then they would return to Tennessee.

An event happened about this time that resulted to the financial benefit of quite a number of the more needy students including myself. It was the introduction of the club system among the students of Asbury. I was at work in the garden of President Andrus on that particular day when he sent for me to come into the house. I found a lady, Mrs. Marshall, present. The president introduced me to her and then said that this lady was a widow with a small family and was anxious to secure a number of boarders among the students by some plan in which she could support herself and family; that he had suggested to her the club idea, and had called me in as I might be interested and could help her in the consumation of the plan, and thus benefit myself and others with limited means. I thanked him, and from then on, Mrs. Marshall and I worked up the plan to complete success. She knew of a suitable house, comfortable for her use and having a large dining room. She moved there on the 27th. of August. Four long tables were provided and everything got ready by the opening of school, September 16th.

On the same day that Mrs. Marshall moved, Brother Charley came from Shipman. I don't know how he had disposed of his and other property in Texas or how long he was with me, but he was on his way, he told me, to Reelsville Indiana to learn telegraphy the coming winter. The next I knew about his movements, was from a letter written by him dated Nov. 11, from Shipman, stating that he was learning telegraphy with John Ocletree.

The Female College opened this year on the 4th. of September, so Nellie and her brother came the last of the preceding week and we all went to boarding at the club-house. We had agreed that Nellie should have a room with the Marshalls, sleeping with Sarah, the oldest girl; and that she was to wait on the table, wash dishes, etc., for her meals at the club. James and I had our beds at my room at the church; yet we did much of our studying at Mrs. Marshall's. We easily kept our club number up to twenty-five, and lived well on from one and a half to two dollars per week. At the first dinner of each term we elected our officers- a president, a secretary- treasurer, and a committee of three managers whose duties were to keep the club full, provide food, fuel, etc., and to settle any difficulties that might arise. The club was maintained during the last two years we were there and, for all I know, is yet a cheap and useful institution of the new Depauw. Having completed all our boarding arrangements, we each entered our respective classes promptly on the opening day.

It was during the month of November this year that the great devastating fire at Boston occurred and on account of which so many people were rendered homeless.

Two interesting letters came to me on the eleventh of December: one from Charley at Shipman stating that Lucy, after her long visit to Illinois, had returned to California, reaching Sacramento safely on the first of December; the other was from Luella Randle at Brenham, Texas. She said that at the end of a few week's stay in Nashville after their visit to Illinois, they had gone to their home in Texas. As a preparation for the journey, her father had bought a large spring wagon, two mules, a saddle horse, and a good dog. They took along their bedding, dishes, and some food for themselves and their animals.

They started September second, and arrived at home November fourth.

She gave me a very graphic account of their long journey.

Our Christmas holiday this year came at the close of a great revival which began among the students while holding nightly prayer meetings in the room of mathematics at the College. The first convert was a young man of one of the upper grades, a gifted and popular young fellow among all classes of students. He at once became effective as a leader in the meetings, and the room was soon crowded with anxious seekers. The meeting was moved to the chapel and the churches and public invited. In a few nights the chapel itself became too small for the crowds and the meetings were taken to the church. Very little preaching was done. It just seemed that the people couldn't wait in their anxiety to come to the altar. Over four hundred conversions took place, many of them students. James helped me with the added work and we got extra pay. Sometimes <sup>something</sup> ludicrous will happen even at a revival meeting. A fellow student of my earlier college days, Cornelius D. Browder by name, had been forward several evenings. At last he was happily saved one night; and, as he sat at the end of a front seat next the center aisle of the church, with face upturned and wide open mouth, he drew the attention of the whole congregation and their wonder and amusement as well, for the bashful young fellow, who was never known to utter his words with musical inflections, was lustily singing:

"Oh, how I love Jesus!

Oh, how I love Je-sus!

Oh, how I love Jesus!

Because He first loved me."

Some laughed, others shouted, and all, grasping each other by the hand, joined him in singing the song and chorus and, passing around, heartily congratulated the new converts.

Of course the great revival through which we had just passed, had only the best influence over the whole community, and the season of Christmas was never before so well understood or so thoroughly observed by those who, like the good Samaritan, found their neighbors.

The very last event that I shall mention as taking place during the year was the reception of a letter from a friend and former student. It may speak for itself:

Terre-Haute, Ind.

Dec. 30. 1872.

Mr. S. A. Randle,

Dear Friend,

Will you please have the church warmed and lighted Wednesday evening, Jan. 1st., 1872 for a marriage ceremony by Bishop Bowman and in which I am one of the interested parties?

Please accept the enclosed five dollars for your services.

Yours truly,

R. S. Tenant.

The marriage of Mr. Tenant was performed according to his wishes, and the next thing we knew about Bishop Bowman was that he and his family had moved to St. Louis. They left Greencastle January 26, 1873.

A course of lectures was begun in February; the first by Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier School Master" and other volumes. Dr. Andrus, the president, gave two or three. Dr. Godfrey, an alumnus and noted preacher of that day, delivered a fine lecture. Dr's Bidpath, Tingley, McNutt, Wiley, Rogers and others of the Faculty, all filled in their several places, to the pleasure of students, and citizens who wished to attend. I call to mind that Dr. Tingley's lectures were generally on scientific subjects- astronomy, electricity, etc. and he usually brought to his aid the particular apparatus illustrative of the lecture he was then giving; e.g., on "Light" he gave experiments with

the spectroscope. If his lecture was on astronomy, he made use of the telescope, etc. His lectures were like his class recitations, and always interesting. One of Dr. Ridpath's lectures was entitled "The Age of Brass", a prodigious satire on impudence and other humbugs. One of Dr. McNutt's best lectures, I remember, had for its title, "The Disciple Whom Jesus Loved." One more I call to mind; Marriage and Free Love," by Miss Livermore.

Of the Seniors' speeches which were required in the last half of the year, I remember one, a poem by Edwin Sylvester Hopkins, entitled: "The Last Joke- Woman Suffrage." Another, by William Howard Hickman was considered excellent, but I do not recall his subject.

On February fourth Henry A. Buchtel a graduate of 1872 was married to Miss Mary N. Stevenson, class of 1873; and a month later, they went as missionaries to Bulgaria. For some reason they remained there but a short time. Returning home, he was appointed pastor of our church where he met with much success. From week to week, we had conversions at nearly every coming together. Children and young people from the College flocked into the Sunday-School until some of the older classes had to move to the room above.

Our class, the Sophomore, gave its public entertainment on the evening of March 24th., 1873. We, however, had fine opportunities for developing our forensic powers at our literary societies, where, every Friday evening we were expected to appear with an essay, a declamation, or to take our turn in public debate. Sometimes we also indulged in mock trials and dialogues. These exercises proved a wonderful help in our education.

One of the debates which I call to mind and in which I had a part, was on the question: "Which is the greater preventive of crime, the moral law, or the civil law? I argued in favor of the civil law. I don't remember which side won, but the critic said: "The discussion



was one of unusual interest and merit."

One day shortly after our entertainment in the chapel, the whole Sophomore class with one of our teachers paid a visit to the University museum on the fourth floor. Here we saw the large collection of curiosities and other objects of real interest and historical value to the Institution; none, perhaps, more revered than the old styled trunk of Bishop Asbury with its contents, some of which were always so useful to him in his travels. The chiefest of these was, perhaps, the historical saddle-bags and the well-worn bible on which we were permitted to place our hands.

During the first week of April I received a letter from St. Louis Missouri. The heading was:

Clarendon Hotel,  
Seventh & Poplar Street,  
Opposite Pacific Railroad Depot,  
St Louis.

Thomas Randle & Co.,  
Proprietors.

I soon discovered the letter was written by my Brother Charley who on another of his migrations to Texas, had stopped off at St. Louis and was putting up at the nearest hotel, whose proprietor proved to be a cousin of our father. After telling where he was stopping the letter said: "By the way, I found some more of our relatives by stopping at this house." I learned from Mother about this time, that Roxa, Brother George's wife, was afflicted with a severe cancer.

To show that the temperance question was everywhere in evidence at this time, I quote from an interesting letter to my Mother from her brother in Wasco, Texas. The letter is dated Apr. 4, 1873.

He says! "We have joined a temperance society here and the children

belong to the band of hope. All the best people are arming against the use of liquor and tobacco. So you see that even Texas is improving in morals."

In a memorandum book I kept at this time, I wrote this: "Apr. 23d. A light snow fell last night. The past winter has been remarkable for the great snow fall. We have had over two dozen distinct snow storms." Here is another item recorded the same day: "I find Analytical Geometry quite difficult." If any of my readers are fond of higher mathematics, refer in your geometry to problem VII, example 2, as this was the exact problem that fell to me that day to work out on paper in class. Many of the results leading to the final answer are expressed by six decimals to bring the right answer and a host of figures are necessary. After being examined by the Professor he returned the problem to me as I worked it with criticisms and per cent, and it, with several others of like character, is still among my souvenirs.

Turning over a page or two in my memorandum, I find this item as told me by James Taggart, as having occurred in his latin class one day. I thought it a good joke then and I give it here for the benefit of my old bachelor readers: "A young lady, one of the class, was decling the demonstrative pronoun "hic," meaning this. She gave the latin in this fashion:

Nominative- hic, hac, hoc.  
Genative,- hūg-us, hūg-us, hūg-us.

Before she could recite the next case, or the kind Professor could say in his usual bland style when a mistake was made: 'That'll do,' the whole class broke out in a merry laugh, followed by applause among the boys." The latin u is always long, and the j is pronounced like y, in Latin, so the Genative case, although spelled hujus, is pronounced hū-yous.

The seniors were given a week's holiday beginning May 12th., and in company of Dr. Tingly, they spent the time on a trip of exploration to the Iron Mountains of Missouri; a place I once visited during the war and mentioned in a former chapter. On their return, they brought many fine specimens for the museum. A few days later, the girls of the University, desiring to raise funds to meet their expenses at the coming commencement, gave a splendid entertainment and dinner in their society hall and the reception rooms of the College. Taking Nellie with me, I attended this entertainment. It was my opportunity and privilege to introduce her to several young people of my acquaintance, and we had a good time together.

Mother wrote me a good long letter on the first day of June. She was spending a few days with the family of Cousin John Reeves at Greenfield, Ill. He was going to take her to Carlton where he would spend the week in Circuit Court, and she would visit with a friend there, one of her girl acquaintances recently from Kentucky, whom she had not seen since she, herself left Kentucky. She, like Mother, was now an old lady, and wanted to see her once more. "I would rather see you than anyone else I know of," was her plea to Mother, in her letter inviting her to come.

June, the month of lectures, parties and other events indicative of the near approach of Commencement, was ushered in with a notable address by President Andrus on Decoration Day. This was followed by a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Ragan on the fourth to the Alphas, a girl's fraternity of the female College, and the Beta's a boy's fraternity of the University. June the 8th. Dr. Wiley lectured on "What I know of Men."

Nellie finished her second year on the 12th., receiving her grades and promotion card to the Junior class. Our examinations, <sup>occurred</sup> during the

week beginning June 14th. At this examination, our class numbered thirty-eight boys and four girls. In other classes, the sexes were more nearly equal.

On the evening of June 17th., Dr. Wentworth, editor of the "Ladies' Repository, gave an interesting lecture: "Man's Responsibility for Man." The occasion was the anniversary of the Alumni Association. The speaker stated that the number of graduates of Asbury to 1873 was near seven thousand.

At the close of this week we received our standing in studies and promotions; then on Sunday, the 22nd., came the Baccalaureate sermon, followed the next day by the Commencement, when the Seniors delivered their speeches and received their diplomas.

I find in my memorandum the following notes that may interest some. The Terre Haute band produced excellent music at the public exercises through the whole period of the Commencement. At one of the trustee meetings, the whole Faculty struck for better salaries and the Board advanced them to \$1700.00 each per year; the President's salary being increased in the same ratio. William S. Bushnell of the Senior class, was known as the man who, during his entire college course, was neither tardy nor absent from his recitations. At the close of this college year, forty of the undergraduates of the University who had enrolled as book agents, went to their fields of work west of the Mississippi.

Nellie, James, and I all went to our homes in the last week of June and spent, as it proved to be, our last summer vacation there. Nellie and I went to Carlinville on the fourth of July to attend the celebration and make a visit to her sister Fannie who lived there at that time. It was while on this trip that I got her picture which, with my own, taken at the same town just after I had enlisted in the

war and was at Camp Palmer, near Carlinville, now occupies a double case, rests on our mantel-piece, and is guarded lovingly by our children.

To our delight, Nellie and I were much in each other's company, especially of evenings, when I went out to the farm to see her. At these times we had our long strolls together in the early hours of the warm moon-light nights. We spent one whole day taking a buggy ride to a neighboring town, going through the farming lands and returning by what was known as the timber road. We much enjoyed the whole trip; but when we pulled up" under the great elm in our own near timber, and I told her the story of "Jack the Giant" and of the two little boys who used to play in the sand beneath its spreading branches, she was delighted, and wanted me to get out of the buggy and climb up one of the limbs whose outer tips nearly touched the ground. I made the climb all right and with my pocket knife cut me a small cane which I took with me to school, but when it dried up, it was ugly and I threw it away.

While at home about the middle of August, I received a nice long letter from my old pre-war class-mate, Mr. B. G. Shinn, special mention of whom I have made in one of my earlier chapters. I want to give my younger readers an example of what true friendships are and how true friends remember each other. This can probably be accomplished better by quoting the writer's own words. After stating that he quit college the year after I did, that he enlisted and spent the summer of 1864 guarding the Nashville and Chatanooga Rail-road; that on the 30th. of October following his discharge from the army he was married; and that now, with his wife and three boys, he was living at Hartford City, Indiana, where he was practicing law; he writes: "How much I would love to spend two or three weeks at Greencastle while you are there.



Among the students who attended College while I was there, there were many whose memory I shall always most sincerely cherish, but chief among them, are yourself, Ballard, and Ing. It is with a melancholy joy that I recall to mind many scenes and incidents that happened during my college life, and I can scarcely reconcile myself to the thought that my school days are ended. I think your mother was one of the best women I ever knew. I shall never forget the kindness and care which both she and you bestowed upon me when I was sick eleven years ago last spring." Some people say that a lawyer cannot be a good Christian, but my friend Shinn while a fine lawyer, was a respected and loved local preacher in the church. He was the chosen of all classes to deliver the oration on Independence Day, in his own city a short time before he penned his letter to me.

James remained at home but one week. He then returned to Green Castle that he might hold our little job as sextons of the church the pay for which had been increased to five dollars per week since the great revival.

When we came home, Mother was having her annual visit, first at Greenfield, where Cousin John Reeves lived, then a few days at Jacksonville Female College. From there she went to Mason City spending a few days at Uncle George D. Randle's. Early in August she arrived at Shipman, and I learned for the first time that she was planning to go back to Greencastle with us in September. She said that Sister Louisa was very anxious to have her daughter Lutie, go with us to the school with Nellie at Greencastle; that her opportunities at home were very limited and her surrounding bad; that Lutie herself seemed to be flagging in energy and had expressed a wish to go with her Grandma and Uncle Sammy; and that Cousin Ben would pay all her expenses as well as her Grand-Ma's, if we were willing to have her go. Of course Nellie and I were glad to have them go, for Lutie and Nellie would be so much

company for each other. So it was arranged that we would rent a small house and we three would furnish our table etc., club fashion, and Mother would keep house for us. We wrote a letter to Sister informing her of our plans and that she might expect us on the 27th. of August.

We were all ready when the day arrived: made the trip to Pana, and on the 9th. of September, met James at the depot at Greencastle. James slept in the room at the church and boarded with the club at Mrs. Marshall's. The girls occupied the two rooms upstairs, Mother had a room down stairs, and I slept on a lounge in our sitting room. All these rooms were well furnished with beds, carpets, stoves, tables and chairs. Mother was very happy and so were the rest of us. Nellie and Lutie entered school together and, as far as I know, were great friends. Lutie was always timid, yet she made many friends among both boys and girls, and she was always true to her friends. Months afterward when on her death bed, she called each by name, and sent some loving message to them by her mother.

All seemed to me to be going on favorably. The Christmas Holidays came and were enjoyed even more than usual. The three or four weeks before Christmas were absorbingly occupied with reviews for the first term's examinations and in preparation for my Junior performance which took place in the College chapel on the evening of December 23d. Of course the holiday week was to me one of freedom and relaxation. I was happy and all others about me seemed so full of life and joy. You can imagine then, the sudden revulsion of my feelings when, on Sunday evening of this the last week of the dying year, Mother said to me: "Please stay at home this evening. Lutie is sick in her own room and we want to talk with you about our going home." We called a doctor the next day. He said and it was plain to be seen that the poor girl was passing into the first stages of the dread destroyer, consumption.

Her condition had escaped my notice, and she was so anxious to live and to continue her position in school that neither mother nor the girls had mentioned her trouble to me up to this time.

Lutie had kept her mother informed of her condition, but now a letter was sent stating what the doctor had said and advising her return home. On the reception of an answer from her sorrowful Mother, Ma and Lutie made ready for their journey home. It was a sad parting for all of us, but our lives seem to be about evenly divided between joys and sorrows, and it is the part of wisdom to make the best of them, I find.

We gave up our rooms and returned to our places in the club where we remained to the end of the college year.

In-as-much as I have detailed quite fully the life and happenings of the past two years at college, I shall omit many events of the present year which, although interesting, are in the nature of repetitions and might prove irksome to the reader. An entertainment was given by the girls of the Senior and Junior classes of the Female College, at the close of their second term, which was first class and well patronized. Nellie had become quite popular in the school and had been chosen as a member of the "Alpha" secret Sorority, the only one of the College, and now was selected as one of four girls to debate the question: "Which of the Four Nations of Europe- Spain, France, Holland, or England,- had the best claim to North America?" Nellie had the advantage in being the last speaker, and in defending England's claims; yet her victory in the debate was due far more to her superior preparation and skill in delivery. The other debators read their productions from their manuscripts. Nellie had her part thoroughly committed to memory. She spoke her words distinctly, using all proper emphasis, making use of gestures with the skill of an old debator. She received the applause of the audience, and many commenda-

tions , especially from the young people of the University. She, at once became one of the leaders in her school and Sorority. For all her sudden popularity among the young people of the schools she continued to be my constant friend. Only once during the three years we were at Greencastle did she accept the company of any young man to any social or public gathering other than her Brother James or myself. That occasion was a social picnic, given by the Alpha's on May 22, 1874. Her escort was Charley Haynes, one of our special friends. At the close of her school year, rumors were afloat that the Female College would close its doors at the end of the present year. Nellie stayed over a few days, hoping to learn the truth or falsity of the report. In the meantime she received her grades and promotion statement that she was a member of the Senior Class. We much enjoyed the lectures and other public exercises of the Commencement, and talked over what we should do provided her school shut its doors this year. We both decided to spend our vacation at home, and James would take my place as sexton of the church. We spent the long Commencement Day at the auditorium of the new building where platform and seats were extemporized for the occasion, and listened to the speeches of the seniors and saw the President deliver diplomas to thirty- six of them. Among the honorary degrees conferred was that of Ph.D. given to T. M. Gatch, President of Willamette University, Salem, Oregon. An announcement during the exercises showed the whole number of students enrolled at Asbury this year to be four hundred and fifty-six.

On the 19th., I received my admission card to the senior year, and the following grades: Natural Science, 97; Belles-lettres & History, 98; Latin 95; Greek, 92; Geometry and Trigonometry, 95; Elocution, 100; Modern Languages, 97.

Learning nothing further concerning the fate of the Indiana Female College, Nellie went home on Friday, June 26th. Through a

mistake in dates, her folks failed to meet her at Bunkerhill on Friday, but her mother came the next day. Nellie stayed all night with her Aunt Mary who lived at Bunkerhill, and started out early the next morning to make the trip home on foot, going by Woodburn. They might have met, but her mother came by the usual route and missed her daughter who bravely walked the whole eight miles. In a letter to me she said her toes were a little sore from the walk, but otherwise she was all right.

I remained in Greencastle over Sunday, and, in the evening wrote a letter to Nellie telling her when to expect me home. The next day, leaving all our things with James, I left to make a short visit with my sister at Pana, July the second, I received a reply to my letter of June 28th. from Nellie saying that she was planning to spend the Fourth at St. Louis, but was hoping I would be at home to go with her to a festival at Shipman on that evening. She added the statement as a further inducement, I suppose, to have me go, that "cherries were ripe." I wrote a reply that I had arranged to spend the Fourth at Pana, and would not be at home before the 13th., and that she must go to St. Louis as she had planned and have a good time. She went, and we both had a good time. The very next day after writing my last letter to Nellie, I received a letter from James saying that a statement had appeared in the Greencastle papers that the Indiana Female College had closed its doors for lack of funds. The question now to be answered was, What is to be done? Nellie and I both wanted to go West as soon as we completed our courses of study, and had planned to be married on the day of my graduation and then leave for California the next day, making our trip our honeymoon. I had been already corresponding with Marion M. Bovard, a good friend of mine and a graduate in the class of 1873. He was then living in California and



was interested in the great orange growing country of that State. He wanted me to join him in some scheme, and I was inclined to undertake it. Nellie, having read a book descriptive of the Willamette Valley, was favorable to Oregon.

I think my ambition to have Nellie graduate was greater than for myself; and when I saw that the great purpose of my heart had been frustrated, I rebelled against shoving my sweet-heart into the back-ground of oblivion, while I, selfishly, allowed the "Honors" to crown my head. I would not go back to school alone! A real "Go-West" fever gripped me. I opened my heart without reserve to my good sister and she fully sympathized with me and backed me up in my future plans. If Nellie was willing, we would be married as soon as we could conveniently and take the first train going to California. Sister would give us a quiet wedding out there at her home in the country away from our numerous and inquisitive relatives and friends, and we could take the noon train, reaching St. Louis the same night.

On the 8th. of July, five days before I was expected, I went home, giving my friends a little surprise, especially Nellie, whom I saw at her home the next day. I found her in the orchard, picking cherries. She at once lead me to our old haunt in the lower orchard, and while I ate some of her cherries, she read the letter from James, informing me of the end of her college days. She was not much surprised; neither did she seem greatly surprised when I unfolded my plans to her. She thought I right go on to College if I wished, but she would go with me wherever and whenever I thought best. I told her that my sister had invited us to come to her home when we were ready and she would help her in selecting and making her wedding and traveling suits, and that the marriage should take place at her house. We both wanted the whole affair to be a secret from all our friends as much as possible

until after we were gone on our trip. My mother, I think, was away while I was there; at least, it was a secret to her as well as the rest of the family, as far as I know. We asked Brother George by letter from Pana to come and be our "best man," and to keep it a secret. He accepted by letter and said no one there suspected our intentions. At the same time we also asked Nellie's mother to give her consent for obtaining a marriage license, as her daughter was under the lawful age. This was readily granted and we never learned, but I think the event was, at least, kept a secret with them.

I wrote immediately to Sister Lucy, telling her of our expected marriage at Sister Louisa's home late in August, and that we wanted to visit her a few days on our wedding rrip. We received a good long letter in reply, congratulating us and extending a sister's glad invitation for her brother and her new sister to make her home our head-quarters until we got settled. She advised us how to change our greenbacks to gold before going to California and to have our change in coin so as to avoid the high rate of exchange which the banks in the West would charge us.

Having made all preparations necessary at Shipman, I bade farewell to all our people there on the 7th. of August, with the understanding that, after a visit with my sister, I was going back to Green-castle. The cheif object of this visit was to dispose of the few possessions I accumulated in the past years- a stove, bed and bedding, a small library, carpet, clock, dishes, etc. Some of these things James needed and bought. The rest were easily disposed of, and I had fifty dollars more to add to our little pile which was to pay our expenses on our long journey to the "Promised Land."

On the second day of my visit, I wandered around to the University Campus for a last look at the old building and grounds where I had spent

some of the best years of my life. I knew this time that I should probably see them no more. As I was about to seat myself on an old block of stone which had been hauled to its present resting place in the campus during the early days of Asbury's existence, I spied a penciled writing, crumpled, yet legible to my keen vision, lying in the grass at the base of the old "Rock." I caught it up and saw at a glance that I held in my hands a poem about Asbury, and that the writer had signed himself "Alumnus." I read it eagerly, and the sentiment so fittingly expressed my own feeling at the time that I preserved the rather marred manuscript until now. I reproduce it here that my descendants may know with what feelings I bade farewell to my old College home. The monument mentioned in the first stanza is that of Bishop Roberts. "Meharry" and "Stockwell" mentioned in the twelfth stanza were some of the large donors to the new building.

Asbury.

--o--

"I sat one evening, musing  
On the old gray block of stone,  
While the monument in the moonlight  
So beautifully shone;

And the trees in the dear old campus  
All bathed in lambent light,  
Were such serene companions  
That fine mid-summer night.

The winds were asleep that evening  
In their western home afar;  
And the clouds were lazily loafing  
Around the evening star.

I could almost hear the pulsing  
Of the clock's heart in the Tower,  
While the long, black, hands were chasing  
The hurrying midnight hour.

And kind old memory bore me  
Back with loving ease,  
To the days when I, as a youngster  
Romped among those trees.

My heart today beats stronger,  
 My very soul does smile  
 As I gaze in fervent rapture  
 On that venerable pile.

But time brings many changes,  
 As it chases down the years;  
 Thou was not as I leave you  
 Shedding now my parting tears;

Still I love you, dear old College,  
 Every brick within your walls,  
 With your carved and fretted benches,  
 And your pencil calcined halls.

But time's rude hand rests heavily  
 On your aged tottering head,  
 While a sturdy, youthful, rival,  
 Rears its towers in your stead.

And ere long your sacred sanctum  
 Will be rudely cleft in twain,  
 And your halls be filled with preplings,  
 What an everlasting stain!

Still, this shall cling around you,  
 And your rival over there;  
 As I hold you up to Heaven  
 On the bosom of my prayer.

Yes, I'll pray our God to bless you,  
 As I ne'er have prayed before,  
 With "Meharrys" by the dozen,  
 And "Stockwells" by the score.

Yes, may God, in all his fullness  
 Bless our aged "Saints" below,  
 Who, for all such noble missions,  
 Do their moneyed means bestow.

And likewise may his Spirit  
 Fill the souls of those who guide  
 The twice two hundred youthful crafts  
 On learning's mystic tide."

As the hour was not yet late, I went across the street to the new building, the home of Meharry Hall, then nearing completion. I ascended its marble steps; passed from one to another of its wide and handsome halls; looked in at its cozy recitation rooms; and finally entered the magnificent auditorium known as Meharry Hall. The finishers were there giving the last touches to the great stage on which the future classes of the University would stand to deliver their graduation

speeches and receive from the hand of the president their well-earned diplomas. The sun was low in the west and the workmen were gathering up their tools and changing their garments in a side room preparatory to their departure from the building for the night. For a moment I stood near the front edge of the rostrum and, with outstretched arms, I said to myself: "Shall I forego all this glory that would come to me by just one more year's study at Asbury? For twelve long and wearisome years have I cherished and pursued this ambition- my Dear Mother always sharing it with me;- shall I loosen the threads that bind me here, abandon the task now so nearly completed, the task I assumed as a mere boy, when my loved and honored Mother, kneeling at my bed-side one night, awoke in my heart the echoes of her own noble ambition? "Yes!" I said. "All else farewell! This will I gladly do for the love of one little girl,- my Lamb!"





*- Nellie, a Junior, in Debate - 1874 -*



*Early in my Junior Year - 1873 -*



*End of Nellie's Sophomore Year-1873-*